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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1982 \$2.95

**NORM GALLAGHER
ANSWERS
THE QUESTIONS**

**SPACE WARS:
THE DEADLY
FRONTIER**

**20 YEARS WITH
THE STONES**

**THE WILD
COLONIAL GIRLS**

**DOLPHINS:
OUR ONLY FRIENDS**

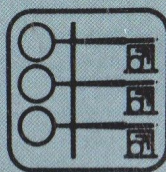
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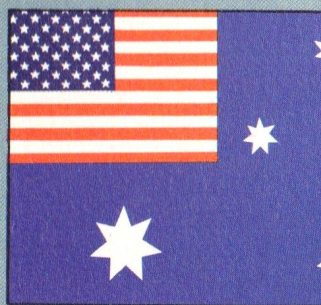


PENTHOUSE®



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 3 No 9/June 1982

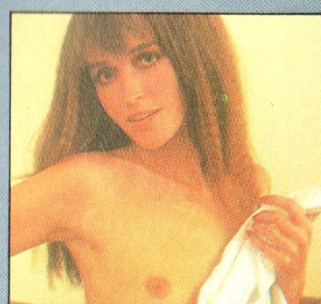
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER			
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR	Service		17
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	19
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Sallie-Anne Huckstepp	25
REVIEWS			
FILM		Edited by Denis Whitburn	26
WORDS			28
SOUND		Edited by Jeremy Cook	30
RADIO			32
RAISING THE STANDARD	Article	Harold Scruby	34
SWEET MYSTERY/GABRIELLE	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Blackie	41
THE MELTING POT BOILS	Article	Denis Whitburn	50
WILD COLONIAL GIRLS	Article	Bob Cummins	58
ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES	Satire	Greg Hunter and William Hill	64
TROUBLE IS HER BUSINESS/UTE	Pictorial	Photos by Alan J. Wash	69
SPACE WARS	Article	Ernest Volkman	82
CROSS PURPOSES	Humor		88
KEYS TO THE KINGDOM	Article	Allan Moul	90
TWENTY YEAR MAN	Article	Roger Crosthwaite	97
THE SEEDS OF ORGANISATION	Article	Allan Moul and Denis Whitburn	102
STRIKE FORCE/SHARON	Pictorial	Photos by Michel Moreau	110
ESCORT TO AN EASY DEATH	Fiction	Peter Corris	120
SHAPING YOUR FUTURE	Fashion	Sue Smith	126
NORM GALLAGHER	Interview		128
WILL YOU HIT THE BIG TIME?	Quiz		135
HEAVY METAL DREAMING	Bikes	Noel Christensen	138
BLOW IN	Motoring	Peter McKay	142
PEOPLE	Profiles		148
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	150
WHY OUR FORCES SHOULD NOT BE IN THE SINAI	Advise and Dissent	Alan Renouf	156
LOOSE ENDS	Service		158



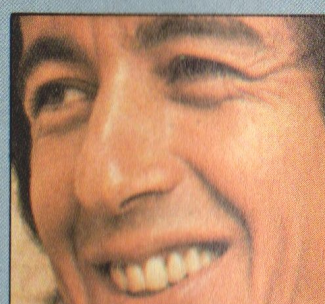
Raising the Standard



Origin of the Species



Pet of the Month



Twenty Year Man

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PETER CORRIS



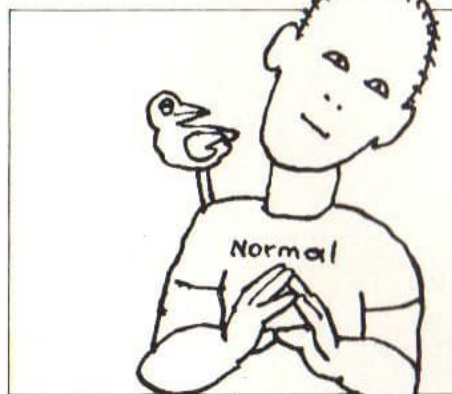
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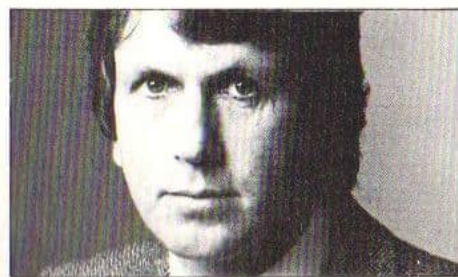
YVONNE SUTHERLAND



ROGER CROSTHWAITE



MATTHEW MARTIN



HAROLD SCRUBY

HOUSECALL

In the 1980s only three of the 40-odd British Commonwealth countries retain the British ensign on their national flags — New Zealand, Fiji and Australia. To many of us, that ensign is an offensive reminder of our inability to come to terms with ourselves as a nation. Patriotic tourists abroad are forced to display anything from kangaroo and boomerang flight bags to Qantas lapel pins since the Australian flag, indistinguishable at a distance from the New Zealand standard, fails to gain recognition world-wide. On page 34 **Harold Scruby** presents his feelings on the subject as a member of the strong lobby group that is jacked off with what they claim to be a redundant national emblem. His article, *Raising the Standard*, is accompanied by an illustration from **Yvonne Sutherland**. We also approached the nation's leading advertising agencies to come up with some alternatives, which we run up a flagpole on page 38. Which one would you salute?

Norm Gallagher, heading the might of the 30,000-member Builders' Laborers' Federation, is an instantly recognisable and vastly influential force in Australian politics. That's where the platitudes end according to **Adrian Tame**, who cornered Gallagher for a timely and exclusive interview for this month's issue. The man in the hot seat answers the allegations made by Jack Munday in May *Penthouse* and tells us what he refused to tell the Royal Commission. Tame's interview reveals the complexity and contradiction of this self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist who rose from the squalid back blocks of Collingwood to wield huge muscle over the destiny of the lucky country.

Onward and upward to a chilling examination of the deadly nuclear-powered arsenal orbiting planet Earth. Killer satellites, charged-particle-beam "death-rays", giant manned space stations and mass hysteria as a terrified civilian population is convinced the world is going to blow up — these are no longer escapist science fantasies. According to **Ernest Volkman** in his article *Space Wars* (page 82), more than 1700 satellites have been launched by the US and Russia during the last 10 years. Most of these are for military purposes. Says Volkman: "The threat of an accidental holocaust is greater than ever... Because this arms race in space is kept so secret the peoples of the world are almost totally ignorant of the escalating probability of a contemporary space war in the seemingly peaceful and beautiful night skies." **Don Ivan Punchatz** created the stunning illustration for this chilling and fascinating piece.

This month we also get down to earth to reveal the seething racial tensions inherent in our multi-cultural society. Australia has a higher proportion of overseas-born workers than any other country. Our population centres are racial melting pots, recently spiced by the immigration of large numbers of Asian refugees. In the *Melting Pot Boils* (page 50), **Denis Whitburn** has assembled a series of facts and figures which point strongly to the conclusion that our immigration policies have created a recipe for racial unrest.

We also treat you to a slice of Aussie history you won't find in the school text books. On page 58 **Bob Cummins** begins his bawdy, rollicking account of our Wild Colonial Girls. You'll find that there was little sugar and spice about these roaring-days girls — they could compete with the best in the bar-room, the bedroom and in the saddle. The story is complemented by the talents of illustrators **Otto and Chris**.

In *Keys to the Kingdom*, staff writer **Allan Moul** takes us into the realm of the dolphin for a fascinating look at this enigmatic mammal. Moul teamed up with **Neville Coleman** to provide the underwater photographs accompanying this piece. Elsewhere this month *Stones-watcher* **Roger Crosthwaite** gives us a profile of the quiet but succinct Rolling Stones bass player Bill Wyman. *Twenty Year Man*, the story of the reticent Stone's years with the greatest performing rock 'n' roll band, begins on page 97. Then there's the second instalment in our series of *The History of Crime in Australia* (page 102); **Alan Renouf** looks at the problems which will be faced by our force in the Sinai (page 156) and closer to home we introduce *The Vietnam Veterans' Adviser*, a series conceived to correct ignorance about the problems faced by Vietnam veterans in Australia. Our biking expert **Noel Christensen** checks out Honda's latest two-wheeled beast in *Heavy Metal Dreaming* on page 138 and **Peter McKay** keeps us up to the minute in motor-ing on page 142. Don't miss *Origin of the Species* (page 64), a little cricket-inspired satire from **Greg Hunter** and **William Hill**, accompanied by a comical illustration from **Matthew Martin**, and more top fiction from **Peter Corris**, creator of Aussie private eye Cliff Hardy.

And of course, more gorgeous girls with no clothes on. For the discerning *Penthouse* reader we've scanned the globe and picked the most delightful souvenir in **Ute Hochmeister**, our German-born Pet of the Month whom we photographed on the reef. Then there's heart-stopping **Sharon Axley**, an English rose who intends to take this country by storm, and Brisbane TV cutie **Gabrielle Baldwin** proves she's one right out of the box when it comes to providing riveting viewing.



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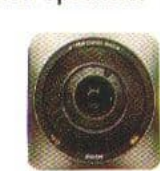
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PHILIPS

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Local talent

Are you sure there aren't any Australian writers who can produce top quality satire similar to the American Nick Tosches' piece entitled "Down Mammary Lane", which you published in April *Penthouse*? I'm not knocking that article one bit; I thought it was hilarious and I'd very much like to see more of that brand of humor in your pages. The only thing that bothered me was the fact that it was so American in tone, and I was half-heartedly annoyed at the fact that there are so few Australians making a name for themselves as humorous writers.

I'm convinced our boys aren't getting a fair go; apart from a few "names" like Patrick Cook and Mungo McCallum the country's satirical stocks are looking very thin. I'm not saying for one moment that you should print sub-standard material, but I've seen a lot of stuff in university papers around the country which I'd call very funny, and these are the writers we should make every effort to encourage. — *Greg Patterson, Wollongong, NSW.*

Good sports

Here's cheers to Aussie *Penthouse* and Laurie Schwab for the April article "The Champions". It's about time someone gave the armchair whingers what-for and presented a broad summary of the wealth of champions our country possesses.

I, for one, am sick and tired of hearing that our sporting prowess has gone down the gurgler. Yes indeed, we are still a nation of champions with, I believe, more sporting achievers per head of population than any other country. There's plenty of gold left in these hills and bravo to you guys for pointing it out. — *Jack Anderson, Melbourne.*

Penny for 'em

I just caught up with your May issue hot off the stands and may I say made a damn sight hotter by your scrumptious 20-year-old Pet of the Month, Lisa Kingston. It's hard to believe that this wide-eyed girl next door has all that going for her and she's well endowed with grey matter into the bargain. A psychology student, eh? If she ever bumps into me she won't have much difficulty working out what's on my mind. — *Frank McPherson, Perth.*

Irish ayes

Thank you G.E. Smith for "What's It All



About, Sean?" (April, 1982). If hopefully the average *Penthouse* buyer reads it (I understand it's bought only for the articles) then perhaps some eyes will be opened. There is so much more to Ireland other than drunks, jokes, violence and vengeance. — *Terence Patrick Gayton, Queensland.*

Beatle blast

I'm a Beatle fan from way back, and I considered your article "The Beatles Down Under" in rather poor taste. It seems to me that you set out to cull the "juiciest" bits from the book, which I have subsequently read, in order to capitalise on incidents which were really a very minor part of the tour. You paid lip-service to the real significance of the Beatles visit, which was to open up whole new vistas in Australian music, and devoted a whole page to smutty innuendo about the supposed non-stop frequency of "Beatle-screwing".

It seems to me that John Lennon and Paul McCartney did nothing more in that regard than any band today, and the fact that they were the first to inspire a large "groupie" following is purely a reflection of their tremendous ability as musicians.

I hope that you are not attempting to establish a journalistic tradition whereby the fabulously successful must withdraw entirely from public view in fear of having their enjoyment of the fruits of success splattered across the pages of every sex-oriented journal available. That would surely be sensationalism at its most tasteless. — *Gary Jenkins, Newcastle, NSW.*

Words and wheels

I'm a bit of a motoring fan, but I'm no technical whiz-kid. I like stories that I can understand about cars that I would love to own, and I like the way your motoring writer Peter McKay goes about the task of providing just that. It's pretty rare to find a technobrat who also has a real feel for the written word and an ability to explain complex matters in a readable, interesting and at times inspiring fashion. Congrats to Mr McKay.

Please find it in your soul to encourage the man's occasional flights of poetic fantasy; he's the best motoring contributor to any magazine in this country. — *Jack Findlay, Albury, NSW.*

Faces going places

I was pleasantly surprised a few months back when you introduced your People page. You seemed to kick off to a great start, giving us profiles of reasonably national figures, faces going places which were interesting to me and I'm sure, to a great many readers.

Over the past few months I've witnessed a few changes to the page. You don't really seem to have gotten your act together on what the page should be like, and I admit I've been a bit disappointed with the parochial turn the page too often takes. The spread is looking better all the time but I reckon you should cast a little further than Sydney and Melbourne each month for your subjects. If you work it out and keep it national your People page could become a showpiece of the magazine. — *R.J. Turnbull, Perth.*

Getting it straight

I was most pleased to see the record put straight over Tracey Wickham in your article "The Champions" (April *Penthouse*). I'm a fan of the young lady and of swimming in general, and I well remember the cheap sensationalist headlines in a daily newspaper when Tracey confided that it was likely she'd have won gold at Moscow. It was disgusting coverage of a very simple, realistic evaluation of the situation by an athlete who had no intention of boasting or expressing a "sour grapes" view. Tracey made a statement of fact and has suffered for it ever since, but responsible journalism of the type exhibited in "The Champions" will do much to rectify the sad miscarriage of justice. — *Don Factor, Townsville.*

Ferry interesting

I really got off on that story about those girls letting loose on "The Good Ship Venus" (May *Penthouse*). The photographs were great and the description of the stripper's act was highly entertaining. It really makes me want to rage over to that wharf and jump on that boat with my girlfriends, who are equally excited about the idea. Even my Mum wants to organise her bridge club into an evening on the boat. Imagine that! Must be a sign that the times are changing. — *Sally Jones, Avalon, NSW.*

Best foot forward

My wife and I have been reading your magazine for many years now. I especially enjoy the Forum and Xaviera Hollander columns.

The reason for my writing at this time is a picture in your March 1982 *Penthouse*. The picture I am talking about is that of Ms Julia Perrein on page 44. This is one of the most stimulating pictures I have ever seen in a magazine.

This picture, showing Ms Perrein sitting in the chair with only a white shirt over her shoulders and wearing white pumps that really set her lovely tanned legs and body off, stands out from all the others. I may possibly have a shoe fetish, but many of my friends agree that a lady looks much better in these pumps than in those disgusting sandals women wear that do nothing for their legs at all.

Keep publishing the many fine articles. I enjoy them all greatly. — *Geoff Pollard, Auckland, NZ.*

Pat on the back

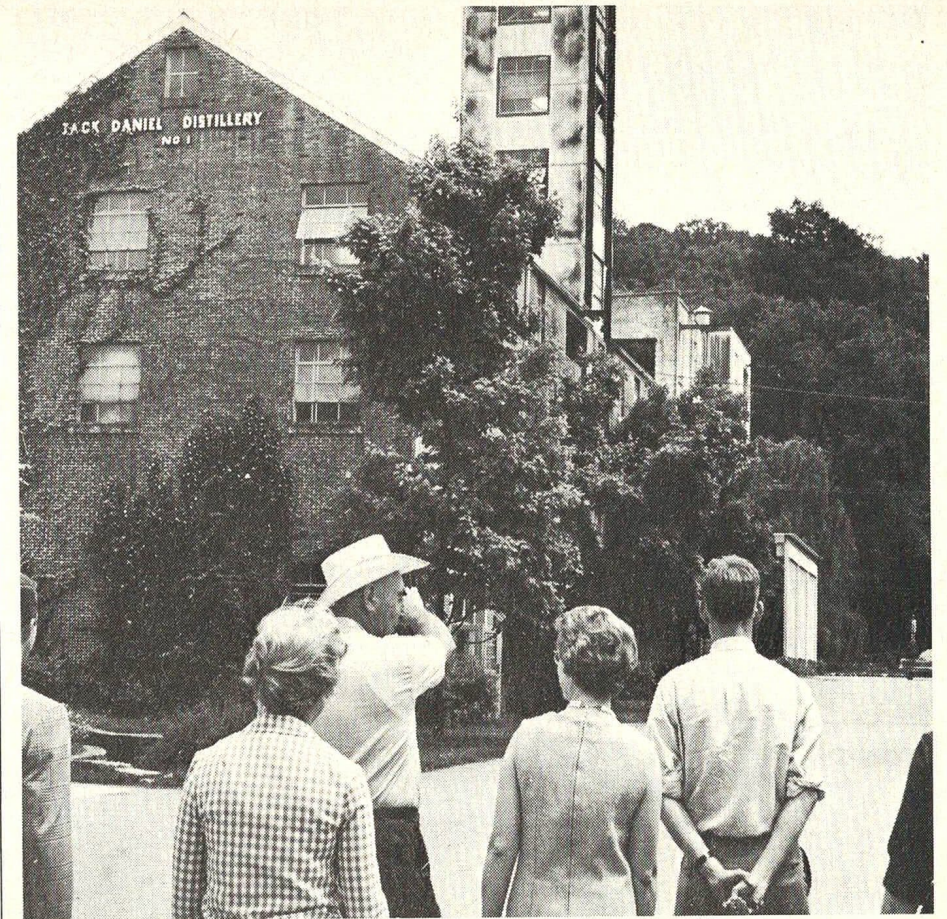
I have never written to a magazine before. But I felt I should offer my praise to you for putting out such a wonderful magazine. Your staff puts together stories and articles of such interest that a person must read your magazine from cover to cover. All I've got to say is, keep up the good work. — *K. Green, Perth, WA.*

Satisfied customers

After reading your exclusive interview with Madame Claude in your January 1982 issue, I was happy to learn that there is an intelligent woman out there who not only is in touch with her own gender but who really knows what makes a man a man! The interview alone was worth the price of the magazine. Thanks very much. — *Dave Hunter, Sydney, NSW.*

Divine thanks

As a fellow countrywoman of the lovely Mrs Celeste, one of your April pictorials, I wish to thank her husband for sharing such a lady with your readers. I would also like to thank DiVina for proving that a working, active wife and mother can still be a beautiful and desirable woman. I hope she is able to remain true to her sweetheart and family! — *Michael Batton, US.*



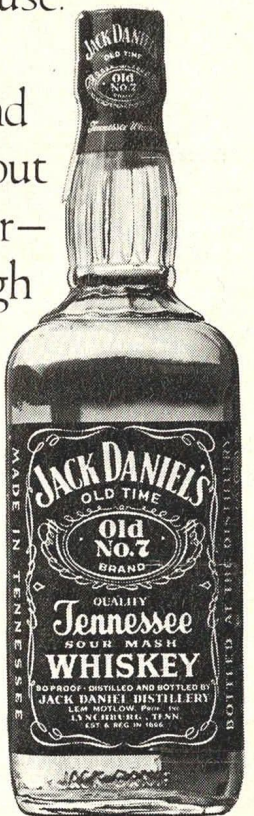
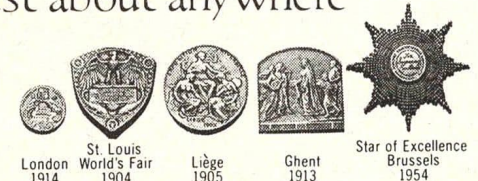
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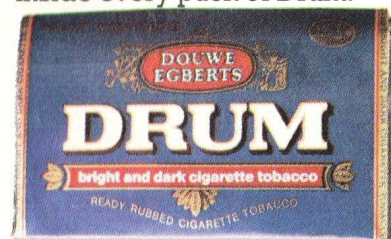
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Feels cheated

I am 20 years old and had my first sexual experience when I was 18. It was with a guy I loved very much and I married him. Now that we've been married for two years, I'm beginning to feel as though I cheated myself out of some of life's experiences. I was raised by a mother who didn't believe in sex before marriage, and even though I had sex before I married I felt it was a "bad" thing to do.

My husband is 28 years old and had many sexual experiences prior to our marriage. Everything I know about sex, he has taught me. Even though I enjoy the sex life we have together, I can't help but wonder what it would be like to make love to another man. I'm sure my husband would not be very understanding if this actually took place. In fact, one of my friends told me that the main reason my husband married me was because I was so naive about sex. I don't think this friend was trying to hurt my feelings, but he did.

Now that I am reading "Forum", I am trying out some new sexual techniques. This makes my husband very happy because he knows I am trying to please him. Still, I wonder what it would be like to make love to another man now that I am more secure sexually.

All my friends ask me how I know if my husband is the right guy for me when I've never had intercourse with anyone else. I was raised to believe that my husband would love me more if I saved myself for him, and if I was a "good" girl. Now I'm not sure and I'm confused about what I should do. Is it true that every married woman has a secret sex life with a man other than her husband? Every married woman I know seems to have one. I hope you can help me clarify the situation. — Mrs J. W., name and address withheld.

I can understand and empathise with your desire to experience sex with another man. The human being by nature is not monogamous; the human being is polygamous. Nature's intention was for us to be fecund and reproduce the species in great numbers, and so Nature meant for us to have sex with many persons, not just one. Monogamy is an invention of societies and civilisations first designed for economic reasons, in order to distinguish who one's rightful heirs were and thus protect the laws of inheritance.

With our still strong double standard, it

has been okay for the male but not for the female to have the kind of sexual expression Nature intended for all of us. And so your dilemma — having had sex only with your husband, wanting to experience it with another man, and yet being uneasy about doing so — is one more example of how women are still victimised by the double standard.

I do not believe it is true that "every married woman" has a secret life with a man other than her husband. Many do; many do not. But that's not the issue for you. What counts for you, if you do not want to allow your life to be run by the "they's" out there, is what your needs are at this stage of your life and what you choose to do about them. One of the goals of effective counselling is for a person to become autonomous, deciding what is best and most useful and desirable for himself or herself without allowing the anonymous, faceless "theys" to run our lives. I would not do what my friends urged me to do. I would do only what is right and comfortable for me, and not allow myself to be pressured into decisions with which I might be uneasy.

If you should choose — as your own autonomous decision — to have sex with another man, and since you are sure your husband would not be very understanding, you should have your extra-marital relationship very discreetly, without guilt, and consider it part of the sexual education it was your right to have had if you were not a victim of the double standard. You should be very discreet about not letting friends know about your affair. You never know when someone, out of pique or jealousy, or in an unguarded moment, might drop a hint to your husband and cause unnecessary anguish. Very often, when a person does confide in friends about an affair, it is the childish part of his or her personality subliminally wanting psychological permission to have the affair, to get approval for it. An autonomous person takes responsibility for his or her own decisions and doesn't need permission.

Noisy wife

My wife and I have a terrific sex life, but one thing she does annoys me terribly. As she is about to reach her climax, she becomes very loud and boisterous. Her moans and groans of ecstasy are sometimes loud enough to wake up the

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JUNE

FORUM

neighbors and, quite frankly, this makes me uncomfortable.

Is there anything I can do to quiet her down without ruining her pleasurable feelings? — S.C., Queensland

In this culture, sex is undertaken often in secret, unseen and unheard. Adolescents in cars, and parents in bedrooms, do their best to make sure that nobody hears them. As most cars and homes are not soundproofed, it is rare to find someone who is so unrepressed that they can joyfully make noise during love-making.

Most of us go through our "quiet" period of growth, and then if we're lucky, we learn to make noise and sounds all over again.

Repressing sounds produces unnecessary muscle tension, and results in changes in breathing that definitely make sex less enjoyable. I therefore cannot recommend that you quiet your wife down, and would suggest, instead, that you soundproof your bedroom.

Actually, you might be doing your neighbors a service by letting them know what joyful sex sounds like. More likely, they are probably unaware of where the sounds are coming from.

Making sounds is a natural way of ex-

pressing both pleasure and pain. I once listened to several hundred people enjoying a firework display. Their spontaneous oohs and ahs, had they but known it, sounded just like a group orgasm; the only difference was that there was nobody telling them not to enjoy themselves out loud.

Best time to conceive

I would like to have some information about the right time of the month to get pregnant. I've heard that the best time to conceive is four days after the end of your period, but I have been trying for about three years and I have not gotten pregnant. Can there be any other reason why I am having difficulty? — Mrs M.A., NSW

The best time to attempt conception is 12 to 16 days before the first day of the next expected menstruation. If you and your husband have sex relations without contraceptives each day during that five-day interval, your chances of becoming pregnant are very high.

If this doesn't work after trying for a year, you should consider having some fertility tests done on yourself and your husband. Your family doctor should know how to arrange to have these tests performed.

Male testing of sperm, which accounts for one-half of the problem, should be done. Female testing is more involved and includes X-ray studies for Fallopian tube

potency, blood and biopsy studies to determine ovulation occurrence, and endocrine status.

Artfully proportioned

I am an art student and I have asked many people, including my art professor, about this question but I still cannot find an answer. The question is: how come almost all of the nude male statues and paintings of the Greek and Roman eras have such small sex organs? Many of the penises are no bigger than the noses. Surely they were not all that small. I don't believe the male member has evolved to that much larger size. — E.J., NSW

First, what statues are you talking about? Ancient Athens and Sparta abounded with statues characterised by colossal genitals.

Women wore an amulet which was unabashedly called not a "phallus" or "penis", but a "prick". The amulet was an oversized erect penis, often with wings attached to its sides or with bells dangling from the testicles.

The dimensions of real-life penises in ancient Greece and Rome were not, unfortunately, recorded for posterity. But history does record that the average human male of those eras was no more than five feet tall. This being so, the average penis of the era should have been about five-sixths the size of the modern-day average of two to four inches when flaccid and five to seven inches when erect. That works out to 1.6 to 3.2 inches flaccid or 3.9 to 5.9 inches erect.

If the statues you've studied have penises of lesser dimensions, the following explanations suggest themselves: 1. The statue's penis may have been eroded by exposure to the elements. 2. The sculptors "cheated" for visual accuracy. You, as an art student, undoubtedly know that a statue viewed from the ground would seem distorted if its dimensions conformed to reality. The upper features must be exaggerated or the figure will look like an upside-down ice cream cone. Thus, on a statue like Michelangelo's famous "David", the head is almost as wide as the space at both knees and the shoulders fully one-and-a-half times the usual human proportions. The genitals, being nearer to the ground, are smaller.

No satisfaction

I'm a 27-year-old male and, believe it or not, I'm still a virgin. The only time my penis has come in contact with a woman's vagina was when I was 12 years old (she was nine) and I never penetrated her.

I've only gone on three dates in my life. Two were to parties and the girls asked me to go with them, and the third was a date where I actually asked a girl out. It took me five months to build up the confidence and the courage to ask her out. And when I did, I stumbled, trembled, and had every



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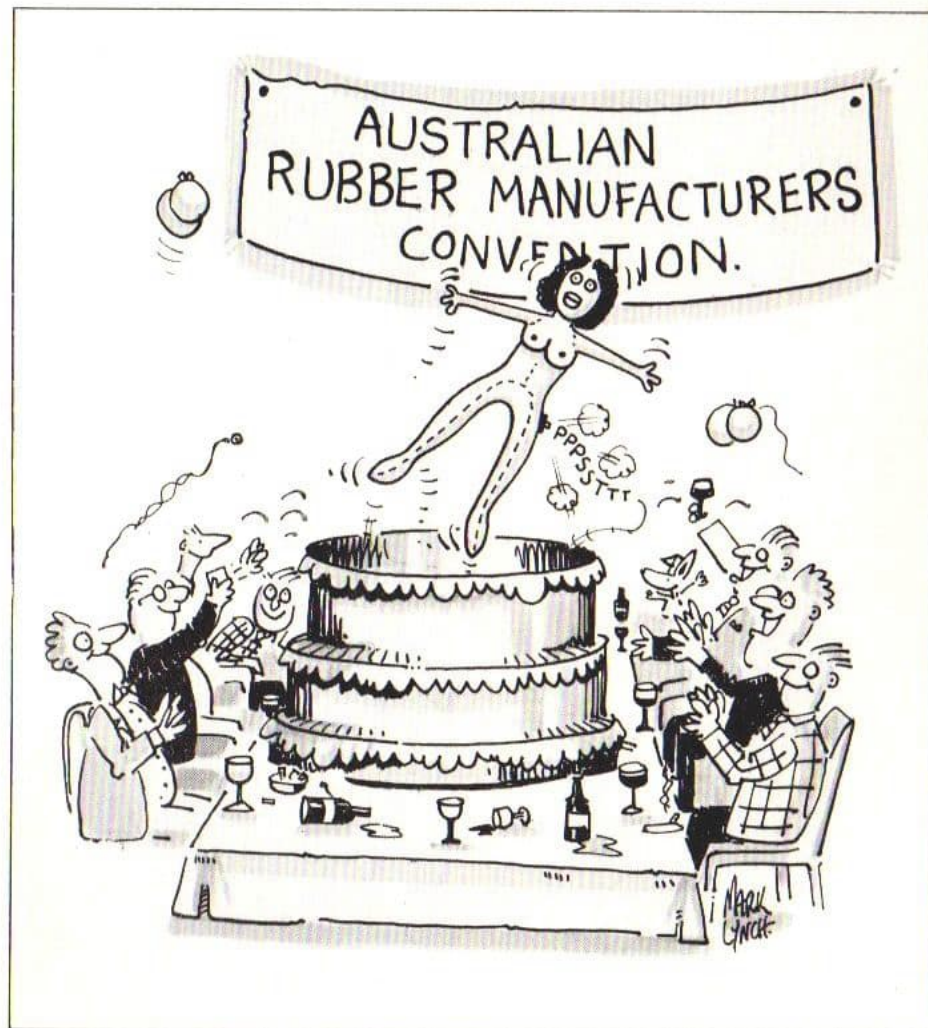
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FORUM

spasmodic twitch known to man. I have always felt that I was too good to go for the "average Jane" but not good enough for the popular, good-looking chicks. I've known many girls who have wanted to go out with me, but I turned up my nose at them. I wouldn't be caught dead with an average girl because I wanted to take out the class-captain or the girl who was going with the captain of the football team.

When one of those girls was available, and there were many, I could never bring myself to ask them out. Yet I turned down the girls who wanted to go out with me because I thought they weren't good enough.

In the eight years since high school, I haven't been out with a girl. I go to bars and discotheques and get drunk before I can ask a girl to dance. I never ask them out after I've danced with them. I guess that's because the minute I start to sober up, feelings of inferiority about myself and feelings of superiority over her appear.

If I may, let me explain something about myself. I am of average height, slightly overweight and average looking. But most important, I am a very, very quiet person. I could go for days, weeks, or even months without uttering a single word. This is not because of my shyness but because that's just the way I am and I don't intend to change. I feel very comfortable being quiet. I prefer to let the other person talk, and I'm a good listener.

Now I'm worried that when I finally do ask a girl out, I'll fall madly in love with her and later on during our relationship my feelings of inferiority will crop up and haunt me. So, no matter how good-looking the girl, I will feel sooner or later that I could have done better.

That's my problem; can you give me some advice? — Name and address withheld

I really appreciate your candor and authenticity. For a quiet, reserved person you express yourself well in writing. It appears that you are experiencing what

many behavioral psychologists have come to call interpersonal-social anxiety. This problem is typically characterised by high levels of self-consciousness and inordinate self-concern, inhibition, feelings of insecurity and inadequacy, and an overly developed need to gain the approval of others.

A major theme running through your letter is that you often feel too good for many of the women who have desired you. It's as if you're feeling so insecure about your own desirability and attractiveness that you automatically put down any woman who is "such a loser that she doesn't see what a loser I am". Also, by setting up such stringent standards of perfection for women, you're really copping out on relating to women by providing yourself with an immobilising rationalisation.

I'm concerned about your drinking to reduce tension. This is a warning sign of abusive drinking. Remember, any behavior that reduces anxiety is reinforced and strengthened. This is the way alcoholism often starts.

I don't buy the idea that your self-imposed silence is not a function of your shy personality. It's very unusual for a person not to speak to another for the lengths of time you describe. I hope for your sake that you are exaggerating. If you're not, then stop deluding yourself into believing that it's okay, and rationalising that you're a good listener. You need professional help to teach you to be more assertive and self-confident in interpersonal situations, and to lower your sexual anxiety. Twenty-seven years is a long time to wait to sample the delights and pleasures that life has to offer. Get help soon!

"Poppers"

I am not a drug user, but I am inquiring to satisfy my curiosity. According to one of my best friends, amyl nitrate vapor induces instant orgasm. The common property of this compound is fast pain relief. Would you be kind enough to advise? — L.H., WA

The physiological effect of amyl nitrate, or "poppers", is the relaxation of the

smooth muscle tissue of the body. This means that the walls of the blood vessels relax, resulting in a drastic lowering of the blood pressure.

When the walls of the blood vessels relax, the amount of blood returning to the heart decreases, which causes the heart rate to speed up. When the blood vessels in the brain relax, less blood flows into the brain.

Amyl nitrate, therefore, produces a feeling of excitement as the heart rate increases. The drug does not change the nature of orgasm per se; the same contractions of the vagina, or the same ejaculation, occurs. But the drug does produce a change in the perception of orgasm.

The use of amyl nitrate, however, has serious dangers. It can cause headaches, as well as a precipitous drop in blood pressure.

For individuals with eye disease, it can increase the pressure within the eyes and cause serious eye problems. When not used under carefully controlled medical observation, the drug is dangerous.

Tightening up

I am a young woman just recently married. Before I met my husband, I had sexual relations with quite a number of different men. The truth is, I'm a very highly-sexed woman.

Now my vagina feels so large that it's difficult to feel any friction during intercourse. I am five-feet-nine-inches tall and weigh 145 pounds.

Some of my friends have told me that it's probably my size and weight that makes my vagina so large, but I think I've probably stretched myself from so much screwing.

I am reaching the point where I am embarrassed to go to bed with my husband because after we finish screwing he complains about how loose I am, even though he knows it hurts me to hear this.

I have tried a few exercises, but I was wondering if there are any other ways to tighten up this area.

I hope you can help me, because this



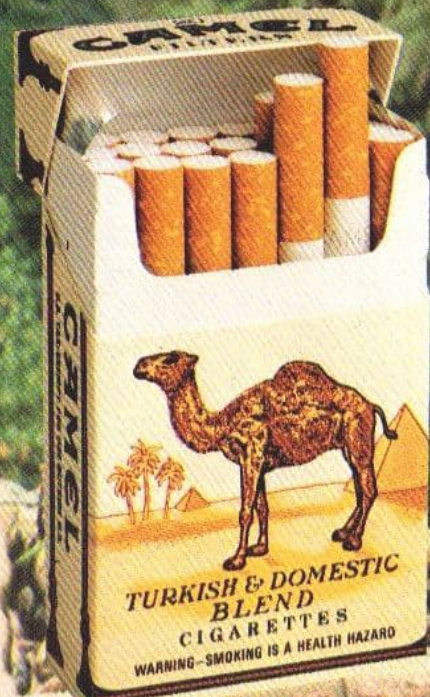
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problem is slowly driving me crazy. — Name and address withheld.

It is highly doubtful that your vagina has been stretched from having too much sex. Although it obviously does not apply in your case, the usual cause of a "loose" vagina is vaginal childbirth without an episiotomy (a small incision which is made to prevent the vulva from tearing).

I suspect you are feeling some guilt because of your previously active sex life and that this has been compounded by your husband's complaints. It is likely that your husband is the one who has the problem.

One suggestion I can make is to try the Kegel exercises.

These exercises are performed by contracting the vaginal-perineal muscles in a stop-and-go fashion, and can be practiced at almost any time during the day.

Pretend you are about to urinate and then, at the last possible moment, reverse yourself and pretend to hold back the flow of urine.

The exercise can be practiced both quickly and slowly, and you should try to work up to about sixty contractions per day.

After a month or two of Kegel exercises, good vaginal tone should be

restored. Above all, do not have an operation to tighten your vagina. Such operations often leave scar tissue and result in painful sex.

Sterilisation

My husband and I are considering vasectomy or hysterectomy for a future method of contraception and we would appreciate your advice.

Although we do not wish to have children, we hesitate to have recourse to these definitive methods. What's new in the medical and surgical world in regard to sterilisation? Is it possible to have some sort of surgery done that wouldn't make us completely and definitely sterile? What are the surgical procedures for both vasectomy and tubal ligation? We would appreciate some information before we make any decisions. — Mrs A.C., SA

The decision to undergo sterilisation is a momentous one, mainly because it must still be considered irreversible. Doctors are willing to perform the various sterilisation procedures, but only after adequate and sound thought on the part of the patient. Research is being done in the area of reversible sterilisation techniques but, to date, no acceptable method has been found. For this reason, vasectomy and tubal ligation are not the most popular methods of birth control.

The vas deferens is the tubular struc-

ture which transports the sperm from the testes to the ejaculatory duct in the penis. Vasectomy consists of surgically severing this structure. The procedure can usually be performed in the doctor's office with a local anaesthetic, but many urologists advise a short hospital stay despite the low complication rate.

Still in the testing stage is a new microscopic surgical technique for reversing vasectomy developed by an American urologist named Dr Sherman Silber. Dr Silber expects a success rate of 75 percent or higher with the new technique — a dramatic improvement over the present success rate of 25-30 percent attained with previously devised reversal techniques. But Dr Silber emphasises that the early success of his new micro-surgical technique should not encourage a man to undergo a vasectomy if he feels that he might later want to reverse the sterilisation procedure.

In the female, hysterectomy is a major operation and thus is not a preferred method of sterilisation. Tubal ligation, or severing and tying off of the Fallopian tubes (the transport canal for the ovum or egg) is the method most commonly performed, and has been used long enough to have withstood the test of time. With tubal ligation, menstruation is not stopped (as would be the case with hysterectomy) and the psychological and physical value of uterine presence remains intact. Ligations are now performed in some medical centres with a laparoscope (a cigar-size tube which is inserted through a small incision), and then either clips or heat coagulation is used to sever and ligate the tubes. It should be mentioned that many reputable medical authorities have not yet accepted this method as safe enough to do on a widespread basis.

Any sterilisation procedure selected should be based on patient health, mental stability, the surgeon's skill, and a good rapport between patient and doctor so the patient can come to a well-informed decision for his or her needs.

Guilty

I am a teenager and I have a problem which has been bothering me for quite a while. I often get the urge to masturbate about six to eight times a day. I can't stop these urges and I'm forced to masturbate each time. But when I do, I feel very guilty. Is there something wrong with me? — R.B., Victoria

Masturbatory patterns differ from male to male, and the desire seems to be based on psychological and physiological factors. When you are psychologically stimulated and your hormonal levels are high enough, you masturbate and ejaculate. Nature has a marvellous system whereby you can't overdo it because your penis will not get erect. Feel free to masturbate all you want. ☺



THE VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR

Over the past few months the issue of toxic chemicals and the welfare of Vietnam veterans generally has been at boiling point in the national media. Major break-throughs have been made and several vital issues have been raised.

Firstly, the success of the Simpson case before the Repatriation Review Tribunal represents a great victory for Lorraine and the late Colin Simpson, and Vietnam veterans in general. For the first time anywhere in the world a significant or fatal condition in a serviceman was accepted as possibly being related to exposure to toxic chemicals used in Vietnam, and was therefore the responsibility of the government concerned. The Tribunal set aside the decision of the Repatriation Commission (which rejected the claim) and held that the Commonwealth was liable, in respect of malignant lymphoma (cancer of the lymph glands) in Colin Simpson's case.

Despite what has been said in some quarters to try to detract from the significance of the case, be assured that as far as the repatriation system is concerned, this case sets an important precedent for any claim on similar lines and establishes and reinforces principles applicable to repatriation entitlement claims in general.

The Minister for Veterans' Affairs, Senator Messner, in a letter to the editor published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* recently, rather glibly referred to the success of this case as evidence of how the "system" works in the veterans' favor. Make no mistake: this case succeeded because of the hard work and dogged determination of a group of dedicated people, not because of the magnanimity of the "system". The case did not get up on a "legal technicality". It will be clear to anyone reading the detailed determination (23 pages) that the appeal got up because of the merits of the evidence presented.

Senator Messner stated in Federal Parliament on February 25, 1982 that (referring to the Simpson determination), "the decision indicated nowhere that there was any link between the unfortunate death of Mr Simpson and his exposure to herbicides" (*Hansard*). This simply is not so. Being charitable to the minister, we can only presume that his copy of the determination was incomplete, or that his power of comprehension of the simple written English word had temporarily deserted him. In fact, the decision found that "having regard in particular to all the evidence, the Tribunal finds that it is a real possibility that the applicant's malignant lymphoma resulted from his exposure to phenonacetic (sic Phenoxyacetic) acid herbicides during his period of special service in South Vietnam." (Para. 2, page 22.) Clearly one cannot reconcile what was actually stated in the determination and the interpretation the Minister gave to Parliament. It is also pertinent to note that the Tribunal was highly critical of the Repatriation Commission's handling of the matter.

Full credit for the success of the case must go to the late Colin Simpson and his widow Lorraine, and to Brian Donnellan, John Evans (scientific adviser) for their preparatory work and appearance as principal witnesses before the Tribunal. The Tribunal in their decision noted that they were "impressed" by

the manner in which John Evans gave his evidence. The Vietnam Veterans' Association acknowledges the courage of the Tribunal members in bringing down the decision, and the careful, thoughtful way in which the decision was worded. At the time of writing the Repatriation Commission had not lodged an appeal to the Federal Court against the decision.

Another important issue: the recent comments attributed to Mr Derek Volker, recently appointed Head of the Department of Veterans' Affairs and Chairman of the Repatriation Commission. On March 2, 1982, in a speech to the Biennial Congress of the Australian Federation of Totally and Permanently Incapacitated Ex-Service Men and Women, he made an oblique reference, stating that: "We have some concern that Administrative law changes in recent years may be running counter to a fundamental of the whole Repatriation system that claims should be resolved expeditiously and with the least amount of red tape inconvenience to the ex-serviceman or woman." (Para. 1, page 4).

According to an article appearing on March 3 in the *Canberra Times*, after the address Mr Volker expanded his statement, noting the requirement for the various determining bodies within the repatriation system to give reasons why their decisions had not worked in favor of many veterans. Hopefully, those comments are not the forerunner of an intention by the government to abolish the giving of "reasons for decisions".

It is true that with the advent of reasons for determination and rights of appeal to the Administrative Appeals Tribunal, and Federal and High courts, the "system" has become more complex and time-consuming. However, these moves have, self-evidently, proven to be of incalculable benefit to veterans at large. The simple truth is that numerous cases will now be successful, because of these changes,

that would not have been successful under the old system. A classic example is the "Law" case, which the commission challenged all the way to the High Court. The principles brought down in this case have had a profound effect on government policy and the repatriation system, to the benefit of the veteran. It would be a tragic mistake for the veteran community to be persuaded to swap these changes for a quicker processing of claims. They should receive both full reasons and meaningful avenues of appeal, and expedited processing of their claims. It should not be a question of choosing one or the other.

One way of "speeding up" the system would be the abolition of the "Commission Appeal" level in entitlement claims. The assessment appeal system goes straight from a Board decision (in the majority of cases) to a Tribunal level and there seems to be no reason why, with appropriate changes to the Act, the "Commission Appeal" could not be dropped likewise in entitlement claims.

It is doubtful that anyone would lament the passing of the "Commission Appeal" level or see it as a watering-down of their appeal right. Perhaps it could remain optional, in the event

This is the first
of a Penthouse series
conceived to correct ignorance
about problems faced by
Vietnam veterans in
Australia

Continued on page 160



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• Having intercourse twice a day does not compensate for a meaningful and fun-loving relationship. It can be a real bore. •

XAMIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

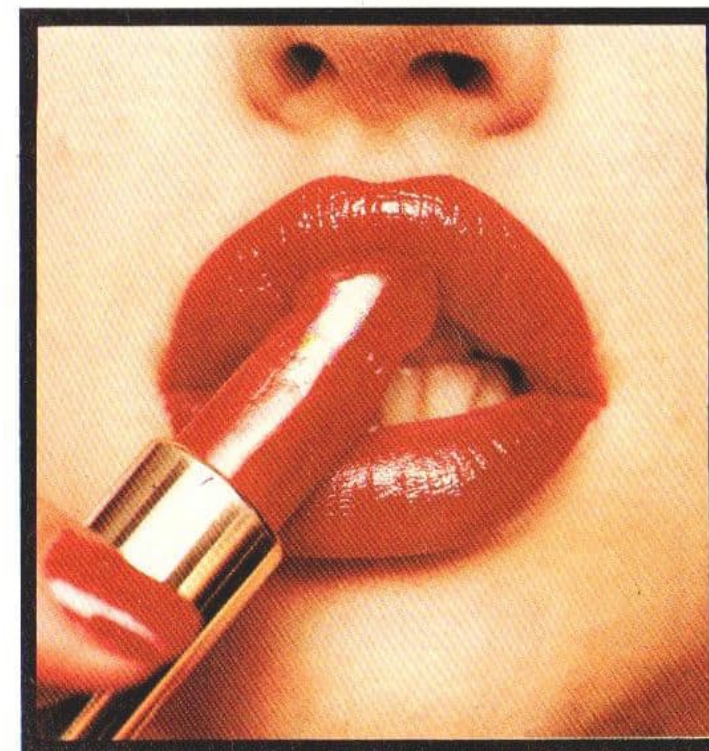
I've got a problem that most men would love to have, but it is truly a problem. I'm 34 and am recently divorced, after 12 years of marriage. My ex-wife and I had a satisfying sexual relationship and knew each other's moods and desires without having to tell each other.

About eight months ago I met a young woman of 24, who is now screwing me to death. After being used to having sex three or four times a week, and being happy with that, I now find myself having intercourse twice a day, every day, with this young nymph. I've told her that I cannot keep up that pace and am not always in the mood for sex, but she doesn't know how to take no for an answer. She pesters me while I'm sleeping, watching TV, or just sitting around listening to records. I'm honestly getting turned off by her actions. I want to be the one to make the first move, but how can I when she is always wheedling for sex?

Every so often I have to go home and recharge my batteries so that I can enjoy making love as much as she does. The first time I left I got super horny in two days. I made a beeline to her place only to find her in bed with another man. I waited until they were through and acted very nice about the whole thing. I didn't get that upset, because I don't love her. She felt awful, though, and told me she was sorry.

It seems she thinks I have more feelings for her than I do, and so she thought she was "cheating" on me. But whenever I try to tell her I don't want sex every minute, she just doesn't understand. She only knows what she wants to do. — D.K.

Your young nymph obviously has placed all her emotions in her bodily attractions. That is, she thinks that's how to express her



feelings about you. She's also pretty horny herself. Since you don't love her and she doesn't seem to want to discuss the problems, I don't see why you just don't move on. Your previously satisfactory sex life and communication with your ex proves that you're capable of communicating and getting along with a lover. Having intercourse twice a day does not compensate for a meaningful and fun-loving relationship. It can be a real bore.

GIANTS, UNITE!

I have what I feel to be an unusual fantasy. It involves tall, heavy-set women. I love to see big, husky women in fur coats.

It really turns me on, but the thought of being lifted off my feet by a big, strong woman makes me even more

excited. I've been turned on to this for as long as I can remember. Just the thought of being picked up off the ground and bear-hugged by a husky woman in a fur coat makes my head spin.

I've always been a particularly shy person and I have to admit I'm really turned on to strong, aggressive women.

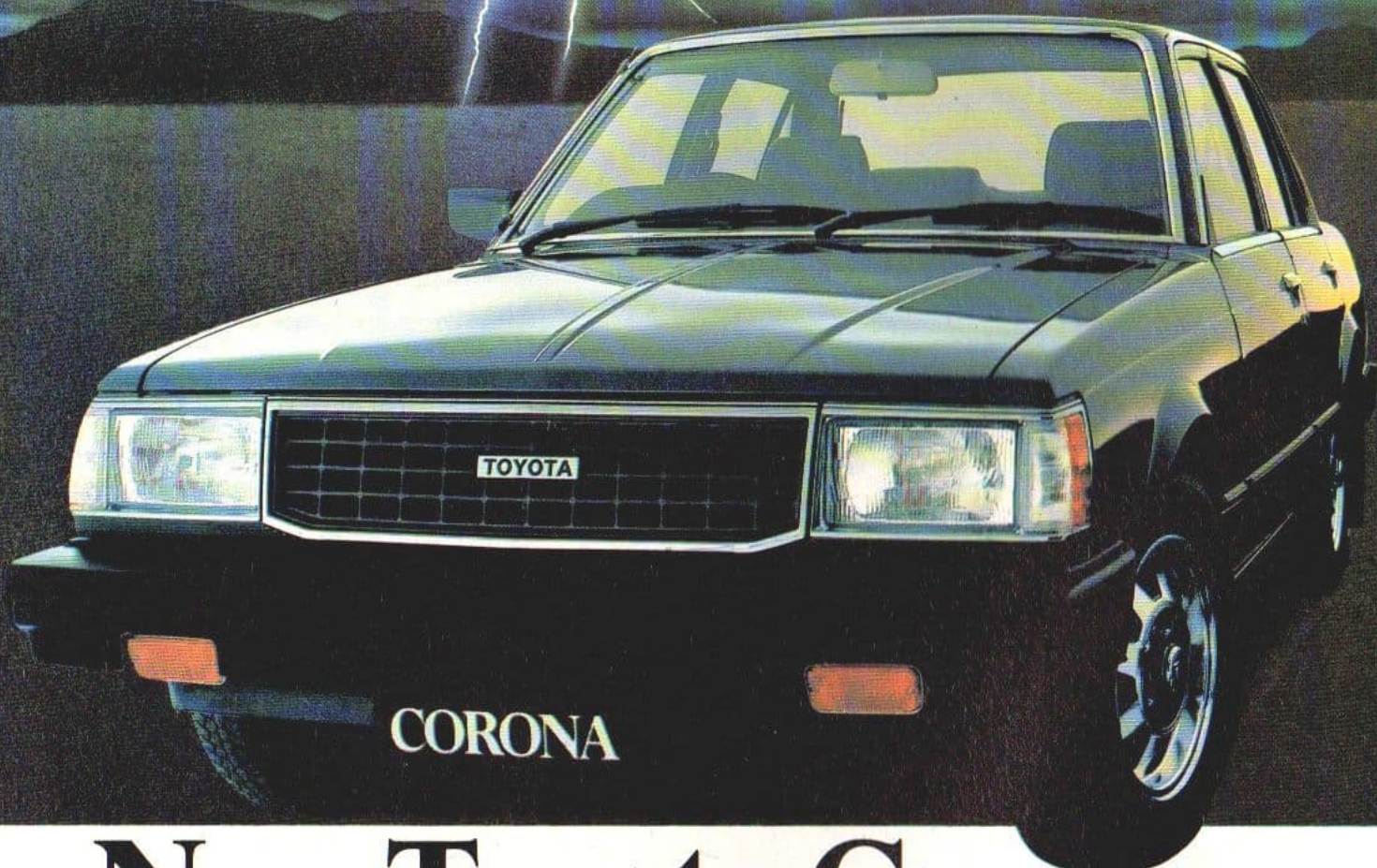
My real problem is that I'm very tall and heavy. So, as you can tell, the women who could handle someone my size are few and far between.

My only hope is to try to find a lady wrestler or weight lifter, but I've never seen any that could fill the bill. I'm not necessarily after a beautiful-looking girl; looks aren't that important to me, as I'm no Paul Newman myself.

But since you've been around as much as you have, perhaps you could tell me where I might possibly find a girl like the one I'm interested in.

I'd also like to know if you've ever come across anyone who shares my particular fetish. — B.B.

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EQUALITY ALL THE WAY

I have a fascination for girl wrestling. Many people share this interest, as is evidenced in the many girl photos advertised in wrestling magazines. None of the girls I've ever dated or known has seemed to be interested in wrestling. I keep hoping to find a female opponent who can test my strength and skill in a competitive match.

I often fantasise about wrestling with a girl who has a beautiful sexy body and powerful thighs. When she gets me in a scissors hold, there's no way I can escape. I am at her mercy as she slowly and tauntingly crushes me until I pass out. I assume there aren't many men who have had this type of fantasy. I wonder how frequent it is among women. — N.W.

It is not as uncommon as you think to fantasise about being put in a bear hug by a big girl. Usually, small, shy men go crazy over taller, heavier chicks. Though they feel scared as well as protected by those girls, the attraction will always remain.

I personally have encountered several men who loved to get involved in some kind of wrestling match or else to watch two big girls throw each other down to the floor, pulling and pushing on any imaginable part of each other's bodies. There are plenty of big girls in this world who would love to overpower you. Either look through the ads in certain well-known sex magazines or else put an ad in one yourself, stating exactly the requirements you have in mind.

I'm sure there are even some not-so-big girls out there who are strong enough to give you a good fight.

As for the first letter writer, it is somewhat exceptional that a big, husky fellow like you has an attraction to big women, since it is usually the opposites that attract each other. But in this world there are always the exceptions to every rule.

LESS OF A MAN

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for a number of years and have found it a great help. My problem is penis size — or rather lack of it. My wife often complains about my penis not being big enough to satisfy her; obviously I became upset at this and we both decided to sit down and discuss the problem. In talking about this my wife revealed that she had had six previous lovers before we married and the smallest penis she had taken was seven inches long, five inches girth; the longest was 10 inches by six and-a-half-inches. Mine at best is six-and-a-quarter inches by three and three-quarter-inches. I know in all of your articles on penis size it says that the vagina adjusts to the size of a penis, but in my case when I enter my wife I can feel she is loose around me. Our

foreplay is great, but the only way I can make my wife orgasm is by using a large vibrator.

My wife often says she wishes it was a real penis, and now she tells me she is considering a threesome involving another man. We love each other and I would not object to my wife gaining satisfaction from another man and I would enjoy being involved.

I still get a feeling of failure as a man in not being able to give my wife the orgasm she desires, but try as I do I cannot solve the problem. — J.D.

Let's get something clear. The average penis is around six inches long so you are in there with the best.

A point you seem to be missing about your wife's previous lovers is that although they may have had larger penises they didn't end up as her choice for husband. You did and you should consider this and gain some self-confidence from that fact.

Another point is that women don't always favor a big penis. Most women having to accommodate a 10" penis find it painful and uncomfortable. It may be nice to have a wide penis but a long one can often be too long. More specifically it sounds as though your wife may have a slack vagina. Probably it has been stretched or torn by childbirth or perhaps she is one of a number who just naturally has a large orifice.

If this is a real bother to her it might be possible to obtain cosmetic surgery to make her a little smaller and therefore allow both of you to get more sensation out of intercourse.

But I suspect the problem is something other than size. Your wife after all can climax quite easily with a vibrator, an ability which she shares with many others. There is nothing very difficult about combining using a vibrator with intercourse so that she is able to enjoy orgasm while being penetrated.

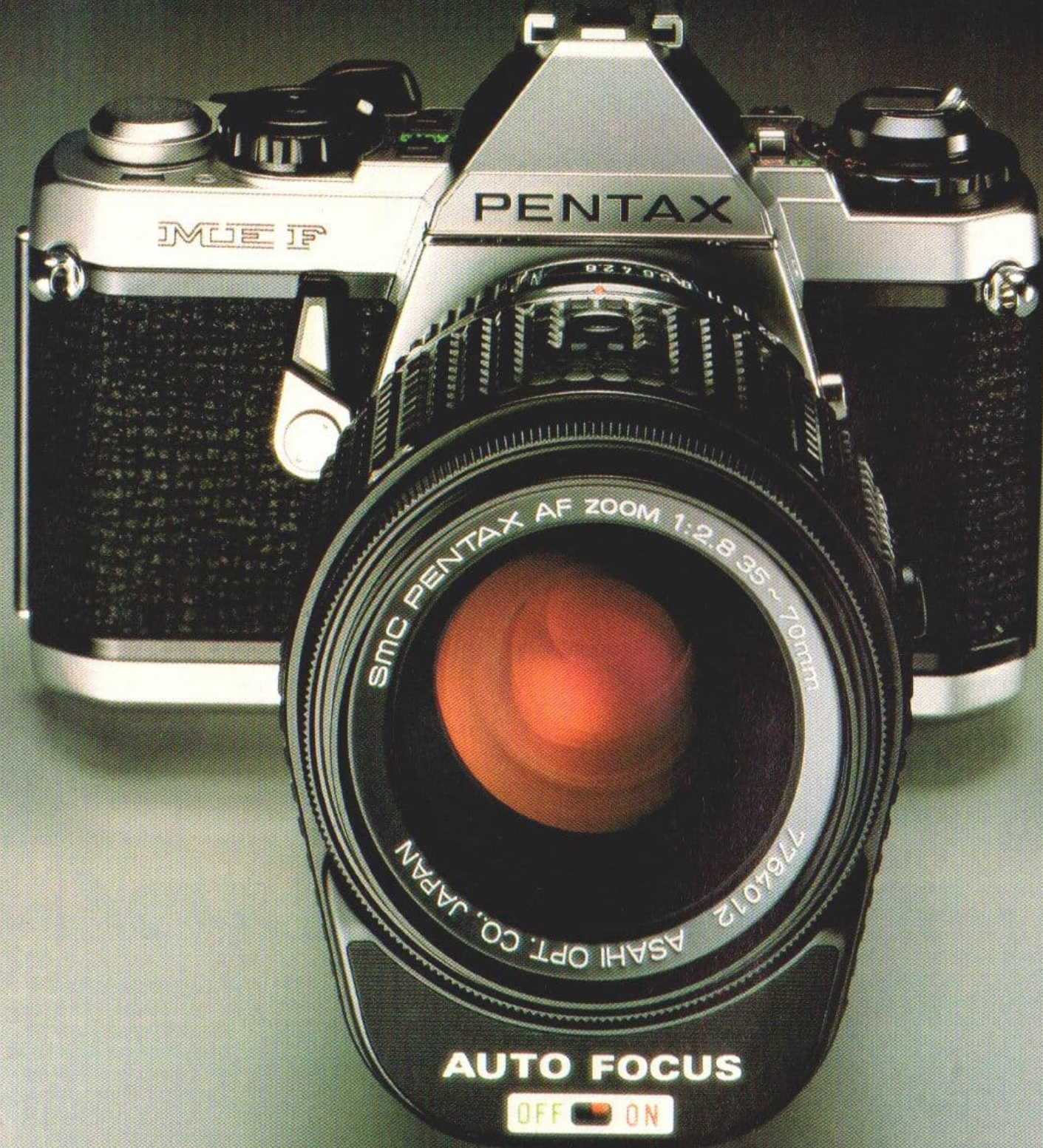
The fact that she's talking about a threesome makes me wonder if perhaps she's suffering from sexual boredom. After all, if there were really difficulties involved in sex with you, the person she knows and trusts, the odds are that there would be further difficulties with a stranger. Which makes me suspect she may be latching on to your perfectly adequate penis size as an excuse, and incidentally while doing so, is managing to make you feel quite unnecessarily inadequate.

Rather than launch into multiple sex, which in my experience always accentuates marriage problems rather than alleviates them, I think you should go to a marriage counsellor.

Perhaps this way you could come to grips with some of the real resentments your wife is feeling, which would give you both a chance to work on them. ☐✉



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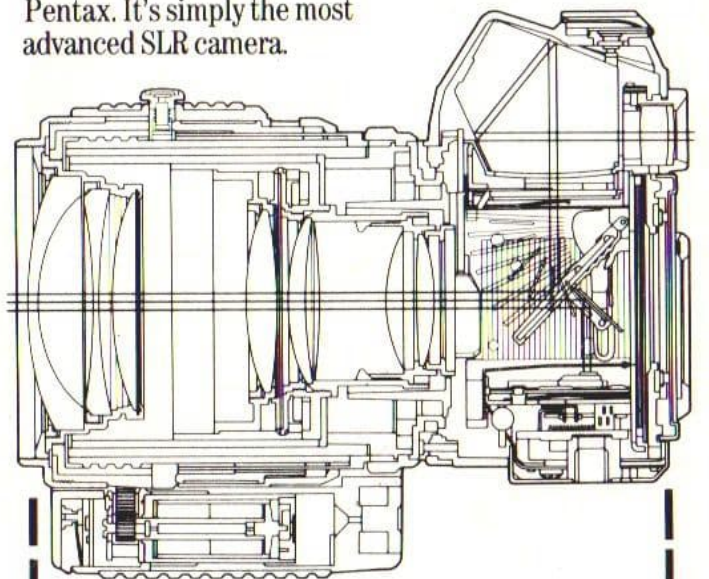
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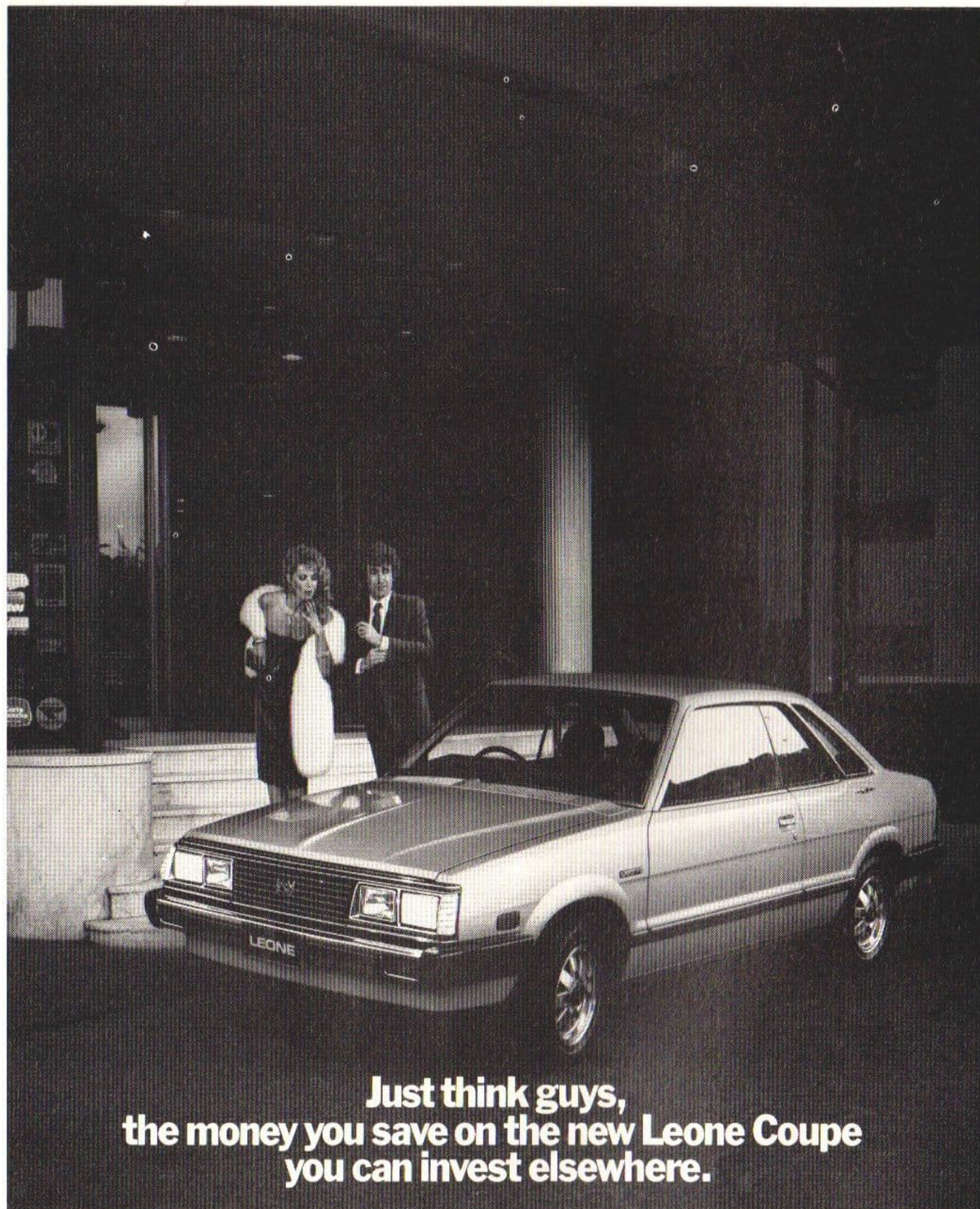
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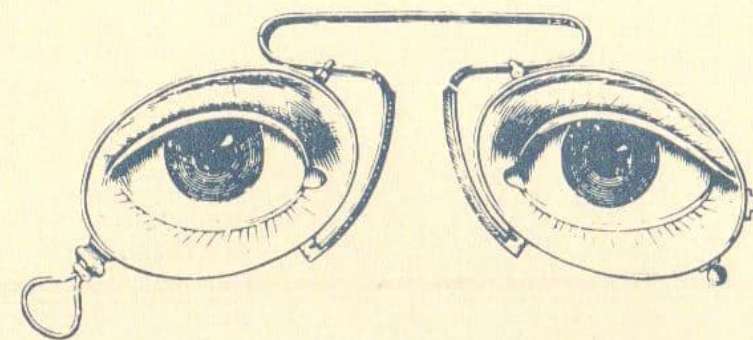
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

DOUBLE STANDARDS

BY SALLIE-ANNE HUCKSTEPP

Throughout the ages, societies have revered men who screwed their way into the history books — men like Casanova and Don Juan. And now, in the sophisticated 1980s, men who are given to making conquest after conquest are still regarded not as insecure little boys but as masculine role-models. Other males envy them and, paradoxically, women desire them.

There are of course certain pre-requisites for those who aspire to stud stardom: handsome appearance, awareness of sexual techniques culled from endless readings of the *Kama Sutra* and *The Joy of Sex*, the right clothing tags and perhaps even a Mercedes or a Lamborghini to top off the image.

My bitch is not that such men screw around or that they carefully cultivate an image; that's their business. What is really inexcusable is their hypocrisy toward the female libertine. The woman who enjoys sex, is unattached and wants to remain so goes to a club or bar and finds a man to whom she is attracted. They strike up an acquaintance and together they leave to spend the night writhing between the sheets. So far, so good; they have been mutually entertained. But the next time he sees her in a bar he'll be falling over himself in the rush to tell his mates that she's a "moll", a "tart" or a "slut". He can share in any further conquest by being the one who informed everybody that she was "easy pickings — just go for it, mate."

Now the fact is that all women love satisfying sex. Orgasm is the greatest wonder of the world. The pyramids and the other six "wonders" aren't a patch on an earth-shattering orgasm.

Imagine for a moment, each of you *Penthouse* readers, if you were suddenly transformed into a woman. A lady with sexual desires no different from your own, who through the workings of antiquated convention was forced to marry or find a steady boyfriend in order to start enjoying her sexual self. Most of you would undoubtedly resort to masturbation, but as we all know it's not as good as the real thing.

In my loungeroom the other night a heated discussion took place on this very issue. There were six of us, with the sexes evenly divided. A girlfriend of mine is very fond of one-night stands, and she prefers men with more brawn than brain. She wants nothing more from males than a satisfactory roll in, under and around the bed sheets. One guy called her a "moll". This was not, he hastened to add, because she had sex with several different partners each week, but because she took nothing into consideration apart from the man's penis. At that stage I pointed out that the very same thing could be said of the thousands of men who traipse around the various trendy pick-up joints in town, on the prowl for "a bit of pussy". (I often wish I could think of a male term for "slut", although on second thought it would doubtless become a term of great honor.)

My sister, a participant in this conversation, put forward the view that "screwing around" was just a part of a woman's "growing up phase", of learning about her sexuality. She was shouted down by a man who insisted it wasn't a nice thing to do at any age, but when I asked him how he organised his own sex life, he replied straight-faced that he would normally "pick up molls in bars". My own views on the matter have been formulated over the past 14 years. In the

beginning I went to bed with men whom I "loved". Later on I simply did it for fun, but there were quite a few rather unsatisfying one-night stands, so I have given them away. Nonetheless I don't judge anyone else's sex behavior; I simply accept that their way is not right for me. This brings us directly to the point of male hypocrisy: their clear contention is that what is right for them is not right for others.

An historical-cultural perspective on the subject of double standards is very revealing. Only in the last 100 years have men come to adopt this odd mode of thinking, and it seems to have stemmed from Victorian sexual mores. Thus it is generally restricted to the English-speaking countries. In Japan, for example, the

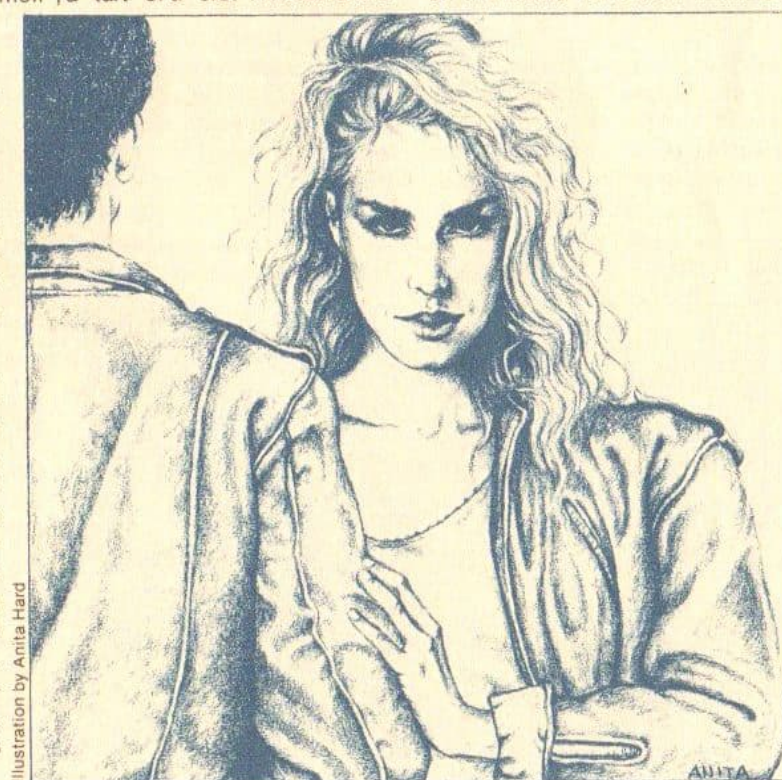
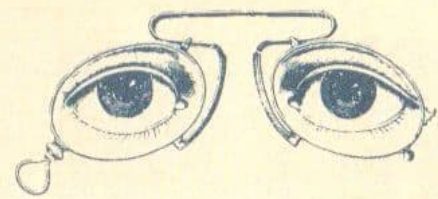


Illustration by Anita Hard



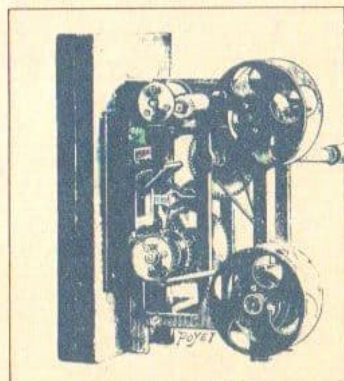
Geisha is a highly respected and elevated woman. Japanese men admire her talents and her devotion to the cause of pampering them and satisfying their every whim. In the days of the opulent French courts the King's mistress was commonly both more cherished and more powerful than the Queen. These female courtesans were women of considerable wit and intelligence; men therefore regarded it a high honor to be accorded such company. Gentlemen who accompanied their mistresses to the theatre were never considered improper.

I strongly suspect that men who use terms like "tart", "slut" and so on are actually trying to compensate for feelings of sexual inadequacy. Encountering a sexually experienced woman, they probably become worried that their own performance will be found lacking by comparison. For what other reason would a guy want to marry a virgin, a woman who would have to be taught all the laborious details of sexual technique?

Back in the Fifties and Sixties, even heavy petting could ruin a girl's good name. Unscrupulous men would blithely promise: "I'll still respect you, I'll still feel the same way about you," only to publicly shun the girl who "gave in". Nowadays we think we've arrived at a new and sophisticated understanding of sex and sexual freedom, and to an extent this is true. Everyone can share and enjoy their sexuality without guilt; however, we still have to endure this absurd relic of the bad old days — the double standard of sexual morality. The most disturbing aspect of it is that there are countless women who give credence to the view by being just as ready as men to condemn the sexually liberated woman.

In an age dominated by logic, all those derogatory words for sexually free women are totally anachronistic, and defensible only by the most blatant kind of hypocrite.

FILMS



PENNIES DEVALUED

Comparison is inevitable between Dennis Potter's BBC nine-hour drama *Pennies From Heaven* and its adaptation for the screen as a feature-length drama. The television production rates among many as a possible work of video-art, utilising as it did a batch of original recordings from the Twenties and Thirties integrated with the socio-dramatic tale of a sheet music salesman, Arthur Parker, in Depression-era England. At the least expected moment, during scenes of intense narrative, Parker, or his wife, or mistress Eileen, would break into song — mouthing the classic ballads

Pennies From Heaven... singin' and dancin'



"Pennies From Heaven", "In The Middle Of A Kiss" and so on — enough to eventually fill a double album soundtrack set. Herbert Ross has lifted the basics of Potter's television script almost word for word and in carrying out what amounts to a *Reader's Digest* approach, whittled the essence of a masterful video creation down (or up, into widescreen and all that MGM pizzazz so identifiable with that studio's history of musical productions) into a piece that pales into insignificance for those lucky enough to have caught the drama-musical the first time around. The ABC slung it into the desert known as "Summertime Programming" back in 1980.

Here is one of those cases when bigger is neither better nor even near the mark. Steve Martin, one of the hottest comedians in the States, does not come up to lukewarm here. He is no Bob Hoskins (the TV Arthur Parker) and Bernadette Peters, cute as she is, does not come within cooee of the shining Cheryl Campbell, the original wayward schoolteacher-turned-prostitute with whom Parker expresses his suppressed sexual fantasies. Christopher Walken's Bowery spiv — greased back George Raft hair and pencil-thin

moustache, giving character to the pretty boy features of his earlier roles, is a sample (too small by far) of the energy extracted from Potter's original.

A wonderful racket, this Superstardom bit. A person gets to be their own man (or woman ... or in the case of a couple of female stars today, a woman gets to be her own man). Tired of being typecast, Clint Eastwood can hang up his .44 Magnum and play at Burt Reynolds for a change, (as he did with *Every Which Way But Loose*) and Dustin Hoffman and Al Pacino get to play each other consistently.

Now it's Burt's time around, chucking aside his quasi-Cary Grant antics to play at Clint Eastwood in *Sharky's Machine*, a tough-as-nails slice of sado-macho violence set against the phallic skyline of Atlanta, Georgia.

Based on William Diehl's doorstopper of a novel, the Reynolds-directed opus revels in a slick screenplay coiled around the goings-on of a vice squad relegated to the pits of the Metropolitan Police Department. Concerned mainly with "weenie flashers", hookers, perverts of all descriptions and just plain keeping the streets a decent place for the rate-payers to live, Sharky's "machine" is lead into surveillance of a high-class hooker in her even higher-class apartment. The voyeuristic aspect of Sharky's job throws him into an unforeseen relationship with the woman, Dominoe, one carried out — at his end — over the wire tap bugs littering her abode and through the telephoto camera lens focussed into her bathroom and bed. Her every move is recorded, as are the moves of a State Governor candidate (Earl Holliman) along with his silent backer, drug racketeer and pimp Victor (Vittorio Gassman), the man who broke Dominoe in when she was 12. He has luxuriated in her "art"

over the years but now that she has her mind set on the candidate's bed once elected, he has decided she must go. Finito. Shotgunned into the next world.



Reynolds... amongst it

Diehl's busy novel stretched from Italy in WWII to Atlanta today. Screenwriter Gerald Di Pego has stripped away the fat and honed in on the sharp, violent threads of political manipulation and vice seediness — for the men on Sharky's squad, not the hookers. A fine cast is headed by Charles Durning (is there a film coming out of the States today he is *not* in?), Brian Keith, Bernie Casey and Richard Libertini. Through a nice twist in the plot, Sharky and Dominoe are united after her execution, bringing about quiet relief from out-of-breath pace as the two are drawn together for the expected "up" ending. Nary a minute is wasted along the way. The dialogue, owing as much to Ed McBain in milieu as to Diehl's novel, tones proceedings with an enjoyable shade of black reminiscent of *True Confessions*, reinforcing a writing style almost exclusively American yet created by an English-born author, Raymond Chandler. As

both star and director, Reynolds is not entirely able to ignore his following, who have shelled out hundreds of millions of dollars to get some light relief through his toupeed antics. The laughs are caustic, a balance to the nail-biting (and in Burt's case, loss of a finger or two) prompted by the cliff-hanger thrills. As a Clint Eastwood ring-in, Reynolds makes a respectable dash of it, enough to cause Clint to let off a curse or two as he wonders how he allowed *Sharky's Machine* to slip through his fingers. Probably too busy cleaning that .44 Magnum. — Denis Whitburn

Directed by Billy Wilder, written by Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond, starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau ... the credits alone are enough. Sad to say, anyone who remembers past glories should stay away from *Buddy, Buddy*. It's disastrously unfunny, a film made by old men; it's like watching Muhammad Ali fight one too many times. You want to hide your head in embarrassment. Wilder and Diamond — let alone Matthau and Lemmon — were always the thinking person's comedy team. Their work had a sharp, often savage view of the social mores. But their targets in *Buddy, Buddy* are out of date and they attack them with prejudice rather than wit. I mean, it's a bit late to be having a go at dope-smoking hippies and sexual liberation. A hippie who offers joints to policemen, an ageing wife who discovers the Ultimate Orgasm — not only do these figures belong to the 1960s rather than the 1980s, but making fun of them as Wilder and Diamond do smacks more of sour grapes than scintillating satire. Their characterisation of Klaus Kinski's sex clinic is especially broad. When a middle-aged pervert who is in love with an inflatable doll loses it to a puncture, sure it's funny, but it's a pretty cheap laugh.

There's a strain of stereotype

running below the humour in *Buddy, Buddy* which Wilder and Diamond in their prime would have excoriated. Young people are lazy and dope-ridden, blacks and Mexicans are shiftless, cops are stupid, women are ridiculous when they try to "be themselves". The same miscalculation or misreading of taste applies to the plot itself. Taken from the French film *L'Emmerdeur* (*A Pain in The Arse*), it has hitman Matthau trying to fulfil a contract for The Mob and inadvertently checking into a room next to the suicidal Lemmon.

Lemmon's attempts to kill himself interfere with Matthau's attempts to kill his victim, reducing the icy assassin to a breakdown.

There is material for black comedy here. Indeed, at the beginning of the film, as Matthau whips stylishly through a couple of quick assassinations, it seems as if we might be in for an American *Kind Hearts And Coronets*. But the key to black comedy is knowing it's in bad taste and manipulating that knowledge.

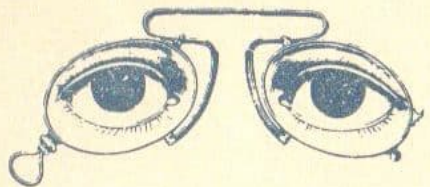
Instead Wilder and Diamond play it straight. Matthau is working for the Mafia. He ends up killing a government witness but, because the witness was an informer, we're meant to accept this even applaud it. *Buddy, Buddy* really shows the triumph of the *bad* guys, but it's written, directed and acted as if it showed the triumph of the *good* guys. Wilder and Diamond seem to have the moral patterns of the story all confused; we don't know who we're meant to laugh at or why.

What's left are Lemmon and Matthau doing their famous double act. They play basically the same roles they played in *The Odd Couple*. Matthau is the worldly, competent one, saddled with

dithering patsy Lemmon who nonetheless triumphs in the end. It's an act these two can do standing on their heads by now, but it's a measure of how slipshod *Buddy, Buddy* is as a film that there are lapses even here. There's a moment when Matthau has to drag an unconscious Lemmon across a room and you can plainly see Lemmon propelling himself along with his feet. The same technical lacunae mar the process work. Scenes set in cars for instance have fuzzy and unfocused backgrounds. Meanwhile, the glorious Paula Prentiss and the remarkable Klaus Kinski are wasted in parts which are too crudely written even for a TV sitcom. — Mike Bygrave

The synopsis of Butterfly says it all — "... a story of forbidden love set in the Nevada silver mining regions during the late 1930s ... it bares the raw emotions of a man and a child-woman driven by lust and desperation to the brink of destruction." It is also simply a vehicle for a rich sugar daddy's child-woman, Pia Zadora, to get her own movie. Stacy Keach, Orson Welles, Edward Albert, James Franciscus and Stuart Whitman all act around Pia, who pouts and sashays and pouts. Credit for Butterfly not collapsing must go to producer-director/screenwriter Matt Cimber — A.M.





WORDS



MAC ATTACK

If there's any element of Leftism in your politics you probably approach your local McDonalds hamburger outlet with a gnawing yet indefinable sense of guilt.

While inside the store you spend the whole time wishing the experience were over and you had already safely re-emerged without being spotted. Yet it's hard to put your finger on the reasons for this automatic response. Vaguely you're aware of the strangely surrealistic nature of the surroundings, and somehow, sitting in the gaudily painted chair, you feel as if you're being forced by a heavily-armed guerilla to watch a million repetitions of the same TV commercial for nail polish.

You ask yourself: "Are these emotions irrational? Isn't it time I gave McDonalds a fair go?"

You'll find the answers to these any many more mysterious questions in *Big Mac* (Methuen Australia). It's been available in the States since 1976 and has only just been released here, and that may well explain why we're so far behind the Americans in getting up petitions to run the outfit out of town. *Big Mac* is a cutting, damaging expose; it's packed with lurid detail and makes no attempt to hold back the special sauce, the pickle or the dis-

gusting truth behind Ray Kroc's gargantuan epitome of capitalism run riot.

Here are some cute little tales from the mad realm of hamburgerology, just to whet your appetite: Witnesses testifying before the Deputy Labor Commissioner of San Francisco in 1973 "stated that employees had been forced to submit to lie-detector tests and that refusal was grounds for dismissal. While wired up, employees were queried about union sympathies, and whether they had ever stolen or given away a hamburger. One of the specific questions asked was 'Did you ever steal a minute of McDonalds' time?' The ex-employees also charged McDonalds with taking tips and adding these to the restaurant's cash receipts."

Company spokesmen subsequently denied that refusal to submit to the tests would result in dismissal, and the matter was finally resolved quite accidentally when an old application form was found which stated in fine print that the employee must take a lie-detector test upon request or face dismissal!

Again in 1973, McDonalds advertised a \$500,000 sweepstakes with prizes ranging from station wagons to high-intensity

lamps. An investigation by the Federal Trade Commission revealed that of the 15,610 prizes listed, only 227 were actually awarded, making a total value of \$13,000. The company had given the ad firm which ran the contest a fee of \$25,000 with which it was obliged to pay for the entire half a million worth of prizes!

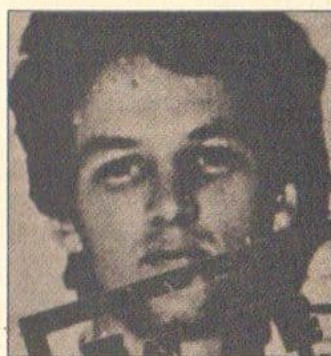
Political manipulation, advertising fraud, absurd publicity pranks, outright lying — McDonalds have been there and done it all. The authors' style is refreshingly non-judgemental: after all, the facts are ridiculous enough without any embellishment. Read *Big Mac* and understand fully the source of your fears about the burgeoning burger.

The cover blurb isn't really accurate. *The Falcon and the Snowman* (Penguin) does not read like the best of Le Carre and Deighton; it is not a real-life story that could easily have been the latest Bond thriller. And that's just what makes it such a good read.

It is a non-fictional, non-fanciful documentation of the stinking sewage that is international espionage: no glamorized Russian temptresses who ultimately ache to dive into our hero's pants; no laser-wielding 007 daredevils who carry enough power and panache in their little fingers to save the world; no bed-hopping, no bullshit.

Back in 1975 two upper-middle class Catholic boys fresh out of high school took on the whole world and looked like winning. For two years they sold the most intimate secrets of the proposed American spy-satellite systems Argus and Rhyolite to the Russians, along with documents pertaining to a new inter-agent communication system which would have revolutionised that still-primitive link in the information chain.

That such innocents could succeed for so long is an incredible indictment of CIA efficiency;



Non-fanciful espionage

or could it have been true that, as the book ultimately postulates, the CIA fooled them into smuggling inaccurate documents and simply waited till their luck ran out?

Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee were finally nailed in January 1977, apparently by accident. The Mexican Police picked up Lee on a charge that amounted to littering, and when the nature of the photographs he was carrying on that day became public knowledge all hell broke loose. Robert Lindsey, a top-ranking journalist on the *New York Times*, was assigned to cover the espionage trials; after the spies had been sentenced he spent two years interviewing them and their friends, families and acquaintances before writing the book.

I think there are two factors in Lindsey's approach which make his work a tremendous success. First, he had a fierce determination to put aside his own political convictions and force himself to come to terms with

those of Christopher Boyce. He could easily have reverted to the pious outrage which characterised the writings of his peers; instead he produced a level of sensitivity, understanding and genuine sympathy which must have caused his colleagues to view the work with utter amazement. Some of the passages which deal with Boyce's underlying philosophical motivations are powerfully emotive, even beautiful; Boyce's own prophetic words, quoted at length, linger hauntingly, menacing the sickness of America.

The other pivotal factor is Lindsey's sophistication, his urbanity. The cesspool that was Daulton Lee's existence must often have tempted him to over-write the material, to lace it with judgemental observations reeking with middle-class anti-drug propaganda. Apart from one unfortunate passage early on, in which Lindsey claims that Lee had offered young girls free samples of marijuana and cocaine, and "once they were hooked, he demanded payment — in the back seat of a car", the author manages to carry off his chronicle of shady drug-induced criminality with an absence of moralism and a surprising degree of accuracy and insight.

He makes no ideological assumptions which would not be intellectually acceptable to even the most radical young hedonist; thus *The Falcon and the Snowman* remains accessible, from a philosophical point of view, to everybody.

It is an ominous social document, containing lessons and warnings for the Right as much as for the Left in a country which has become so revolted and confused by its own practices that little if anything can now be regarded as certain and right. — *Greg Hunter*

If you can keep your head when all those about you are losing theirs, you'll be doing a damn sight better than Maggie Grey,

flinger-together of a little curiosity entitled *If I am the whole-e, Mother!* (Hale & Iremonger).

Cast your mind back to Maynard G. Krebs and his beatnik buddies spouting free-form verse over short blacks, and combine that with the coca-cola karma philosophical babblings of Westerners getting their heads together in Indian ashrams — then you may get a vague idea of what Ms Grey is on about. Vague is about the closest you'll get to grasping any straw of meaning in this work.

To help you through the mire of deep and meaningless puns, the author has thoughtfully added a liberal splash of four-letter words. Perhaps she's spiced it up this way on the premise of assaulting the reader into opening his doors of perception, but more than likely they're there to assure the baffled sucker that even if he can't understand it, it's sure enough dirty and therefore not all bad.

The jacket blurb describes what's between the covers thus: "In this book Buddhas copulate with black widow spiders, young princesses with princes, and god with his angel."

The reason given for our visit to this right royal religious brothel is that these parables free us from ignorance and misdirected compassion.

"Erotic fantasy exposes the ironic reality of our institutions. Language, the vehicle of our thoughts, is strangely altered by black humor and crystal tears."

Evocative stuff, sure to hook a handful of avant-garde sprout-eaters. It's nice to imagine buyers of the book knitting their thinking brows and pondering the realms of page 12, which begins: "One day, the angel was kept in after school for smoking girl's pussy and had to rite out 5000 dirty words on the teacher's petty coat." Get the drift?

We're told Sydney-born Mag-

gie Grey was a psychiatric nurse and then a psychology student before she travelled to India, where she continued her study of insanity under several gurus and limitless "heads".

If she continues to write in the manner of *If I am the whole-e, Mother!* she'll guarantee herself a constant supply of study subjects.

Fair go for furry critters time. Hot on the trail of the media save the seals bombardment, even before Lynda Stoner's tears have dried, comes *Let The Seals Live* (Allen & Unwin) — a paperback offering guaranteed to look thought-provoking when casually flung on any sensitive trendy's coffee table.

Penned by seal activist Sue Flint, the book relates the story of the Selkies, an organisation which, working with the Greenpeace good guys, stopped the planned culling of 5000 grey seals in northern Scotland a few years ago.

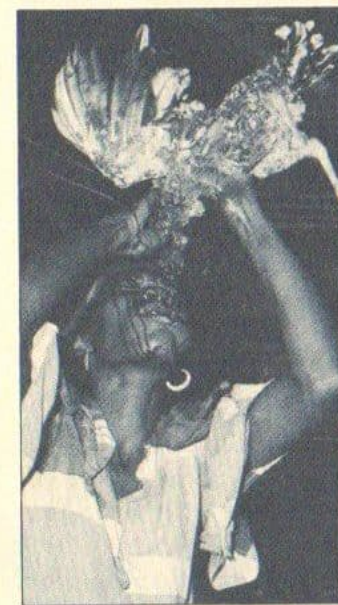
Familiar story, different setting, different breed of seal pups. But all babies look alike and the generous photographic sprinkling of heart-tugging, spaniel-eyed, white fluffy pups staring balefully from this book is enough to make you wonder if those bunches of robust zealots would have gone to all the trouble and expense if seals resembled bug-eyed, scuttling cockroaches. Or, on a deeper, more meaningful level, if certain blonde, bosomy actresses would weep hot tears if the animals in question didn't bear a striking resemblance to certain blonde, bosomy actresses.

Let the Seals Live professes to be the full, inside story of the seal-lovers' quest — how the media men chased the protesters who chased the seal hunters; lies, threats, front page news and eventual triumph as the sweet smell of success mingles with the fishy redolence of 5000 saved seals.

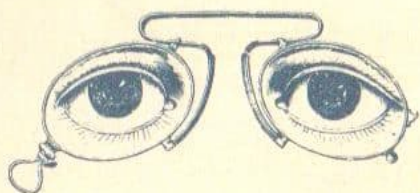
Indeed, it's all of this and

more. Along the way we are treated with details of what the protesters ate for breakfast each day before fighting the forces of Norwegian evil; we get to follow the progress of activities with the aid of lots of little maps carefully marked with dotted lines; and there are pictures of seal-fanciers on the phone to other seal fanciers. Throughout it all we marvel at the author's strength of character as she bravely holds her end up in what she candidly confesses is "not a job for the women".

If your peace is green, man, or if you're into animals, bumper stickers, causes, message badges or just plain into into — this could be the one you've been waiting for. And if it prompts you to put your heart where your mouth is and get out there and save those poor seals, do save one for me. I'm having a barbie at the weekend. — *Corinne Mackay*



Gert Chesi, in *Voodoo, Africa's Secret Power* (Perlinger) investigates the African origins of the freakish cult. "He who is dominated by them remains their passive agent and plaything, a pawn on the celestial chessboard of Voodoo — always in danger of being sacrificed." — A.M.



SOUNDS



IN THE DEEP ENZ

This song's about spending six months in a leaky boat and surviving," chipped Tim Finn to a near-symphonic *Split Enz* audience at Sydney's Selinas.

The impetus for many songs on their nautically inspired seventh album *Time and Tide* (Mushroom/Festival) would appear to have come from Master Tim's recent tragedy d'amour — "The tyranny of distance didn't stop the cavalier, so why should it stop me, I'll conquer and stay free."

He gets a lot off his chest on this album and his personal traumas have obviously rallied strong comradely support from brother Neil and the rest of the

boys. Consequently, although the writing is more spread round the band, with notable input from bassist Nigel Griggs, there is a consistent mood of self-analysis and open yet positive acceptance of what they find — "dirty creature of habit" and all.

The album thankfully lacks the almost antiseptically clean mix of *True Colours*. Co-producing the sounds with Hugh Padgham, the band are trying to move on to new areas from those they probably exhausted with *True Colours* and *Corroboree*. Noel Crombie is on drums for the first time and brings a funky lode to some tunes. Acoustic guitar and mandolin also make appearances but musically the star of the show is Eddie Raynor on keyboards. He is about the only keyboard player in this country who is willing to and capable of going out on a limb, hanging by his toes and successfully juggling sounds (Applause! Applause!).

The Enz hope this one will finally be their big international breakthrough. To me it feels more like a transitional disc with promise of great things to come — though it did go gold in Canada solely on advance orders.

The "tentacles of the brain (that) keep me from falling

asleep" lead the elder Finn to perhaps overponder the state of the world but the personal honesty never comes across as self-indulgent. The essentially romantic conclusion of "When you're in the arms of the one you love, you can forget the daily push and shove" is tempered by "Happiness is a broken heart away, but you get caught up because it's worth the risk, never ceases to amaze me". *Split Enz* "never ceases to engage me".

Circus Animals (WEA) is *Cold Chisel*'s attempt at not repeating the tight, four on the floor pop-rock best sellers that constituted the quadruple platinum *East*. True to the trend started on that outing everyone, except bassist Phil Small, has written material, though half the tracks are still Don Walker's.

This keyboard player's attempts at rhythmic exploration are definitely in early days — basically it means he's discovered Steve Prestwich's tom toms. The slow shuffling boom of "Numbers Fall" continually threatens to take off into "Big Spender". Maybe the lads could organise a package show with Shirley Bassey. I mean we've already had Cher with Meatloaf — but Ian Moss would have to promise not to smash his guitar over her head. Still we could be grateful to Shirl for the sacrifice if it meant hearing less of Moss's stock rock overkill that he sometimes lapses into (as in the otherwise powerful and evocative "Letter to Allan" — Walker's tribute to friends who were victims of a crash).

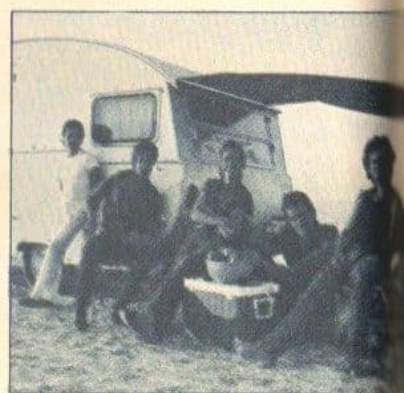
We get two requisite "road" songs. Moss's "Bow River" is an effective sonnet of discontent from a factory worker pining for the freedom of piling into his wheels and heading deep north. However, Walker's "I got the hound dog sitting on the side of the highway blues" tends to solicit a "not today thank you".

This set was designed so they could stretch out more on stage.

Such loud meanderings will put them in good stead around the suburban pubs as witnessed by response to current touring and record sales.

However, if it's variety they want, rhythmic or otherwise, they will need to do some more homework.

"All the world is biscuit



Cold Chisel... meanderings

shaped, it's just for me to feed my face... I've got five senses working overtime". *XTC*'s ditty from their double album *English Settlement* (Virgin/CBS) is a fairly apt description of the Swindon quartet and producer Hugh Padgham (him again!). Speaking from their "English Roundabout" they see "people rushing around with no time to spare... I'm a passenger, I feel close to death". In cameoing slabs of English society they possibly feel they are being very parochial even to the extent of the verdant cover which bears the ancient hill carving of the White Horse of Uffington, from their own native lower Midlands. However, they transcend their own roundabout by dealing more with personal politics such as women in society, leisure time, the family, gang violence and gun control. The latter is specifically aimed at the Americans — "In the land of the free and home of the brave, if we listen quietly we can hear them, shooting from grave to grave".

They have broadened their sound with more synthesizers

and acoustic guitars which are, as usual, periodically interrupted by drummer Terry Chambers' precise, explosive punctuations.

The bulk of the material consists of Andy Partridge's strongly rhythmic melodies and method acting vocals. He shares with Colin Moulding a wry humor in the face of impending paranoia and frustration. "Go tell false prophets and drug traffickers not to try to push our bodies any faster, we're dancing with disaster... it's nearly Africa... shake your bag'o'bones".

The lads overflow with good ideas and the time involved in unravelling the complex moods they create is well spent.

Different Norses for courses. Ladeez and Genermen coming up on the outside in the silks of gothic rockabilly are *Tenpole Tudor* bellowing their travel desires to *Let The Four Winds Blow* (Stiff/Festival). The music comes from a simpler age not long after the fifth day when He gave man the electric guitar (we got the corner pub on the sixth). Eddy Tudorpole woke up on the seventh with a terrible headache but still managed to ring his mates, wot had spent the last two days furiously woodshedding four chords and a couple of

Starstruck... disappointing



riffs, and got a gig at said local. Their image yearns for a time before the world was declared a sphere. Two pints of bitter, a packet of crisps and the *Tenpoles*, please.

If film clips can be the things that dreams are made of then the film which *Starstruck* (Mushroom/Festival) accompanies is a dream come true. Unfortunately, the producers hoped to highlight some of the current best in Oz music and the film will make the songs stick in the mind a lot longer than they warrant. The record is a patchy collection of oddments from a hastily(?) coordinated all star lineup chosen with a cinematographer's ear. A disappointing collage that occasionally hints at what it might have been. The heroine Jo Kennedy exudes a vast sense of fun and all the film looks good. On vinyl it's often a case of "nice face, pity about the voice". If it weren't for Paul Worsted's wacky self-assembled cover I would be inclined to suggest producing this one only at cast reunions.

On the subject of reunions you could do worse than *The Concern in Central Park* (Geffen/CBS) from *Simon and Garfunkle*. Recorded in New York last September, it was an exercise described by one of Simon's associates as being "like going on vacation with your ex-wife". Still they pulled it off without tarnishing their reputations and some treatments of old songs inject them with new life. Well handled nostalgia.

More of a musical wanderer than his currently prominent period counterpart Bill Wyman (falling off stage doesn't count), *Jack Bruce* proved himself in a variety of diverse contexts from his own post-*Cream* albums to the seminal jazz-rock of Tony Williams and the offbeat tapestries of jazz composer Carla Bley. Bruce continues to

demonstrate his penchant for musical *menage a trois* with guitarist *Robin Trower* and drummer *Reg Isidore*. *Truce* (Chrysalis/Festival) is the second piece of the Bruce/Trower collaboration and has a more even distribution of writing credits between the two. Generally it is the bassist's songs that provide the most interest — as do his soaring vocals, powerful roaming bass lines and occasional bluesy organ fills. Trower's guitar is at times relentless yet at others evokes some of the mood of the magnificence that was Cream at its studio best. "Take good care of yourself", Bruce advises. Let's hope he heeds his own advice since he manages to elevate most situations he appears in to some memorable (listenable even) moments.

Meaningless shampoo ads in very loud guitars... The pretty boy of British heavy metal, *Michael Schenker*, has released his second album with his ensemble very originally titled *MSG* (Chrysalis/Festival) after the guitarist of the same name. Vocalist Gary Barden has since been replaced by ex-*Rainbow* singer Graham Bonnet who joins his old colleague, drummer Cozy Powell. The fact that these two have gone from the egomaniacal drivel of Ritchie Blackmore to work with Schenker suggests that the latter may be an improved musical situation but there is little here to suggest it (maybe he tells great jokes at rehearsals). You'd be better advised to cop an earful of the recent solo album of *Bonnet* — *Line Up* (Vertigo) — and especially *Powell* — *Tilt* (Polydor) where he puts a side of heavy pop-rock back to back with a collection of instrumentals which see him in the company of the likes of Jeff Beck, Gary Moore and Jack Bruce.

If, as Frank Zappa feels, so-

called fusion music is for those who drive Maseratis and think themselves a little cooler than the normal person, the *Electric Rendezvous* (CBS) from *Al Di Meola* is for them wot also got mag wheels or at least clean ashtrays. A masterful technician, he has a great propensity for tedium — especially live. The notes ripple off his guitar neck with monotonous precision. Well played but predictable

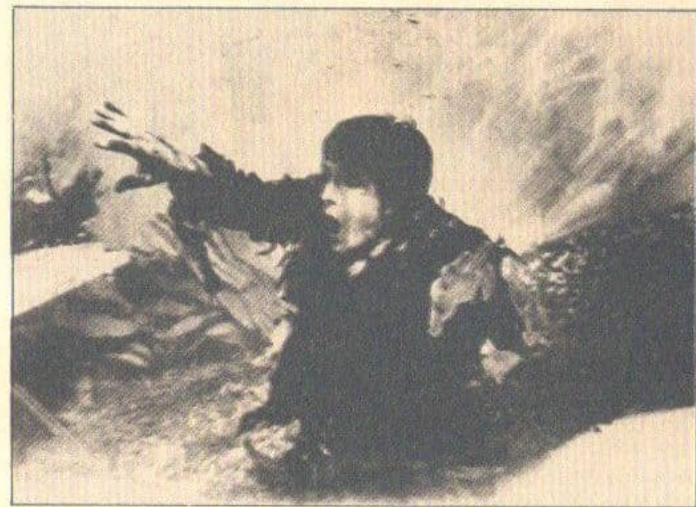


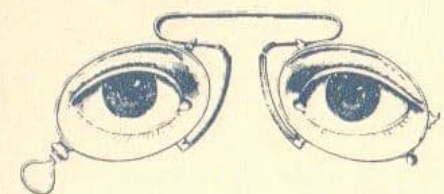
Weather Report... uplifting

rock/latin feels from top New York sessioners add some momentum but even flashes of fine acoustic work fail to negate the impression that ultimately it's good muzak for the lift wells of luxury apartment blocks.

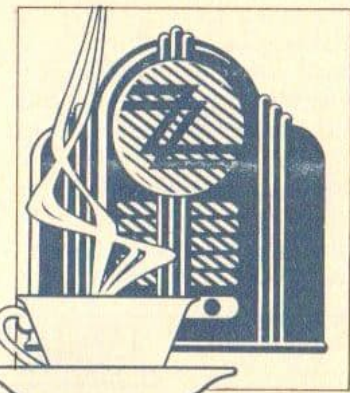
The *Weather Report* of Joe Zawinul (keyboards) and Wayne Shorter (sax) is with us again for their eleventh album in as many years, simply titled *Weather Report* (CBS). This lineup of Jaco Pastorius (bass), Peter Erskine (drums) and Robert Thomas Jnr (percussion) has been functioning since 1980. The rhythm section exhibits a more free-wheeling jazz feel than on say *Mysterious Traveller* or *Heavy Weather*. The melodies tend to fragmented clusters that are now stripped bare of the full textured backing of their more rock/funk albums. The result is an uplifting collection of distinctive, almost arbitrarily angular tunes over a bubbling but often subtle feel. — *Jeremy Cook*

Split Enz... mood of self-analysis





RADIO



AIR BATTLES

FM radio fans who believe they're about to witness the death of rock music on the AM stations shouldn't hold their breaths waiting, say the AM operators.

Listeners should be able to rock along to both the AM and FM bands and, say AM executives, their medium will soon be competing on more equal terms with FM following the introduction of AM stereo broadcasting. But Terry Preece, station manager of the bouncing, aggressive 2MMM-FM in Sydney, says firmly: "The young adult will always prefer FM for rock because of the playlist."

However, even a dedicated FM fan like Preece does not believe that rock music is in danger of dying on the AM band. "The AM operators are playing a different sort of rock," he says. "Their playlists include bands like Buck Fizz and The Jacksons, while the FM brand of rock is into the more progressive groups like The Human League, Simple Minds and Depeche Mode."

Ian Lane, manager of 2UW, one of Australia's most successful stations, says: "It's a bit premature to be talking about the death of AM rock, when FM in Australia is still in nappies. A lot of people with vested interests are making claims about AM versus FM based on the American experience. The fact is

that the American experience is quite different to the situation in Australia.

"In the US a high percentage of licences were held jointly by AM/FM operators. It was only natural, therefore, that the AM station became the talk/news outlet while the FM concentrated on music. Here, the AM stations will be much more aggressive in their approach to retaining a major share of the music audience."

2UW has been among the leaders in this "aggressive" approach to marketing the station, and Lane explains: "We're much more than a music station. In the minds of the listener we're also the station that runs exciting listener contests, plays fewer commercials and generally is totally responsive to the average listener over the whole of Sydney. Now, this mightn't suit some of the cool 18-24 males around town but it sure as hell appeals to a massive slice of the under-40 audience."

Moving in with a swift punch to the FM jaw, Lane adds: "In fact, we've got more listeners now than we had before FM came on the scene."

2SM's David White says rock might be dead on the AM stations in the US, but not in Australia.

"Look at 3XY Melbourne, 2UW Sydney, 5AD Adelaide, 4BK Brisbane, 6IX Perth. They're all AM rockers well ahead of the FM competition. FM stations will increase their audiences but if they continue their highly derivative formats then their march up the ratings ladder will be slow."

Ian Lane says AM radio is likely to become mer personality and entertainment orientated, while FM will be more for the serious music listener. Radio will become, he believes, more and more a "positioning" war and success or failure will depend largely on the battle for a definable position in listeners' minds. "This is starting to happen in Sydney, where 2UW, 2SM, 2MMM-FM, 2WS and 2DAY-FM are basically targeted at the under-40 listener while each one has a noticeable difference in both music style and personality."

Ray Bean, well-known in Melbourne as General Manager of 3MP until a few months ago, when he moved to Sydney's 2WS, claims the 2WS format of *Greatest Memories and Latest Hits* "includes rock records which have achieved respectability with the years."

He says the fact that the FM

devotees right around Australia are greatly outnumbered by AM rockers is one reason rock will survive on AM.

Triple M's Preece believes there is no room for both 2UW and 2SM in Sydney, and White reckons there is really only room for one rocker on each band — and 2SM intends to be the AM rocker.

Ace up the sleeve of the AM rockers is AM stereo, which is gradually getting up pace in the US and which, says Bean, could be introduced here in a year's time.

2WS, says Ray Bean, has been gearing up for the change-over for some time and the studios are already stereo. "In the US, five AM stereo systems have been approved and one will emerge as the system," says Bean. "Naturally, manufacturers here will be looking at this closely."

White says 2SM's research has shown that among the 18 to 24s and, to a lesser extent, the 10 to 17s, listening to FM is "the hip thing to do". But soon, he claims, it will be the hip thing to listen to AM stereo, "with its much improved sound."

"In American tests you can't pick the difference between AM stereo and FM stereo," says White. "When the Japanese start pouring AM stereo receivers and tuners off their assembly lines and AM stereo is introduced, the FMers will then be at a disadvantage."

Why don't we leave the last word to George Burns, well-known American media consultant and guru, who said in his recent *Media Report on AM Radio*: "FM's music specialisation is a distinctly American feature. The Australian FM stations... have failed to sweep away AM music outlets with anything like what happened in America... Many Australians expected FM radio to perform the same reconstruction of their industry as it did here. It hasn't happened. — B. Crozier"



"I'm for Peter Jackson."



"It's still the best extra mild value in Australia."



RAISING THE STANDARD

Australia: no longer
a colony and jacked off
about the national flag

BY HAROLD SCRUBY

The Australian flag is a ridiculous anachronism. It holds no symbolic value for a very large percentage of our population, and to many of us it is a downright offensive reminder of our inability to come to terms with ourselves as a nation. Its colors bear no resemblance to our national colors, and the dominant position occupied by the British Blue Ensign is no longer appropriate to the goals and ideals of an emerging country.

Clearly, it's time we got ourselves a new flag: one which suggests something of the character of this continent (particularly in the choice of color); one which will allow Australians of all backgrounds to identify their position as diverse elements comprising a single nation; one which will be universally recognised abroad as a symbol of our hard-won independence. We need a flag which tells the world in plain language that we want to stand up and be counted — as Australians!

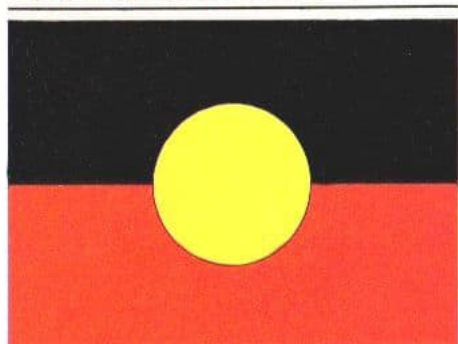
At the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in Melbourne last year more than 40 countries were represented; only three of these — Australia, New Zealand

and Fiji — still retain the British ensign on their national flags. That is because a design with the blue (and sometimes red) ensign occupying the top left-hand corner was mandatory for Crown colonies, protectorates and various government agencies during the golden years of the British Empire; hence the ensign is an unmistakable symbol of colonial status. So that when colonies achieved independent stature (with the exception of the above three) they took the logical step of removing the ensign, which amounted to the creation of a new flag.

That blue ensign is even more offensive to national sensibilities than it appears at first glance, since in heraldry the upper left-hand corner is the position of honor. The implication is that Britain commands our loyalty first and foremost. The further implication is that the huge number of Australians with non-British origins occupy an inferior status in this country.

That is a particularly contentious point in relation to our Aborigines, who have been forced to create their own red, black and yellow flag in an attempt to mould

THE STANDARD



Aboriginal . . . moulding identity

some identity. For them the existing flag represents a master-servant relationship, reflecting as it does the dominance of Britain over the Crown colonies at the turn of the century — a period in our history with which they could never happily identify.

For our ethnic population the ensign is not so much offensive; it is simply meaningless. As a result of our immigration policies over the past 30 years, the Australian ethnic make-up is vastly different from that of the turn of the century. Fully 34 percent of the population have a non-British background, and understandably many people of Irish stock refuse to identify with a British ensign, so if you include them the figure rises to 58 percent. Presumably, then, more than half of us have no particular wish to see anything relating to the British on our national flag; and one suspects that most of the remainder are harboring no particular loyalty or affection, either. We all love to thrash the pants off them at cricket, but in the eyes of the populace that's where the relationship ends.

Still more absurd is the confusion over national colors. Our sporting colors are green and gold; our national colors for everything else are blue and gold; and our

flag, of course, is red, white and blue. The inevitable result of all this confusion is that the Australian flag, as every tourist is aware, absolutely fails to gain recognition abroad, particularly since it is, from a distance, indistinguishable from the New



New Zealand . . . indistinguishable

Zealand standard. The more patriotic Aussie tourist is forced to use anything from the kangaroo and boomerang flight bag to the Qantas lapel pin in order to achieve a separate status from the ubiquitous Pommie globetrotter.

Given that shameful list of condemnations, it's hardly surprising that when the occasion arises for a national unfurling of the standard, few of us are likely to take the trouble. We have one of the least flown flags per capita in the world. The *Sydney Morning Herald* reported on January 27 this year: "You'd never have known it was Australia Day yesterday, judging by the number of companies that took the small trouble to fly the Australian flag from their buildings. There was an Australian flag atop the Commonwealth Bank in Martin Place, but its 10 flagpoles leaning out over Martin Place were bare, as were three poles similarly placed on the nearby State Bank. C'mon Aussie . . .!"

Consider this abbreviated list of countries with British historical ties who saw fit to change their flags upon gaining in-

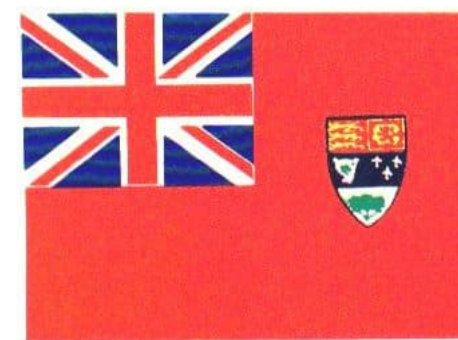
dependence: United States, Canada, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, Gambia, Gold Coast, Nigeria, Uganda, Sierra Leone, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Maldive Islands, Malaysia, Singapore, Mauritius, Solomon Islands and New Guinea. If they



Papua New Guinea . . . updated

can get their act together and stand on their own, then so can we.

Fortunately the people of Canada have provided us with an inspirational lead. In 1965, Canada decided to change her flag from a British red ensign "defaced" (that's the correct term) by a colonial badge. The new flag carries the now-famous and internationally recognised maple leaf design. The significance of that small step was monumental; it provided a tremendous catalyst for the nation's Centennial celebrations two years later, because it allowed all Canadians — whether of French, English, Italian, German or Scandinavian backgrounds — to cement for the first time their emotional response to being, above all, Canadians. They had a symbol of personal conviction to a functioning political entity. The success of the Canadian celebration was not lost on Dr David Armstrong, General Manager of the Australian Bicentennial Authority: "The model I have in mind (for our Bicentennial) is the 1967 Canadian Centennial. It is not an exaggeration to say that Canada came

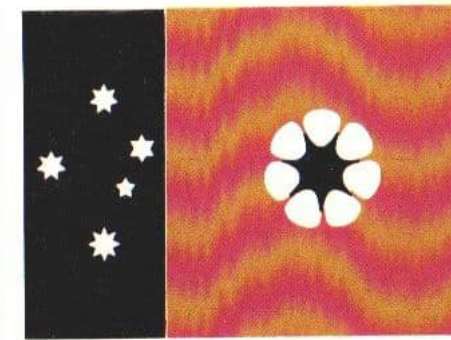


Canadian . . . old and new

of age in that year. Before then, she lacked a national identity, self-confidence, self-respect. But what happened in 1967 was that Canada discovered itself . . ."

And we can discover ourselves in 1988 — with a new flag as the catalyst.

But we don't even have to look that far for inspiration in the flag-swapping crusade. The much-parodied Northern Territorians recently made the big move and created a splendid and uniquely Australian flag, incorporating the white Southern Cross on a black background and the Sturt Desert Rose on an ochre background — that's the color of the Territory. Whereas most of us wouldn't recognise our own State flag if we fell over it, the Territory's new flag is popular, instantly recognised and widely flown. So it's no use countering with the idea that



Northern Territory . . . uniquely Australian

nobody really gives a damn, when our northern counterparts have responded to their new symbolic identity with boundless enthusiasm.

While on the subject of State flags, why don't we go the whole hog and replace them as well? There's no point in having an original design for the national flag if we retain the equally inappropriate and anachronistic flags of the separate colonies. To create these designs the Australian section of the national flag was replaced by the State emblem, leaving the



Victorian . . . anachronistic

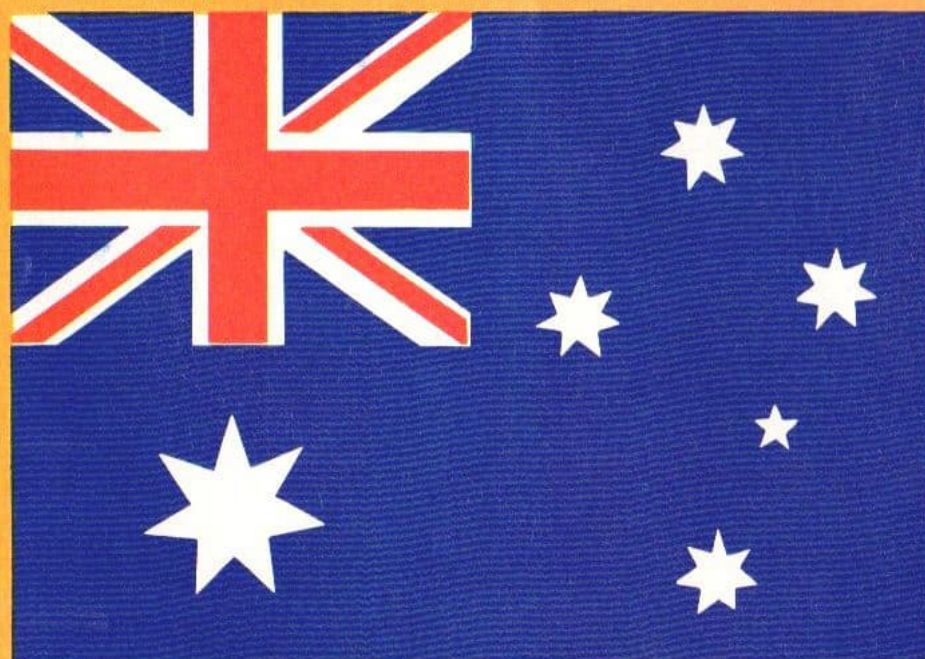
British ensign intact. Wouldn't it have been more acceptable to put the State emblem in that position of honor at the top-left, and keep the Southern Cross? No matter — what we need here is a total

substitution, a completely new look. The new State flags should, like the Territory's, reflect something of the character and aspirations of the various States. After all, if that is not the purpose of flags in the first place, then what the hell is?

There are, of course, those who object to change on the basis that it's unhealthy. It puts too much of a strain on them. Can such people honestly say that they would have opposed the change from the Union Jack to the Australian flag in 1903, two years after Federation? Would it not have been quite absurd, at that time, to retain the Union Jack for a country which had just announced that it was no longer merely a collection of Crown colonies? And is it not just as absurd to retain, in the present context, an equally meaningless design?

All this does not amount to rabid nationalism. Many parents do not allow their children to participate in the Oath of Allegiance, which is still required in many schools, and we think that objection is perfectly reasonable. We don't want to create the impression that we're supporting nationalism at the expense of internationalism, or concern for humanity as a whole. All we want to see is a flag which will help in some measure to relieve the alienation of our ethnic and Aboriginal populations, while at the same time expressing something of our genuine affection for this land.

Australia is emerging as an Asian nation with a heterogeneous population. We lack national pride and common goals. In 1988 we will probably not be hosting Expo or the Olympics, but with some luck we will have a new Parliament House, the focus of which is a grand flagpole. If we can overcome our inferiority complex, the flag which will fly from that pole, and over Australia, will be one that we can recognise with affection and pride. ☐

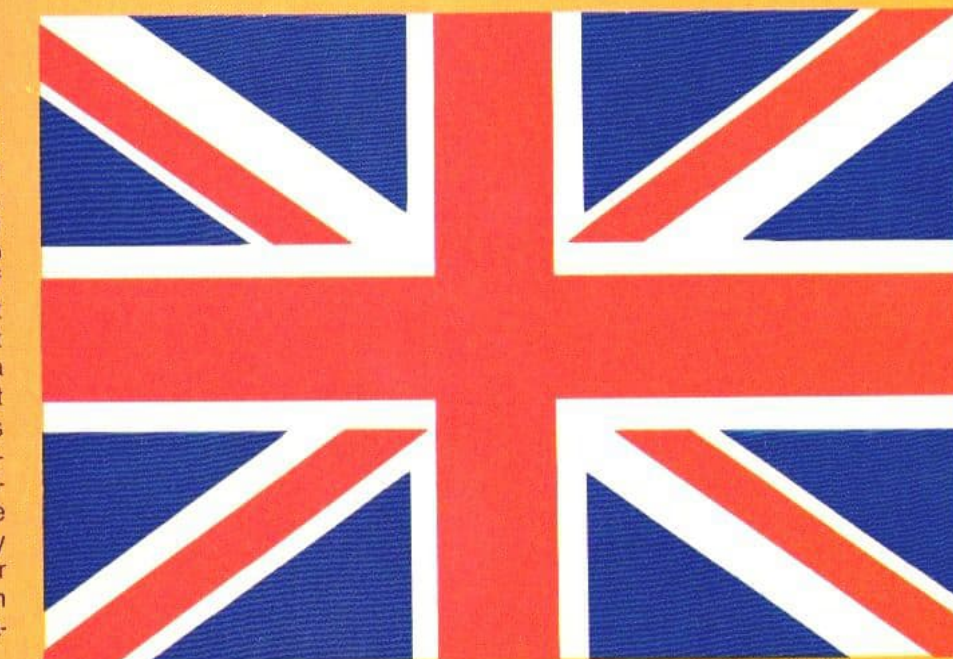


THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG

In 1901 the Australian colonies finally achieved a federation, and in accordance with the slogan "one people, one destiny, one flag" the new government immediately announced a competition to find a national flag design. There were three conditions: the design should be based on the British ensign, as were the flags of other Dominions and colonies, signalling that the country was a domain of the British Empire; it should be a device for the nation of Australia, distinct among the standards of the world; it should express the concept of federation. Five contestants shared the winning design with almost identical flags, since the rules had been so constricting. A distinctly Australian design was clearly impossible.

THE UNION JACK

In the 1770s William Pitt was determined to unite with the Parliament of Ireland; after quarrelling with King George III over the issue he resigned, and it was not until 1801 that the union took effect. It was then necessary to symbolise on the flag the inclusion of Ireland, but the Harp — the ancient badge of the Irish — did not seem to fit well on the existing flag, which was a combination of the crosses of St George and St Andrew. The designers decided to superimpose on it the symbol of St Patrick, being careful to ensure that Scotland and Ireland were equally honored, since in heraldry every sign and position has a particular significance. And so the modern Union Jack was born, and it flew over Australia for exactly 100 years.



RUN IT UP A FLAGPOLE...

Rather than simply bitching about the shortcomings of the current Aussie flag, we decided to commission several Australian-owned advertising agencies to produce some impressions of a replacement. The "advancement" theme is well-represented, as is the kangaroo (which travellers repeatedly claim to be the only universally recognised symbol of Australia.) If you feel as strongly about it as we do, why not write and let us know? You might venture an opinion on which of these flags you'd like to see most. But please, don't send us your own designs, unless they're so brilliant you can't resist it.



HECKENDORF
MCDONALD
ADVERTISING



POPE &
HERMAN
& BLACK



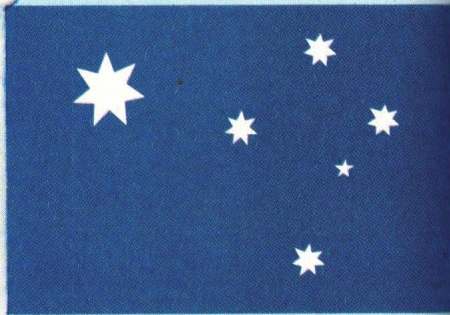
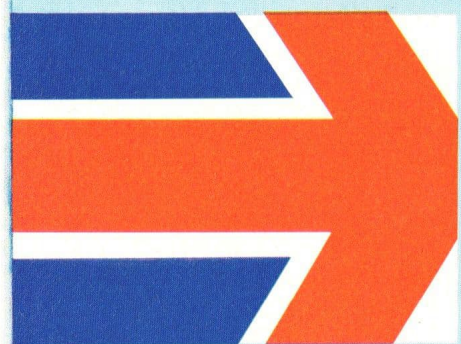
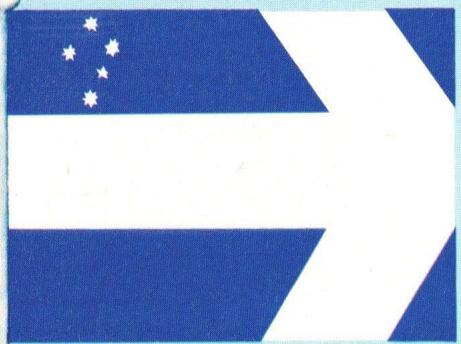
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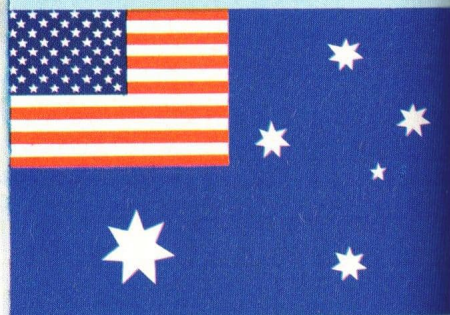
MAGNUS
MACKERRAS
& CURL



MONAHAN
DAVIDSON
ADAMS



The dream...



the reality

**SCHOFIELD
SHERBON
BAKER**

**CONNAGHAN
& MAY**

Idea inspired by Mike Mullins

**M'SPEDDEN
CAREY**



GABRIELLE

SWEET MYSTERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER BLACKIE

Many Queensland readers will no doubt recognise our bewitching brunette, Gabrielle Baldwin. This 27-year-old stunner has been adding a delightful dash of glamor to Brisbane's small screens in a series of programs including *Good Morning Brisbane*, *Pick-A-Door* and *Looking Good With Gabrielle*.





But there's more to this Pisces Pet than so nicely meets the eye when Gabrielle is invited into thousands of suburban loungerooms. She is a firm believer in astrology, has dabbled in the occult and sees supreme beauty in those aspects of life which mystify mankind. Anything of a mystical nature fascinates her.



As a child, she discovered that she possessed a powerful sixth sense and this inward talent has grown as Gabrielle blossomed. She feels she can read the thoughts of those around her and therefore

weigh up most situations immediately. Add to this her worship of femininity and her belief that sensuality is a woman's most powerful weapon, and you've got a very intense lady on your hands.





Not for her the bra-burning antics of feminists. "Feminists are just envious, embittered women who don't know what being a woman is all about," is the way she sums it up. Gabrielle admits to being a vital, physical type — an opinion shared by most men who encounter her and a definite deterrent to channel-changers when they tune in to our sweet celebrity. And what of her men? "There should be more of them," she laughs. "My type of man must be strong of mind and body — a challenge to me." Any challengers?

○✚



Ethnic tension is
seething as Grassby's
ideal falters

The melting pot boils

BY DENIS WHITBURN

He was no Travis Bickle, the Robert DeNiro hack doing a Heart of Darkness journey into the garbage tip metropolis in *Taxi Driver*. He is merely your average Aussie battling to keep a dollar or two aside each week after paying his dues to keep body, soul and family alive in this Eighties Depression which the boffins insist on calling a *recession*. Like Travis Bickle, he talks to his fares and it's not your cracker barrel philosophy either. He has his own focus on the root cause of Australia's economic ailment. *Foreigners*. They're coming here and taking away our jobs, contributing towards the unemployment problem, draining the social welfare coffers, taking advantage of our generosity, and to top it off, he reckons it wouldn't matter who we went to war with today — there would be 10,000 of the bastards *here* we would have to contend with. All that flag-waving from the Greeks when their President Karamanlis visited Australia, you reckon there's no message in that? Where's their allegiance? To Queen and Country or Karamanlis and Greece? Racist? Not on your life! He believes in a fair go for everybody no matter what their color or creed or religion. It's just that . . . there's too many of Them coming in. Look, he's not even a member of any of the 30 racist organisations operating in Australia. He *knows* what a racist is. It's the Deputy Principal of a predominantly migrant school in suburban Sydney disciplining his pupils with this outburst: "Back where you came from they'd put

The melting pot boils

you up against a wall and shoot you. That's the sort of government you've got and that's the sort of government you deserve — you and your sneaky little wog ways . . . and you fellows have come to this country to make a better life for yourselves . . . we don't want you dragging us down to the level you left behind." It's the anonymous circular sent to community leaders supposedly exposing the Jewish Conspiracy, the way the race "have deployed themselves, and the positions they hold as they ready themselves to take over the country", describing Sir Zelman Cowen ("Cohen Mr Big") as the head of the conspiracy; accusing High Court judges ("one Murphy nee Cohen") of having wrecked our Security Services, and other Jewish notables of exercising total control over service clubs like Apex, Lions, Masons, etc — now that is racist.

Maybe he should be counted in the minority, this *Lebanese* cabbie who gets to carry his whinge from fare to fare across the city. He's a type whom Al Grassby, Commissioner for Community Relations, prefers to look upon as a nuisance while Australia, in his eyes, moves assuredly towards an assimilated multi-cultural society that can be a working example for the world. Peoples from a wide forum of races and cultures living in harmony. "There has begun," he is on record as saying, "a cultural revolution which I believe will have a greater impact on Australia than the much more publicised cultural revolution that took place in China for 13 years, and which has been proclaimed only recently in Iran. I believe for Australia the cultural revolution, which is still in its initial stages, has the potential to fundamentally and radically change the attitudes and even the structure of our society."

Grassby's is an optimistic view open to question when measured against the reality of public temperament. The irony of his vision may prove to be in the comparison he uses between Australia's (multi) cultural revolution and those of China and Iran. In the manufacture of his ideal there is disturbing evidence pointing to a harsh reverberation of the racial fires smouldering in Europe and already lighted in Britain and America. Posing the question: "What can we look to as the end result of this cultural revolution?" Grassby believes the multi-cultural Australian "will be knowledgeable about the history and heritage of his country. He will be outward-looking and will have a keen awareness of Australia's place in the world. He will be at least bilingual and possibly multilingual, and thereby heir to the full richness of mankind's past."

Is this the perception of a visionary who has the wherewithal to grasp the epilogue to a 200-year saga of prejudice and in-

tolerance, or is it an impossible dream, an ideal that has little chance of coming to pass given the "new wave" of racial intolerance fermenting within Australia's alphabet soup ethnic mix?

Consider the Lebanese cabbie who's down on foreigners (and loath to give up his Lebanese passport for fear of identity loss); the Jewish businessman's Rolls Royce scratched with the graffiti "Eat The Rich"; the 13-year-old Italian schoolboy who runs away from home, too ashamed to confront parents or headmaster with the bashings from other "wog" schoolmates; the Australian claiming he missed out on a job because Ford wanted a Yugoslav, thus reinforcing the general concept that Central Europeans are better equipped to handle heavy duty work; the disturbing effect the multi-cultural mix is having upon the education system; the whittling away of distinctive Australian heritages by immigrant families preserv-

Australia
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overseas-born
workers in the
world

ing the traditions of homeland life-styles, tongues, politics and religions. Scratch the surface of Australian society today, look beyond the trivialised "food and folk dancing" image which the average Australian sees as the sole contribution of immigrants, and the "cultural revolution" can be seen in the cold light of reality. Enough to throw a chill over any Utopian vision dangled carrot-like before us.

Ninety different languages are spoken in the homes of the 40 ethnic groups living in Australia today. There are 40 religious affiliations to these groups, and 47 foreign language newspapers and magazines published locally, keeping ethnic communities in touch with their homelands on issues of concern. Between them, these journals share a circulation topping 400,000 copies and a readership far above that. The third-largest Greek-speaking city in the world is Melbourne (with Greeks in Australia now at 700,000); more Maltese live in Australia than in their homeland; outside Ireland, Australia has the largest percentage of Irish than any other country in the world; Italian is the second most widely-spoken language in Aus-

tralia and outside Israel, Australia has the highest proportion of overseas-born workers in the world.

The percentage of Australian-born population (including second and third-generation children of the 3.8 million who have come to these shores since 1945) stands at a national average of 71.7 percent by the 1976 Census. In recent months the Federal Government has been considering a restriction on the number of immigrants coming into Australia. The 1982 quota of 123,000 is already an extended allowance and because of pressures in Europe, Britain, America and Asia, is in threat of being exceeded. In a time of recession/depression and high unemployment, the pressure a burgeoning population places on Australia assists in laying a similar pattern of social turmoil to that which our immigrants are attempting to put behind them.

Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Ian McPhee, believes there is a growing interest throughout the world in immigrating to Australia. The department carefully screens one million visa applicants each year. There is no interest in those with "only fair to average skills", a fact which belies the widely-accepted belief that Australia's immigration policy is little more than an open door for a continuous flow of "factory fodder".

On closer inspection, official intent and philosophy works as a smokescreen for those professions and institutions preserving the "factory fodder" status of the immigrant and the Anglo-Celtic/Saxon power base of government, industry and finance. Foreign professionals are able to submit their qualifications to the Commonwealth Overseas Professional Qualifications Unit in Canberra for assessment. One Polish immigrant, when told his qualifications were not suitable by Australian standards, raged: "I am a graduate of a university with a history going back 1000 years and I am being told I am not good enough by a graduate of a university with a 25-year history!"

The Australian medical profession's statutory authorities readily accept the standards of British, Irish and New Zealand universities — but draw the line there. As one of their members has said: "Well at least their courses are in English and we can assess them." In New South Wales, the profession is able to control the intrusion of foreign-trainee doctors through the *Medical Practitioners (Amended) Act* 1981. Any doctor not trained in Australia, Britain, Ireland or New Zealand and not registered with the Medical Board of NSW must sit for an Australian Medical Examination Council test along with those trained in America, Canada, South Africa, India, Hong Kong and Malaysia with lapsed registration. This is the black and white of it, a situation regarded as discriminatory and "specifically designed to drive Asian doctors out of

practice in Australia." The accusation is refuted by the Medical Board, who insist the intention is to administer a standard — not to persecute people.

Another argument within the profession poses the question: "What is the purpose of medically educating Australians at a cost of around \$50,000 a student and then not giving the graduate the opportunity to practice? Australia is over-supplied with doctors and that supply must be controlled." Supporting this faction is the weapon of fear. What Australian patient wants to be attended by a doctor educated on inferior standards? Or a doctor with different concepts of death? Death in Asia is cheap. Would you want an Asian doctor, with his different philosophy on life and death, treating you or your family? The cultural clash reverberates through medicine and nutritional, dietary and radiography divisions. Such questions are not playing on people's basic fears of the Yellow Peril; they're educated, intellectual assessments of philosophy and intricate argument.

The Vietnamese are victims of both professional "standardisation" and inter-racial prejudice. Unlike the post-WWII wave of European immigrants, they have received (possibly prompted by a post-Vietnam War pang of conscience) from the Federal Government a "positive imagery" promotion as industrious people prepared to work long hours and not interested in unionism or talking back — the implication being that management might be getting an extra something for their dollar in hiring them. And hire them they did — the prudent, the wise who could see value for money — after first sacking other immigrant workers, particularly Greeks and Ukrainians. The European immigrant assimilated to the Australian way knows enough to follow the Golden (unwritten) Rules: Don't dob your mates in; Don't fight (if you do, make sure it is out of sight of the boss); It's all right to nick something from work and if you see someone else nick something don't worry; Remember to rest every now and then and don't work too fast or you'll upset the motion of the line. And given entree into the brotherhood, he does not readily stand aside and watch his job taken away from him by someone who has just stepped off the boat — a refugee one at that.

Management faced with a choice between unskilled marginal workers believed to be slacking off and Vietnamese labor invariably fire the culprits and opt for the latter. The employer sees himself as prudent; an arbiter, called in by the "culprit", sees him as racist. The employer is confused. He has only followed what he feels is a value judgement promoted by the Government.

Greeks, Italians and Lebanese people, many of whom fled political turmoil and civil war, never had the advantage of "positive imagery" promotion in the early

days of immigration. Now, many are of the opinion that they are getting the rough end of the deal as the Vietnamese inflow is being felt across the labor market. Not that it is all swinging in favor of the Vietnamese. Professional standardisation of public services keeps a check system active. A number of Vietnamese women hired at a mail exchange were subsequently sacked — because they did not meet the minimum medical standard. They were described as too short, underweight and therefore not possibly strong enough to handle the job. Even if the assumption could be shown to be incorrect, the employer would still have been at risk in the event of a worker's compensation claim being made for a strained back. Why was the person hired in the first place if his or her ability (on paper) to handle the job was in question?

These standards have been developed out of the Anglo-Celtic/Saxon background

I would dope
the water up so
they would become
sterile and breed
themselves
out

dominating industry, public services and unions, and serving to control assimilation. The bureaucratic rulebooks are riddled with triplines enabling the top-heavy Anglo-Celtic/Saxon power structure to keep certain races at arm's length, away from points of social control by standardising minimum requirements for fitness, height, weight, longevity. Requirements based on American middle-class data adapted to Australian service, or on Australian data, are considerably outdated in terms of today's immigration profile.

The most pervasive discrimination against any single group in Australia (including the physically impaired) is against black Australians. The image of blacks held by white Australians and by those immigrants educated through the system here is going to take a generation to eradicate. Textbook imagery has allocated to the black Australian the role of "scavenger", while 19th Century literature and newspaper bias persisted in promoting their worthlessness as a race. That belief is alive and well today.

Late last year, mining magnate Lang Hancock voiced his racist view in the

guise of "curing people who are in a miserable situation and stopping them from bringing more unfortunate people into their misery." He proposed the following solution on a Queensland current affairs television program: by making dole payments available in one place (Karatha in north-western Australia), the half-castes, from whom most of the racial trouble and demands for land rights came, would congregate into one manageable spot. "And when they had gravitated there," said Hancock, "I would dope the water up so they would become sterile and breed themselves out in the future."

Asians have fared little better. It was not until 1940 that the Australian Workers Union removed a clause from its manifesto that denied Chinese people the right to membership of a union. The terror of the goldrush days of the mid-19th Century and the appalling Lambing Flats riots — where miners banded into vigilante groups and rose against the Chinese, driving them off — was a spectre that lasted for nearly a century in the Australian worker's psyche. Anti-Chinese feeling ran high in the last century and gave the Father of Federation, Sir Henry Parkes, a foundation on which to frame his Chinese Restriction Bill designed to curtail Asian immigration.

Although modified by way of the political turmoil surrounding the legislation, the Bill was passed in 1888, giving birth to the notorious White Australia Policy which thrived — with a kick along from WWII — until the Whitlam Government introduced a policy of non-discrimination on grounds of race, color or religion in the early Seventies.

A generation experienced the effect of WWII on Australian attitudes toward the Yellow Peril. A man or woman having fought in the Far East, and having been through the propaganda machinery or interred in a Japanese POW camp, would need to have been schizophrenic to accept the reversal in government policies and the new tolerance shaping anti-discrimination legislation.

Anti-discrimination legislation is designed through the Anglo-Celtic traditions and involves concepts at odds with the ancient traditions and beliefs of Mid-Eastern European-born immigrants, black Australians and other ethnic groups. New arrivals to Australia bring with them traditional hatreds of neighboring countries, of oppressive political systems and conflicts that have divided them from their neighbors throughout history. Historical differences form a wedge between indigenous Vietnamese and Chinese Vietnamese, Lebanese and Iranians, Lebanese and Jews and factions within the Lebanese community, where Maronite and Moslem are the divisionary religious forces. Maronites were amongst the first wave of Lebanese immigrants, many educated within an Irish-Catholic

The melting pot boils

school system and experiencing easy integration into Australian society. Comfortable with the Irish form of Catholicism, they subsequently introduced their children into Christian Brothers schools and Catholic convents. More recent arrivals are not integrating with the same ease. The children are being sent to public schools where they are being thrown into the inter-racial pea soup that is in itself contributing toward the negation of the "cultural revolution".

That outburst by the Deputy Principal berating his pupils for their "sneaky little wog ways" could be viewed as an extremist incident. It could also be the trigger on a bomb ready to explode inside the public school system, in those areas where classes are predominantly ethnic and disadvantage the Australian pupil. There is an undeniable swing away from public to private schools today, partly because of the problems arising out of the Ethnic-Australian imbalance. A teacher faced with a class with this imbalance must extend a greater amount of time in guiding an ethnic pupil with often limited English reading capabilities, at the cost of leaving the usually advanced Australian pupil to his own devices. The parents, dissatisfied with the advancement of their child, seek alternative education.

The amount of time teachers put into an ethnic pupil (including those born in Australia) is dictated by the traditions and mores an ethnic community follows in preserving its heritage. For certain ethnic communities, these customs have remained frozen at the point of immigration and serve to exasperate the generation clash and the cultural clash their children experience. A recent *Profile Of The Italian Community in Australia*, a survey designed to be myth-shattering in its treatment of long-held attitudes towards Italians, reported that 17 percent of the Italian-born population use no English; 74 percent speak English and Italian while six percent use only English, and "by 1976 the great majority of Italians who stayed in Australia had managed to learn to use some English." Part of the multi-cultural philosophy of the NSW Education Department, which put the accent (for the five years ended 1981) on the acceptance of all cultures in the classroom, held that lessons were to be presented in two languages with the accent on Italian, Greek and Lebanese. Children addressed their class, telling each other of their homelands, cultures and customs. The net result (and reason for a turn-around in thinking) was that the ethnic children were confined to their own culture. At home their parents, second-generation as well as non-Australian born, were still speaking their native tongue and this, coupled with the preservation of their particular culture

in the classroom, contributed towards slow or non-assimilation to an Australian way of life. For three days a week, pupils would be given two-hour lessons in their native language. Parents were more concerned that they pass these lessons than the formal Australian subjects.

The new policy took the emphasis off multi-culture and followed a more Australian tack, hopefully to bring about homogeneity and defuse the schoolyard minefield of racial prejudice. The newspaper editorial concerning Tony Piscitelli, the 13-year-old who ran away from home after being bashed, stoned and called a "wog" at school, used an indignant tone, stating it was obvious "there are still Australians around in 1982 who have this spiteful attitude towards Europeans." This popular conception of Australian prejudices ignores the racism that exists between ethnic communities. The off-handed remark voiced in the home

This popular
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communities

takes full, insulting flight from the mouths of children in the schoolyard — a territory where children stick with their own in playgroups which can be countries unto themselves.

"The segment of society most Southern Europeans have come from," explains a teacher faced with the classroom imbalance and its ramifications, "would normally have gone to Germany as 'guest' workers had there not been the alternative available of immigrating here. Basically, they have been uneducated people seen by the Australian Government as 'factory fodder'. In many cases their labor has far outstripped that of Australians, but their education has failed to match their material success. Their views have remained backward and discriminatory."

By "sticking to their own", ethnic communities shackle their children to practices they consider culturally pure, but which to the Anglo-Celtic/Saxon Australian are culturally abhorrent. Young women lose the right to choose their mate, suffer harsh physical punishment for misdemeanors within their culture, and can be vilified for supposed lack of virginity.

Understandably, a young woman from an ethnic background with strong cultural ties, faced with the less (or non) restrictive lifestyle of her Australian counterpart, can be forced into a battle of conscience between honoring her roots or assimilating into her new homeland. The Australian rarely has to come to terms with the many conflicts inherent in this dilemma.

Loss of cultural identity is a vital issue to ethnic communities. Upon release of the profile document of the Italian community in Australia, Niho Randazzo, editor of *Il Globo*, the Melbourne-based Italian language newspaper, expressed his concern that Italians "were in danger of losing their cultural identity", and that "in 20 years' time there will not be a distinct Italian community in Australia."

Randazzo's is one ethnic voice echoing the Grassby vision of the assimilated multi-cultural Australia, but not in the same laudatory tone. Putting aside the numerous frictions that augur for a separatist Australian society in a time to come, the wider debate may centre on one philosophical question: To whom does an immigrant owe spiritual allegiance, the country departed or the country on which he depends for livelihood? To pay lip-service to the latter while honoring the former is to deny Australia the "fair go" pundits demand Australians give to New Australians. The foundations for a multi-cultural society are wobbly. Racial discrimination and anti-discrimination legislation at best serve as underpinning to the tolerance vital between all races if the ideal is ever going to get past the bricks-and-mortar stage.

Al Grassby sees the product of the "cultural revolution" as an Australian "heir to the full richness of mankind's past ... confident of his own identity and Australia's", walking "with proud purpose as a citizen of a vital and vibrant nation, actively aware of Australia's opportunity to be a catalyst of progress in our region of the world". The truer picture may be a mass of foreign communities gathered in spirit like mini-nations forming a hodge-podge quasi-Europe/Asia, the borders between each clearly defined by cultural customs and prejudices. Or something else again? Australia has not been able to shield itself against the social diseases contributing to the breakdown of order in Britain, Europe and the United States. Unemployment, the "invisible" Depression, disillusionment of youth with the attendant drug route out ... the pattern follows that, as Australia is fed the multi-cultural myth — the pot of gold at the end of a many-colored ethnic rainbow — by the Government and the well-intentioned, the real, troubling issues go unattended.

Unwittingly, the ethnic idealists are helping to mould an environment not unlike those countries which now look upon Australia's seemingly untainted social landscape with envy. ☐



"Hey, wait a minute. If you're a Marxist, I'm a capitalist, and we're both down here, whose side was God really on?"

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Her pendulous bosoms swung back and forth as Bella Kelly smashed the lead-tipped cat-of-nine tails across the convict's back. Switching her technique, Bella then applied the cruel "cross cuts", hitting just one spot no bigger than the palm of a hand. It was one stroke every minute; a faster rate would have produced death. Often the cross cut wound would turn into a crippling, life-long suppuration, a constant reminder of the penalty for transgression.

As the minutes passed into hours in the hot Australian sun the red-headed Irish-woman started to shed her garments. It was heavy work and the sweat streamed in rivulets over her curvaceous body.

Red-nippled and handsome, the expatriate landowner excited lusty thoughts in the minds of the 37 convicts who witnessed the floggings. Each time she cut a convict, blood and skin sprayed on to her body, turning it into rich red monument of gore.

After the event the convicts were ordered back to work and the flogged man was locked up in a stone dungeon below the homestead. It was rumored that many a prisoner mysteriously disappeared...

The fierce-tongued product of the Black Kelly clan of West Ireland had made her mark even among bushrangers. She was fearless. After two of the "Jewboy" Davis gang robbed her on a lonely bush track in 1841, Bella rode home, re-armed and single-handedly tracked down the thieves. She shot one through the shoulder and force-marched them back to their hideout.

Davis was overawed, indeed infatuated, and his passion was returned equally. Over the next six months Bella protected the gang, sheltering them and even entering into mass orgies with them.

Such were the rumors and evidence presented to a standing committee of the NSW House of Representatives investigating Bella's affairs in the 1860s.

Even the renowned novelist Charles Dickens was aware of the Legendary Irish-woman of NSW. On a visit back home to Ireland and England in 1855, Bella met the writer and recited tales of murders, shootings, police posses and fights against wild blacks. He considered writing her biography or a fiction based on Bella's life.

By then Bella was an international celebrity, or rather notoriety. Jilted at the altar as a young woman, Bella took a sizeable dowry to the earth's end, Australia. There she established a huge squatting fiefdom, on what is now the city and district of Grafton in northern NSW. From the time of her arrival in 1834, at the age of 24, Bella was a centre of controversy.

Under the tutelage of Captain James Mudie, one of the isolated landholders of the Hunter Valley who ran his property like a West Indian slave plantation, Bella learnt the exacting art of whipping. When Mudie was forced to flee the colony after publishing *The Felony of New South Wales*, a work that was compared with Machiavelli's *The*

**Sugar and spice and
all things nice were at a premium
during our roaring days**

Wild Colonial Girls

BY BOB CUMMINS



Prince, Bella inherited the mantle of the convict terror.

She ran her huge grazing properties like feudal fiefdoms, constantly escorted by two armed bodyguards. In her belt she carried a brace of horse pistols, with which she wounded several trespassers.

Eventually the authorities issued laws to prevent landowners from meting out their own kitchen court justice. This did not deter Bella, who marched convicts from one magistrate to another, often over 100 miles of virgin bush and through rugged mountain ranges, until she could obtain a conviction.

In 1842, Dungog magistrates refused her request to flog two convicts. So she drove them through the bush towards Port Macquarie. On the way, she was swept from her horse in a flooded creek and was rescued from certain drowning by the prisoners. The compassionless woman continued the march and had them flogged.

Aboriginal tribes who resisted Bella's extension of her property rights were, according to convict legend, annihilated by shooting parties Bella organised among neighbors.

When her lover, "Jewboy" Davis, and his gang were eventually captured, tried and consigned to the gallows, Bella led an unsuccessful campaign for a reprieve.

A decade later, claim-jumpers took her properties while she was visiting Ireland. A series of court actions resulted in Bella's title being judged defective, and the claim-jumpers retained the properties.

However, she had some revenge in having a neighbor named Sherrett jailed for horse and cattle stealing. But in 1860 the prisoner convinced his trial judge, the NSW Chief Justice Sir Alfred Stephens, that the tendered bills of sale were forgeries. Sherrett was released and Bella was arrested and charged with perjury. The contentious documents had mysteriously disappeared, and five months later they were suddenly discovered in Sir Alfred's own desk, thus proving Bella's innocence.

In the meantime, she had entirely lost the remains of her once-huge squatting fiefdom. Eventually she persuaded parliamentarians to establish a select committee to investigate her case.

After years of procrastination Bella was awarded \$5000 against the \$70,000 value of her former properties. Fading from the public gaze, she died in a rat-infested hovel on the Sydney waterfront in 1897.

During the unfortunate final years of Bella's life, public attention focused on a new breed of Wild Colonial Girl fomented from the heady gold boom and bushranging days. Actress Lola Montez typified the courtesans and adventurous women then entertaining the violent and largely womanless goldfields. Her notorious "spider dance" was the forerunner of the modern striptease. Touring through both diggers' camps and capital cities, she thrilled packed houses. Gold-diggers showered Lola, the former mistress of a Bavarian king,

Illustration by Otto & Chris



Wild Colonial Girls

with nuggets. Fist fights broke out over her garters, which she kicked into rioting audiences.

And the critics! Several times Lola personally engaged in horse-whipping duels with acid-penned editors. Yet one was so possessed that he went on a three-day binge, chased Lola through a theatre, and professed undying love. He was arrested and released on sobering up.

Hordes of incredible young "barmaids" and "actresses" were, like Lola, drawn from all corners of the world to satisfy the women-hungry miners. Gin palaces, shanties and pubs all advertised the comeliness of their barmaids.

At the height of the goldrush, diggers entertained these belles of the night during lavish sprees in Melbourne. An American publican in Collins Street, for example, had two rooms specially fitted out as a "nuptial suite".

It was decorated by innumerable mirrors, gaudy wallpaper, technicolor curtains and huge amounts of gold paintwork. A lot of custom came from ladies who "married", often a dozen times, for a week or perhaps a month. The promise of a few days tenancy was usually necessary before a "consent to marriage".

Bushranger Richard Burgess, a notorious Jeckyll and Hyde, was an habitue of such establishments. Assisted by a leading whore who acted as cockatoo, Burgess would shed his foppish dress for sombre colors when robbing travellers along the St Kilda Road.

At one time, constables attempted to arrest Burgess on suspicion, while he was attending a theatre. The heavily-built blackguard drove the police from the premises with a stockwhip during interval, to the cheers of his paramour and the patrons.

Burgess' trial in 1854 attracted a gallery of "scarlet" women who loudly applauded his brilliant defence. Nevertheless it was insufficient to keep him from the Williamstown Prison Hulks. Another prisoner there was the infamous Captain Melville, who was betrayed by prostitutes while enjoying a Dandenong brothel.

The climate of the times produced a host of female mercenary crime leaders. The most notorious of the 1850s was Mrs Agnes Atkins, who in 1854 directed an ambush on the McIvor gold escort. Several of the guard were badly wounded and the escort was overpowered.

In spite of pleas for help, Mrs Atkins ignored the wounded, coldly issuing orders for the removal of the gold. But two of her gang, lacking the nerve of their leader, betrayed her.

Nevertheless, Mrs Atkins was never charged. The reason was the prosecution's fear of an acquittal: there

had been several highly contentious hangings of women murderers in NSW and Victoria around that time, and possibly it was feared a jury might discharge Mrs Atkins on the fear that she would be hanged. Still, 500,000 pounds worth of gold was never recovered.

At about the same time, the brig *Madagascar*, laden with two tons of gold bound for London, mysteriously disappeared soon after leaving Melbourne. Years later a dying woman told a clergyman she had been involved in a plot with bushrangers and corrupt crew; they had overwhelmed the vessel. Taking the brig to South America, the pirates murdered everyone, fired the *Madagascar* and took off in lifeboats with the loot.

During the 1860s — the period of NSW's unprecedented Wild Colonial Days — women were ever in the forefront of daring adventures. Some were engaged as bush telegraphs and spies in "Frank

“
Dressed like
men, riding like men,
they frequently led
police on dizzy flights
away from their
quarry
”

Gardiner's Flying Squadron". Born to the use of firearms and raised in the saddle, these girls — generally the sisters, lovers and wives of bushrangers — were more troublesome to the police than were the bushrangers themselves. Constantly they misled posses, laid false trails and spied on valuable mail and police movements.

One contemporary wrote: "Without (the bush telegraph) very few of even the most skilful bushranging gangs would have lasted long."

Bet Mayhew and Kat O'Meally, sisters of bushrangers, are still commemorated today by the famous ballad and poem *The Maids of Whogo*. Dressed like men and riding like men, rather than side-saddle, they frequently led police on dizzy flights away from their quarry. On one occasion two constables from Young gave chase, gradually wearing down the fugitives mile by mile. In fact the girls were allowing the police to capture them in order to take the heat off the gang.

Eventually a Constable Clarke ran them down and took them all the way back to Young. The embarrassed constable failed to establish any proof of harboring

bushrangers or riding stolen horses, and the girls were released by a befuddled bench amid tremendous jubilation. For the bushrangers and their girls were heroes to large sections of the bush population, who hated the rich squatters.

From *The Maids of Whogo*:

"They dressed themselves up in their brothers' best clothes
And looked very rakish as you may suppose
In the joy of their hearts they chuckled with glee
What fun if for robbers taken they would be.

"The troopers pursued them and hot was the chase,
'Tis only in Randwick they go at such a pace.

Clark captured the pair, then to show his vexation

He lugged them both off to the Young police station."

Both the girls' brothers, John Mayhew and John O'Meally, died bushranging — one shot, the other hanged.

At the same time their girlfriends, the Walsh sisters, also hailing from the wild Weddin Mountains near Forbes, were commanding the public eye. All were red-heads and very attractive. Ben Hall married Bridget while Kate married a John Brown, then carried on an affair with Frank Gardiner and eventually eloped with him to Queensland, where they lived as man and wife. Nancy married Mick Maguire, one of the Hall gang who was sensationally acquitted in three capital offence trials.

The girls had been brought up in the lawless ways of the Weddin Mountains. Their mother died when they were young, and cattle theft and robbery were a way of life. Most of their companions were the sons and daughters of runaway convicts and ticket-of-leave men, who had found the vastness of the granite outcrop a safe spot for their nefarious activities. The bushrangers were their heroes: their brothers and boyfriends. All were to lose.

Among the working-class servant girls Frank Gardiner was always referred to as "our Frank" and many claimed it a privilege to know the man. To the press, Gardiner was the "Prince of Robber Devils", the "Beelzebub of the Bush", even equated with Napoleon as "General Gardiner".

At the height of Gardiner's fame, Mrs Brown (the former Kate Walsh) became a *cause celebre*. Gardiner had led the spectacular Eugowra gold escort robbery of 1700 ounces of gold and 5000 pounds cash in August 1862. This was regarded as the greatest criminal atrocity of the decade, and Gardiner's international notoriety far exceeded that of contemporaries such as California's Joaquin and three-fingered Jack.

While Gardiner was being hunted by police parties, an informer told Lachlan

Police Inspector Sir Frederick Pottinger that the outlaw would be sleeping with Mrs Brown at her absent husband's bush hut. Sir Frederick set an ambush, for what should have been a simple arrest. Gardiner rode up to the hut and stayed the night with his lover.

At dawn Gardiner mounted his magnificent white stallion. Sir Frederick stepped forward with pistol cocked and ordered him to stand. With a laugh the bushranger spurred forward and the baronet pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. Gardiner sailed through the dragnet to freedom.

Massive public derision resulted and many an account of Mrs Brown's particulars appeared in the press. Another famous Australia ballad, *The Bloody Field of Whogo*, commemorated the disaster. As a result, Mrs Brown joined Gardiner in his flight to Queensland, carrying half the Eugowra escort gold. There they conducted a reputable store under Gardiner's true name of Christie.

For two years Mr and Mrs Christie were models of propriety. They held massive amounts of gold overnight in transit for diggers and mining companies, and they freely traded in the precious metal. Gardiner's honesty was such that he was recommended for the Queensland magistracy; but he was betrayed by Kate Walsh's in-laws for a reward of 500 pounds.

Again Kate was thrust into the public light. She was unrelenting in her attempts to secure Gardiner's freedom. Inciting Rockhampton diggers to a rescue attempt, she was finally thwarted only by the intervention of an armed party of Queensland native police. Then she tried to bribe Gardiner's guard on the way to Rockhampton. When this failed, she rushed to Brisbane and caused a storm of international jealousy throughout the press.

Many a bushranger or wanted convict had slipped over the border to Queensland and a new way of life, safe from the hounding of the NSW law. For two years Gardiner had led a blameless life, and now he was being arrested, for what purpose? Revenge? In those pre-mug-shot days who was to say Christie was in fact Gardiner? Were the NSW detectives acting under a "politically controlled" police ministry? Even if it were Gardiner, argued the Queensland Press, was this not evidence that he had been "forced into" crime, and was perfectly lawful when left alone?

Kate Walsh had unleashed an avalanche of protest. Hiring the best lawyer in Queensland, she seemed set for a protracted fight. But Detective McGlone, of the NSW force, was equal to the situation. Learning that Kate's lawyer was hunting up a judge to get a writ of *habeus corpus* to prevent Gardiner's removal from the colony, McGlone spirited his prisoner to the paddlesteamer, hoping to deport him to Sydney. Waiting there at the wharf was

Kate, with Gardiner's stallion ready for instant flight.

Kate tried unsuccessfully to bribe the crew to free her lover. The gangplank went up, and with it Gardiner's hopes crashed. Nevertheless, Kate travelled to Sydney with the detectives, to again organise legal aid.

Huge crowds gathered at Circular Quay to see Gardiner, and were just as interested in Mrs Brown. Hiring the colony's top barristers, Kate masterminded perhaps the most sensational criminal trial in 50 years. Fist fights broke out daily in the massive crowd surrounding Darlinghurst Courts, as spectators fought for access to a limited public gallery. Gardiner's acquittal, amid the wildest acclamation, was largely attributed to Mrs Brown's initiatives.

"The Darkie" was immediately charged by police with four separate offences of highway robbery, and recommitted for

“
The mother of
these girls was in
prison facing a
charge of killing her
husband and feeding
him to pigs
”

trial. Mrs Brown could do nothing this time, as the trial judge was Gardiner's arch enemy — the Chief Justice of NSW, Sir Alfred Stephens.

Gardiner received a 32-year sentence, but still Mrs Brown did not retreat. Public sentiment was strongly in Gardiner's favor. However, Mrs Brown's enemies had the upper hand. More parliamentary dispute arose when it was learnt that Kate was visiting Gardiner. Here was a married woman visiting a notorious criminal, her illicit lover. Permission to visit was withdrawn. Still Kate kept trying to have Gardiner's sentence reviewed, but the case became increasingly hopeless. After several years Kate gave up and drifted off to the New Zealand goldfields.

As a barmaid she was a celebrity, the lover of the infamous "Darkie", and her employment was considered enough to draw large crowds of customers. For a time Kate was the lover of a Chinese, and then she lived with one of the Taylor brothers (Jim Taylor, a former policeman, had run off with Ben Hall's wife and Kate's sister Bridget).

Eventually the couple fell out and Kate

shot herself in the mouth. She died in dreadful agony 12 days later, forgiving her lover.

During Kate's last years bushranging as an institution was also on the wane. In March 1865 the NSW Attorney General, Mr W. Darwall, introduced outlawry to crush the Hall gang. NSW became the first British Dominion in two centuries to formally revive the ancient Anglo-Saxon practise.

Darwall told the parliament how the Hall gang had raided the tiny township of Binda in southern NSW, where they were feted by the three Monk sisters. The mother of these girls was already in prison facing a charge of killing her husband and feeding him to the pigs. Later she was tried, found guilty and hanged.

What angered Mr Darwall, however, was the flaunting of the bushrangers' relationship with the Wild Colonial Girls. The sisters accompanied the bushrangers during a raid on the store owned by a Mr Morris (a former policeman who had joined posses against the gang).

There, the Monk sisters selected crinolines and bonnets for a ball that night. The outlaws had the whole village under their control and made everyone attend the ball, including the unfortunate storekeeper.

Hall and company danced with Mr Morris' wife, against her will, and decided to burn down Morris' store. The sisters gave their assent and accompanied their boyfriends to the store, watching in glee while flames devoured years of industry. Afterwards the bushrangers and the girls spent some time in "dalliance" before rejoining the ball and later departing.

As a result of the Outlawry Bill the girls were arrested and served prison sentences as "harborers", while the Hall gang was broken within a month — Hall and Gilbert were shot dead and John Dunne fled in hiding.

Outlawry was revived again 18 months later, against the Clarke-Connell gang of bushrangers who roamed around southern NSW. The police used the Bill's harboring provisions to divide and break the family. Lucy Hurley, who threw herself in front of police fire, thus allowed her fiancé, Tom Connell, to escape. She turned informer, but had to wait 17 years for Connell's release before she could marry him.

The Wild Colonial girls who had been so active as informers and bush telegraphs suffered great losses, but none more so than old Mrs Clarke, matriarch of the clan. Her husband died in jail, charged with murder; two sons were hanged and buried in unmarked graves; a son and three brothers were imprisoned for long terms and a family friend was slain by the gang. About 10 police and civilians were murdered during that time.

Such was the legacy of the Wild Colonial Girls. However there was one whose fate was exceptional, and whose career

Wild Colonial Girls

spanned the eras of both the Hall and Clarke gangs: Mrs Captain Thunderbolt.

In terms of audacity and derring-do, no one compared with Mary Anne Ward, lawful wife of Captain Thunderbolt, "last of the professional bushrangers" of NSW.

Mary Anne's wit and repartee were widely quoted in the press. Her activities even resulted in parliamentary debates. She outwitted blacktrackers, bounty hunters and police and was an identity in her own right, apart from being wife of Frederick Wordsworth Ward, who as Captain Thunderbolt reigned from 1863 to 1870, the longest bushranging career in Australia.

Born Mary Anne Bugg at Gloucester in 1844, she received a rare privilege — education at a Sydney boarding school.

Later she married and lived as Mrs Baker with her husband, a shepherd in the Mudgee district. There in 1861 she met 21-year-old Fred Ward, a ticket-of-leave convict. Mrs Baker and Ward formed a liason and eloped. Ward was recaptured and returned to the Alcatraz of the British penal system, Cockatoo Island prison in Sydney Harbor.

Apparently Mary Anne helped Ward plan an escape. She travelled to Sydney and kept in touch with her lover, possibly bribing a guard. In September 1863, Ward and another prisoner became the first and only men to break out and swim through the shark-infested waters around Cockatoo. Breaking through a police cordon, Mary Anne and the escapees took a fishing boat from Mona Vale to the Hawkesbury and commenced the most remarkable bushranging adventures in Australian history.

It is interesting to speculate about her mode of operation. Contemporary accounts never mention her direct involvement in robberies, possibly because she wore men's clothing.

It is very likely that she was the notorious "Jemmy the Whisperer", who spoke constantly to the master highwayman in a low voice.

Certainly she could fight like a Kilkenny cat. When a posse led by the legendary bushranger fighters Sergeant W. Cleary and Constable P. Byrne raided the bushranger's camp at Bourke in 1965, Mary Anne tore Byrne's shirt to shreds, gave him plenty of "Billingsgate" or cockney swearing, and threatened "Fred's vengeance".

Taken into custody, Mary Anne grew "rusty", and had to be left at a local station. When the police left, Thunderbolt's gang raided it and picked up the family.

Heading for the trouble-free Liverpool Plains the Thunderbolt gang swept all before them, robbing inns, coaches and travellers. Mary Anne was not always with the gang, being handicapped with the care

of her children. So she minded camp. Near Gunnedah she waylaid a Wesleyan minister at the tiny township of Carroll, and there she married her lover. One of their children, also Frederick Wordsworth Ward, was later baptised there.

Child-rearing and pregnancy on the run were no easy task. So Thunderbolt recruited a woman named Ramage, an associate of the boy killer-outlaw, John Dunne. In 1866 she acted as midwife to Mary Anne's third birth on a remote station near Tamworth. After the birth Thunderbolt forced the woman to remain. At last Ramage escaped into the bush, surviving on yams and wattle bark for six weeks. She then led posses to the Thunderbolts' haunts, several times almost capturing the elusive bushranger.

Police parties often came across Mary Anne leading her children. A son on a small pony was described as an exceptionally good rider, while the two younger

She took a fishing boat to the Hawkesbury and started the most remarkable bushranging adventures in Australia's history

children were slung in wicker baskets over a packhorse. Many times she was sighted carrying a long knife attached to a pole. She used this to spear and then hamstring calves, which she slaughtered and dressed for the family.

Possibly Mary Anne was also involved in some of the fierce gun-fights between police posses and Thunderbolt's gang. Identification of participants was always difficult. In one such encounter, the police formed at one end of a treeless plain near Carroll, while the bushrangers sheltered behind rocks. Drinkers watched from a nearby hotel as bullets whistled for half an hour.

Eventually one of Thunderbolt's "apprentice" bushrangers, John Thompson, was wounded in the neck and captured. Thunderbolt made daring rushes on his stolen racer to rescue the lad, but was driven off by the hail of fire.

Settlers in the Upper Hunter greatly feared the appearance of Mary Anne as this was tantamount to robbery. Interest in her was such that the Sydney Empire ran a serialisation of the adventures of a blacktracker's encounters with Mary

Anne. She and a cousin were too clever by far for the tracker and his companions. They laid false trails and doubled back to defeat pursuit.

Eventually an exasperated Colonial Secretary, Henry Parkes, commissioned two special constables or "bounty hunters" to capture the elusive Captain Thunderbolt. The Rixon brothers travelled all the way from the Illawarra to Manilla in north-western NSW — only to be defeated by Mary Anne. Discovering the bushranger's camp, the brothers were well set to take the robber when they heard a loud "good morning". Next moment Thunderbolt, who had been shoeing a horse behind cover, leapt on to his mount and bolted. Mary Anne's warning invitation had given her husband just enough time to retreat.

A thrilling chase up and down dry river beds saw the outlaw escape. Acidly the *Tamworth Examiner* noted: "Had not the woman been so demonstrative in her courtesy Ward may well have been captured by now."

Such close encounters had a telling effect, sometimes separating the Wards for weeks. After a three-week search for her husband Mary Anne once told a reporter whom had she chanced to meet that unless Thunderbolt soon returned she "might have to seek a fresh settlement in life."

Another who asked if she was "Ward's woman" received a curt reply: "No, I'm Mrs Captain Thunderbolt, his lady."

One shootout was the direct cause of an arrest. Ward, Mary Anne and a 16-year-old apprentice, Thomas Mason, were waiting to rob the Manilla mail when a distant party of horsemen gave a friendly wave. It was a police party returning from court hearings, who mistook them for police searching for the Thunderbolts. When the bushrangers did not reply the police guessed their true identity. A royal gunfight broke out. Mason was wounded and eventually captured, while Ward and his wife fled in separate directions. The police tracked Mary Anne back to her Upper Hunter haunts and set an ambush for Thunderbolt.

The bushranger, however, did not appear. After some days the restless police arrested Mary Anne and charged her with vagrancy. This caused a parliamentary rumpus.

Leading parliamentarians, led by the "working man's friend", the Rev John Dunmore Lang, went to Mary Anne's aid. A future Attorney-General, Mr Buchanan, charged the police with harassment of the "poor child of nature". An embarrassed Government ordered an investigation. It was discovered that her conviction was improperly drawn up, and that her Aboriginal parentage constituted a valid exclusion to the Vagrancy Act. This precedent still stands in the statute books. Consequently Mary Anne was released by order of the Governor of NSW.

Many quarters cheered, but the *Tamworth Examiner* complained: "She may have some black blood in her veins, but she is not darker than many European women who might easily be made amenable to the Vagrancy Act."

Both the police and the public had much to regret during the next 18 months. Mr and Mrs Thunderbolt were virtually unstoppable in mail robberies. Commercial traffic throughout northern NSW often came to a virtual standstill. Thunderbolt, with Mary Anne as cockatoo, once robbed the Northern Mail five times in two weeks.

Several towns held public meetings and succeeded in having the Government place armed guards on coaches travelling between their town and the next major town. Towns without the service protested violently, since the bushrangers merely changed their beat and robbed the unprotected commerce.

Even the practise of cutting bank notes in two and sending them by separate mail was defeated, for the bushranger merely waited for the next mail. One correspondent to the *Armidale Express* even begged the bushranger to leave mail bags within eyesight of the road.

While there is much of a Keystone Cops feel about those days, the upshot was yet another term of imprisonment for Mary Anne and her three children in 1867. Despairing of ever capturing the Thunderbolts, the police arrested Mary Anne for possession of stolen goods.

Mary Anne complained to the court that she did not have time to produce receipts. This did not satisfy the magistrate, who sentenced her to three months prison at West Maitland Jail. The children had to accompany her. Another public outcry erupted. Again parliamentarians ordered an inquiry and again Mrs Captain Thunderbolt was exonerated when receipts were produced. Once more the Governor of NSW ordered her release for wrongful imprisonment.

But the threat of Mrs Captain Thunderbolt to law and order was almost at an end. The reason was Thunderbolt's well-known infidelity. The outlaw at last deserted his woman for Louisa Mason, the wife of a shepherd named "Cranky Bob" of Sedgemoor station, near Scone. The couple eloped to a bush hideout on the Goulburn River near Dedman.

Police posses closed in on Thunderbolt and his "Dulcinea". They had a report that Ward had knocked down Louisa's husband and threatened him with a pistol should he pursue.

Dozens of police and trackers were in the vicinity when Louisa became desperately ill with pneumonia. Braving a police cordon, Thunderbolt rode to Mount Hope Homestead for assistance. The owner's wife sent for a doctor and clergyman, who arrived in time to comfort Louisa in her dying hours. Thunderbolt fled, complaining that "this place is as hot as a nest of

hornets". No wonder, since Mary Anne was leading a posse after her husband. Well did Mrs Captain Thunderbolt uphold the adage that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned". Several times the bushranger was within gunshot range, and had to abandon his pack to escape.

When her anger cooled Mary Anne disappeared from the annals of bushranging. What became of her and her children is a mystery. Perhaps she was the mysterious veiled woman weeping bitterly over Thunderbolt's grave in May 1870, following the bushranger's fatal encounter with Trooper A.B. Walker at Uralla, in northern NSW.

With Thunderbolt's death it was thought that the curtain had been lowered on bushranging. The NSW Premier Sir Charles Cowper ordered a special police parade at Belmore Barracks to honor the bravery of Constable Walker, and to herald the end of NSW's Wild Colonial Days. More than 24

Her rides to bring the outlaws information and assistance made her a legend

civilians, 28 police and 26 bushrangers had lost their lives during the reign of Captain Thunderbolt.

The shadow of bushranging, however, was not eclipsed. Indeed it was to cause the fall of Premier Henry Parkes' first Government in 1874. That was the year of Frank Gardiner's release from prison.

The work of Gardiner's late girlfriend Kate Brown had resulted in success. Gardiner's half-sisters took up the call for his reprieve, circulating petitions "in thoughts that burn and words that breathe". They won the support of NSW Governor Sir John Young, who agreed that Gardiner should be released after 10 years if his behavior was satisfactory. When the release was imminent, Sir Henry Parkes' opposition whipped up a political storm. As a result Parkes' ministry was toppled on the Speaker's casting vote.

Gardiner by that time was well on the way to exile in the USA, where he died 20 years later.

Still bushranging was far from a dead letter. It revived with a loud explosion during the Kelly days of 1879-1881.

Again women were critical to its deve-

lopment, and indeed the cause of Ned Kelly's criminal activities is supposed to have been a clash between Kate Kelly and a Constable Fitzpatrick.

The facts have always been in dispute, but the result was absolute. According to the Kelly clan, Kate was raped. The police countered that a murder attempt had been made on Constable Fitzpatrick. The upshot was that Mrs Kelly, nursing a three month old baby, was sentenced to three years' jail for attempted murder. Brickie Skillion (Ned's brother-in-law) was given six years, and Ned Kelly became a "forced outlaw".

Ned's sister Maggie Skillion marshalled support for the Kellys' frequently braved police dragnets and was a worrisome bush telegraph. She was assisted by the daughters of other free selectors in north-eastern Victoria, and Mary Miller, daughter of Bob Miller, was known to have been particularly friendly with Ned.

Maggie visited Melbourne and purchased an arms cache intended for a general uprising by Kelly supporters. Her rides into the ranges to bring the outlaws information and assistance made her a legend.

When the last episode of the Wild Colonial era took place at the Siege of Glenrowan in July, 1880, Maggie was there dressed in a black silk riding outfit, trimmed with red lace and a jaunty Gainsborough hat. She attempted to break the police cordon and bring succour to her brothers Ned and Dan.

Maggie was loyal to the bitter end. She organised funds for Ned's defence and stood by him in his trial. In fact she got on her knees to plead clemency for her brother before the Governor of Victoria. But it was no use. Ned was reunited briefly with his mother on the day of his hanging. Her instruction was to "see that you die like a Kelly."

However it is Kate Kelly who survives in the public memory, due as much to the Fitzpatrick affair as to her appearance in gaudy musicals about the Kellys, which caused great resentment in her family.

Kate was a star attraction at sideshows, giving daring displays of riding and sharp shooting. This commercialisation of the tragedy made her a family outcast.

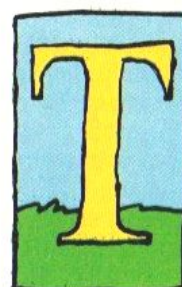
Kate's death followed the performance of a play called *The Kelly Gang*. After attending the show she returned home early and fell from a makeshift bridge, drowning. It is often suggested she was depressed and suicided.

With the passing of the Kelly days the Wild Colonial era was over. The bushrangers' ladies generally provided an exciting, if sad, reflection of those times. Their lives were comparable with those of their predecessors — the convict lasses who helped their lovers escape, fought pitched battles with police and gave the Australian colonies a reputation for unparalleled lawlessness. ☐

Unnatural history provides
new perspectives on our heritage

Origin of the Species

BY WILLIAM HILL AND GREG HUNTER



hey were not merely the cream of England's cricketers — they were the only cricketers... the true First Eleven. The year was 1786. Clumped around a long mahogany table, the eleven gripped their port glasses and swapped ripping yarns. Their names read like a list of contributors to the tenth anniversary edition of *Boys' Own Annual*. Lord Cecil Long-On, his rotund body wracked by the effects of tertiary gout, struggled to his feet and a stony silence ensued. Then he uttered the immortal words which would ultimately lead to the founding of the colony of New South Wales:

"Gentlemen, we have to stop playing with ourselves. We require... an Opposition."

The MCCC had stood the test of time. Since the foundation of the First Eleven some 33 years beforehand, no bat had been lifted in anger, no ball had been bowled, no umpirical index finger had arced skyward, save to test the winds of historic inevitability. And yet the members of the Marylebone Cricketwriters and Commentators Club had become the high priests of a new religion, merely by postulating the existence of the game. Through their domination of *The Times Literary Supplement*, they had created an entire epistemology of heroic innings, unplayable balls and immovable openers. As a sustained exercise in popular fiction their work was surpassed only by the Old Testament.

But the game was in crisis. Sales of the latest cricket hero autobiography, *Spinning Out* by the legendary cocaine addict and off-spinner W.G.

Grace, had never got off the ground, even after the insertion of a racy Foreword by his wife, Amazing. Shockwaves went through the cricket hierarchy. Gate takings at major grounds around the country had dropped alarmingly. It was widely rumored that people wanted to see something for their money... anything... even cricket.

Clearly, it was time for the First Test.

Lord Long-On put the case succinctly:

"Gentlemen, it's become increasingly obvious that we're going to have to provide more convincing evidence of the game's existence than our annual books of statistics and player profiles. In fact, Market Research strongly suggests that our best course of action would be to *play a game*. It seems 84 percent of respondents favor an international encounter, and all of us here agree that the survival of the game depends upon us defeating some hated enemy.

"Therefore, I propose that we establish a cricket colony at the ends of the earth... a colony comprised of those elements in every ground who are currently bringing the game into disrepute. Our analysts have agreed that with a match between ourselves and this specially culled opposition, the game would outlast the current slump."

Long-On was of course referring to the so-called "Cricket Fundamentalists" — a group of fanatics who gathered on the open hillsides of every ground, talking in tongues and chanting to Gods hitherto unknown to the cricket establishment. Gods like "Dougie" and "Dennis".

Pockets of these dissenters had surfaced in the Earl's Court district of London, and like impassioned missionaries they began to spread across Europe. Soon they surpassed even Manchester



Origin of the Species

United supporters for unpopularity in all the major capitals. They cropped up all over the Continent, wherever large breweries offered tours and free samples. They made annual pilgrimages to the Munich Beer Festival and the Pamplona Bull Run.

They were a hard and nasty breed of men. In short, they were the antithesis of the established religion: an enemy through which the MCCC could revive the flagging enthusiasm of the cricket-going public.

Inspired by Long-On rhetoric, a crusade began. Soap-box orators in Members' Pavilions started organising tweedy press-gangs, and under the direction of self-styled imperialist lackey Captain Arthur Pharlap, the country purged itself.

By the end of the year, the Fundamentalists had been rounded up and incarcerated in the most unseaworthy vessels available. Their destination — Van Dieman's Land. That location had virtually selected itself when most of the Fundamentalists were found to be carrying Australian passports.

To subjugate this unruly mob, Pharlap had gathered under his banner perhaps the most degenerate crew of rum-sodden psychopaths ever to don the King's uniform. Having already been ostracised by the multitude of deserters, rapists, sadists, heroin addicts and self-mutilators who made up the bulk of the British armed forces, Pharlap's gaggle of desperates had been drawn together by default — each carrying rejection slips from every other branch of the services.

The captain had anticipated that this select crew would greatly reduce the initial problems of settlement and team selection by systematically slaughtering most of their charges. It confounded him to discover that once they put to sea the guards and prisoners got along famously. It seems they had a lot in common.

But Pharlap had little time to contemplate this extraordinary social phenomenon. Not wanting to go down in history as a mere prison officer, the good captain sought to gain kudos in the scientific world. Following the established tradition that a quota of third-rate scientists should ship out on every vessel heading for uncharted waters, Pharlap had enlisted his own brains trust.

This imposing trio included a young botanist with "a special interest in psychotropic shrubbery" (as Pharlap often announced at pre-launch cocktail parties); a strange-looking fellow in a star-spangled black cape and pointed hat whom Pharlap had (in those days of unprecedented confusion) taken to be an astronomer; and an aging evolutionary biologist. Of the three only the biologist, Eric Von Darwin, made his mark. He won the Nobel Prize for his acclaimed treatise

Horse-drawn Carriages of the Gods. However, the book was banned in Terra Australis, where the popular belief was that all life had descended from Dennis Lillee.

Like his predecessor, Pharlap was obsessed with the need to make some relevant astronomical observation on his "voyage of discovery". He was rewarded beyond measure when, in consultation with the astrologer, he learned that he had been born in the cusp of the seventh house of Venus when the planets were only a touch out of alignment... and was therefore a man of destiny.

His obsession blinded him to the strange activities below decks, where foot-stomping prayer meetings were all the rage and an increasing number of guards came forward to bear witness. Deportation was rapidly becoming an exodus to the Promised Land.

During these meetings it was common

In fact
the standard of
both pitch criticism
and anecdotal dribble
was uniformly
high

for highly sensitive participants to stiffen and enter a trance, whereupon they would describe in graphic detail backyard barbecues, the flavor of Toohey's Draught, the main street of Bondi Beach and, of course, The Hill at the Sydney Cricket Ground.

One of these prophets, known to his friends as Sturt of the Overland, had a unique and exciting vision. Later he became so inflamed by it that he set off into the desert with a team of mules, convinced he would discover the Victorian Football League. To his great regret, all he was able to find was an inland sea.

The fleet reached its destination on January 26, 1788. The following account of the landing is extracted from the diary of a recent convert:

"These black customs blokes are a pain in the arse. I got the shits and floored one of them after the bastard stamped "Functionally Illiterate" on my passport, just because I couldn't spell *didgeridoo*. None of us got it right, not even Captain Pharlap. When we finally lobbed on to the beach we planted the WSC flat and started looking for willow trees, but we couldn't find

any." [This was a reference to the lack of suitable willow for cricket bats; eventually the Fundamentalists had to settle for mallee wood, and thus they became known as mallee-grabbers, although in New Zealand the word has since been distorted to "mulleygrabbers."]

"We knew there was no time for fart-arsing around — we had to pick the Second Eleven quick smart. By the end of the day, we'd built a temporary Members' Pavilion and staked out a pitch."

Competition for positions was intense. Pharlap had been appointed sole selector and soon he was hearing submissions from aspiring team-members. In fact the standard of both pitch criticism and anecdotal dribble was uniformly high, and since these were the only established criteria for the selection of a cricket team Pharlap was forced to make arbitrary decisions. He awarded the captaincy to a bold young fellow who was the first to publicly comment on the real odds of a piece of seagull shit landing on the pitch before stumps on the first day.

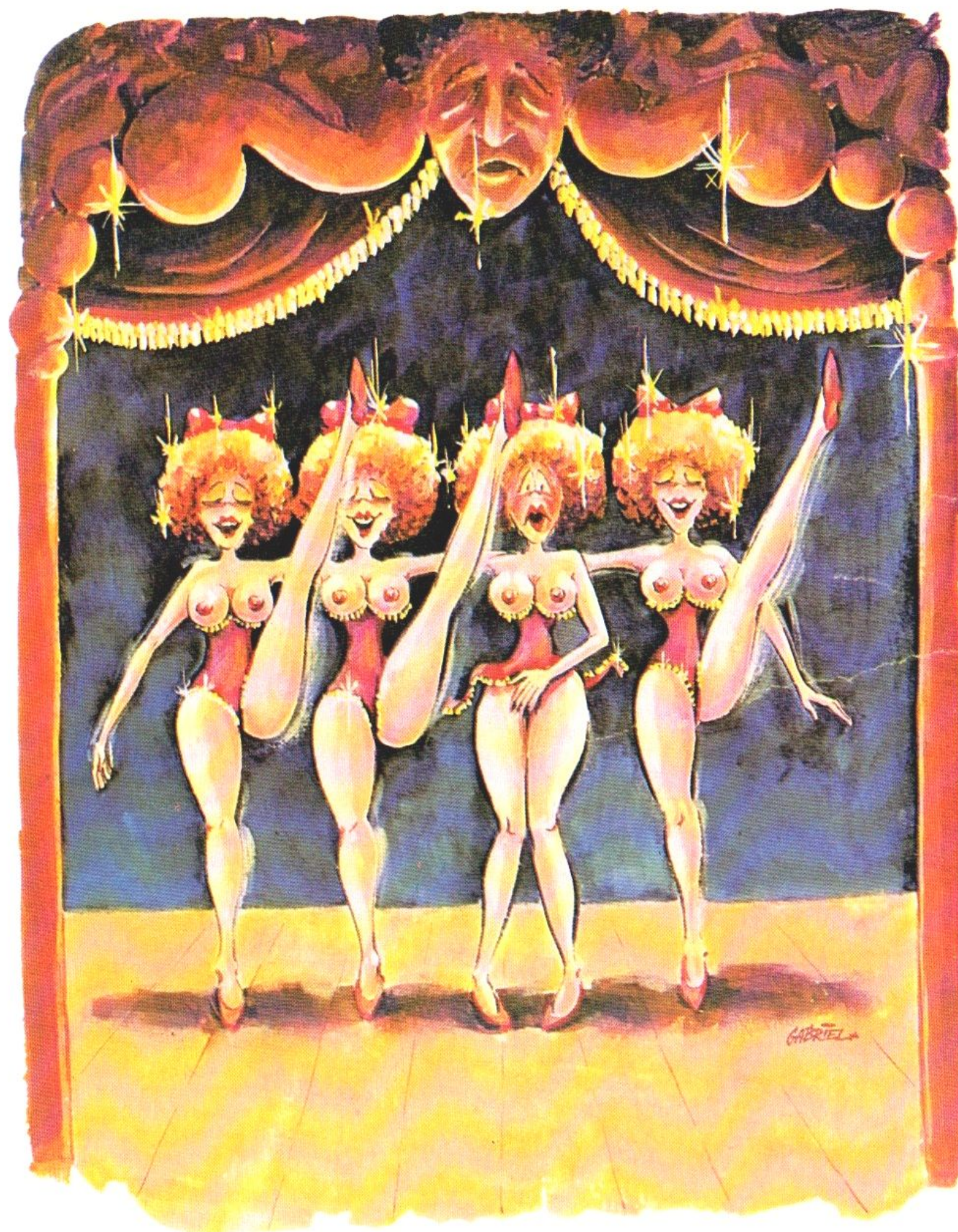
(Legend holds this man to have been the progenitor of Norm and May, a latter-day comedy duo who toured the country with thousands of jokes revolving around the fact that in Fundamentalist slang, "bird" also means "woman". Some of these jokes were said to have been significantly different from one another.)

Among those who missed selection, there was bitter ill-feeling. Many complained of the lack of opportunity for practice, arising from the fact that the locals couldn't understand their yarns; others asserted that Pharlap was a regimental dullard who wouldn't recognise a good solid quip "if it was rammed up his bum sideways."

A new, virile strain of cricketwriter evolved, one who could cope with the extraordinary pace of events in the colony. The following highly lyrical account appeared in the first edition of the *Sydney Morning Herald Literary Supplement*:

"I wandered lonely through the crowd
That nestled high upon The Hill
When all at once I felt full proud
Our boys were ready for the kill."

However, the rampant optimism of the time proved somewhat premature. By the year 1899, the game had developed no further than it had done in the mother country. Despite their initial enthusiasm, the Fundamentalists had been more than satisfied with widespread media coverage featuring glowing accounts of rising players, and with the endless round of testimonial dinners. Still no bat had been lifted in anger, no ball had been... etc etc. And, echoing the very sentiments that had led to the founding of the colony, there was general disaffection about the state of the game. Some were openly stating they would no longer be satisfied with the five-day drinking orgies which followed the playing of the national anthem of the SCG,



Origin of the Species

nor with the protracted state-of-the-pitch commentaries, described by a prominent radical commentator as "mind-numbing fillibusters."

On the other side of the world, the game was in tatters. Long-On had long gone; so had the First Eleven, the Third Eleven and the Fifth. The only exchanges that had taken place so far had been literary scholarships.

Members of the MCCC were so afflicted by the cancer that they were reduced to writing encyclopaedia-length accounts of the theoretical innings of one Geoffrey Boyclot, who it was claimed had been trained from birth in the upper reaches of the Himalayan mountains to master the esoteric art of total immobility. By the age of 11 he had surpassed his 200-year-old Tibetan teacher in all aspects of the technique. This was a major accomplishment, especially since the yogi had been dead for 50 years.

Needless to say, Boyclot's impact on the game of cricket was devastating. One commentator was moved to say of him: "He makes the Rock of Gibraltar look like a Mexican jumping bean. It is my considered opinion that he could easily induce the very molecules of his body to suspend motion."

Boyclot's influence on the English peo-

ple was so profoundly depressing that the country entered a general economic downturn. Shares on the London Stock Exchange plummeted. People had apparently relinquished all interest in life; they were dying in their thousands, having consistently failed to get out of bed and feed themselves. The ramifications reached the highest level of government. Questions were asked in the House of Commons, and a Royal Commission was set up to look for a way out of the national malaise.

The Commission unearthed a 113-year-old copy of *The Times Literary Supplement*, which established beyond doubt that only an international game of cricket would save the country, and that to instigate such an encounter a long-forgotten colony had been founded. A team of diplomats was dispatched post-haste to determine what had become of the Fundamentalists.

They arrived to find the colony undergoing its most turbulent era. The publisher of a string of girlie magazines, Kelly Smackher, had been stirring up a mess of trouble. An immensely practical man (the alliterative school were fond of calling him "brash beyond belief"), Smackher was convinced he had to lift the game out of its traditional metaphysical constraints and into the 20th Century.

He was not an original man, but he was observant. While prowling through

Sydney's sleazy tenement area one day, he ordered his chauffeur to stop so that he could study the behavior of a group of small boys. They were playing a game he had never seen before. One was holding a fence paling while standing in front of a garbage bin; another was throwing a ball at him, delivered with a quaint straight-arm action.

Smackher was electrified by his discovery. Using the phenomenal skills he had developed in the cut and thrust of publishing, he bought 11 of the striplings from their mothers at a very competitive rate.

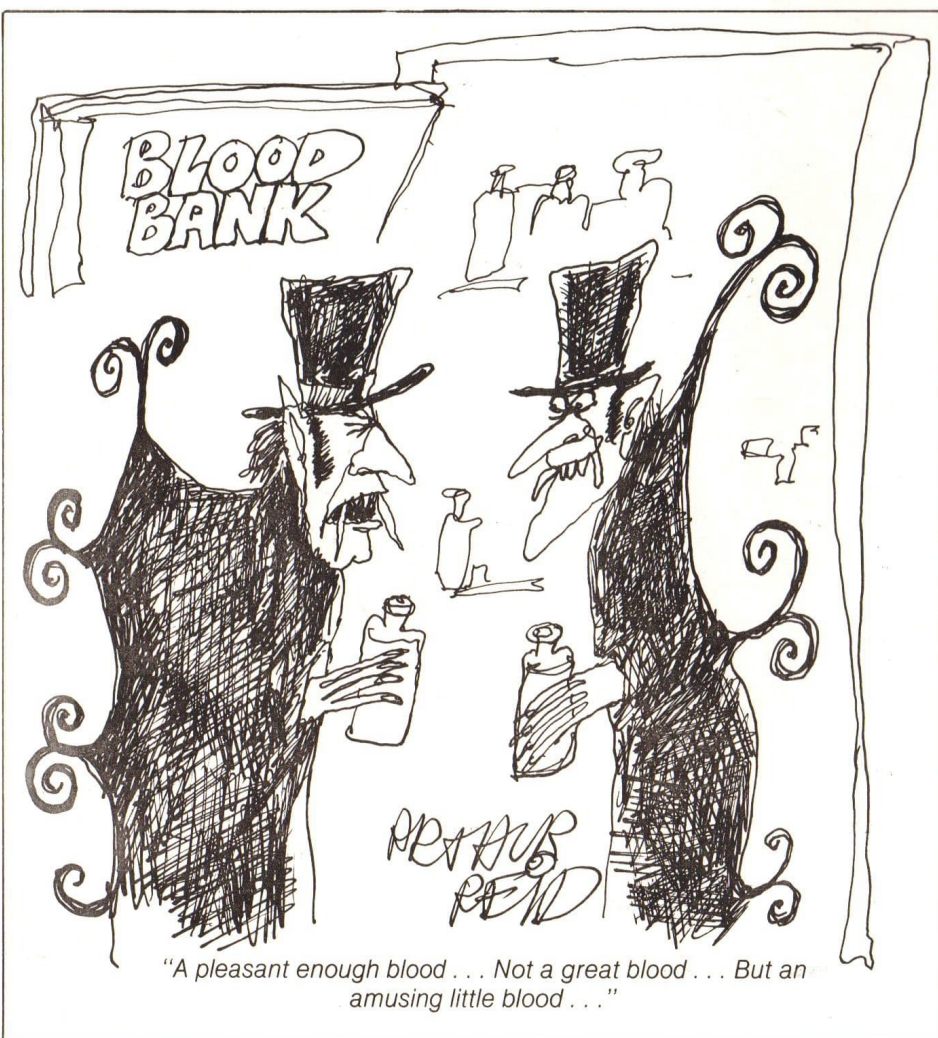
Under a shroud of total secrecy, deep in the jungles of Terrania Creek, boys with names like "Ginger Meggs" and "Fatty Finn" were encouraged to develop their skills. Sensing that the public might be less than happy watching a group of a pre-pubescent street urchins going through their paces on the hallowed turf of the SCG, Smackher made them cultivate Zapata moustaches and wear gold chains around their necks. At the same time, he established sweatshops across the country which began producing all manner of junk merchandise, from stick-on moustaches to aluminium bats. He was preparing for the final assault.

The arrival of the English diplomatic entourage played directly into his hands. Smackher could not have wished for a more timely Godsend. Immediately he organised a tickertape reception for the visitors and fuelled the rising hysteria by using a rented aeroplane to shower the crowd with Big Macs and Hot Apple Pies, obtained under a special sponsorship deal.

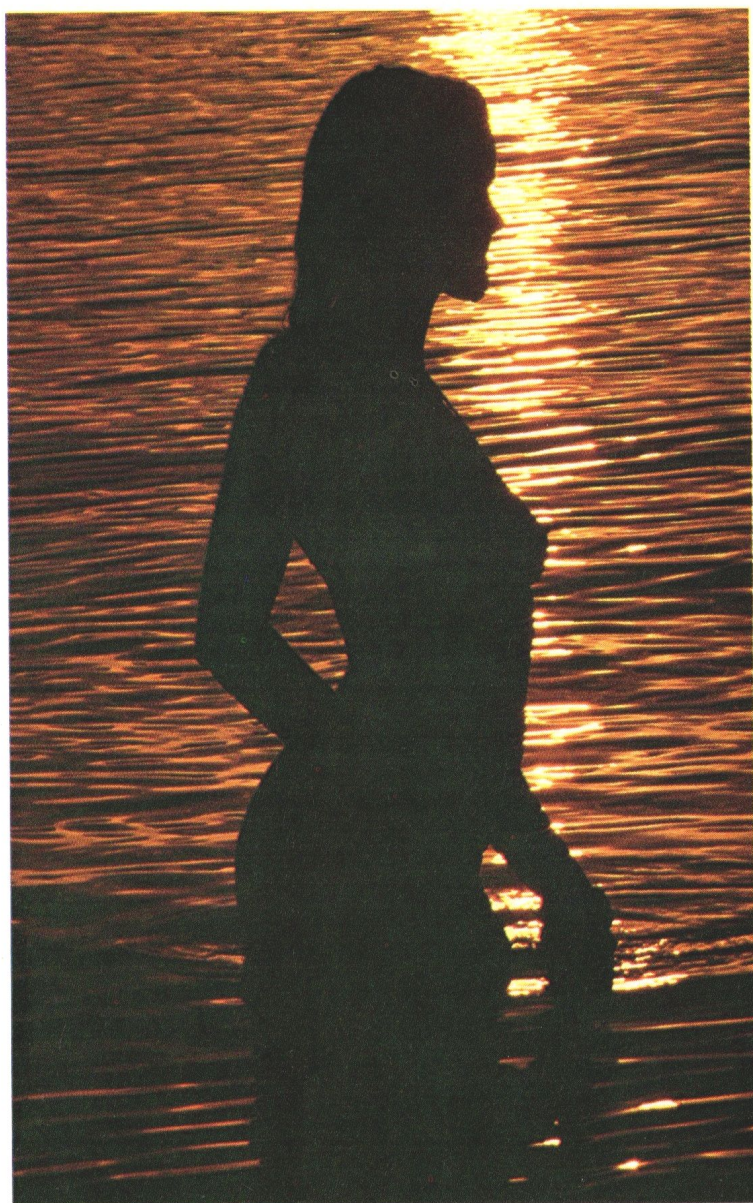
Launching a referendum on the issue of an international cricket match in the pages of his girlie publications, Smackher split the colony into rival factions which he manipulated with masterly aplomb. To make the proposed match a genuine international encounter, he boldly suggested that the separate colonies should federate to form the nation of Australia, from which a true representative side could be picked. (Of course, Smackher never let on that when the time came to select the side he could immediately produce a ready-made, tightly-knit, intensely-motivated unit of moustachioed demons who had actually played a game of cricket among themselves already.)

Ultimately, Smackher's hard-nosed approach coupled with his 20th Century concept of merchandising succeeded where, more than 100 years beforehand, Lord Long-On's rhetoric had failed. The colonies federated in 1901, and very soon afterward, the first ball of the First Test was delivered at Lord's, in England.

It was allowed to pass outside the off stump by, appropriately, the very man who had been most responsible for it in the first place — Geoffrey Boyclot. A new epoch in Australian history had begun. ○✚



UTE



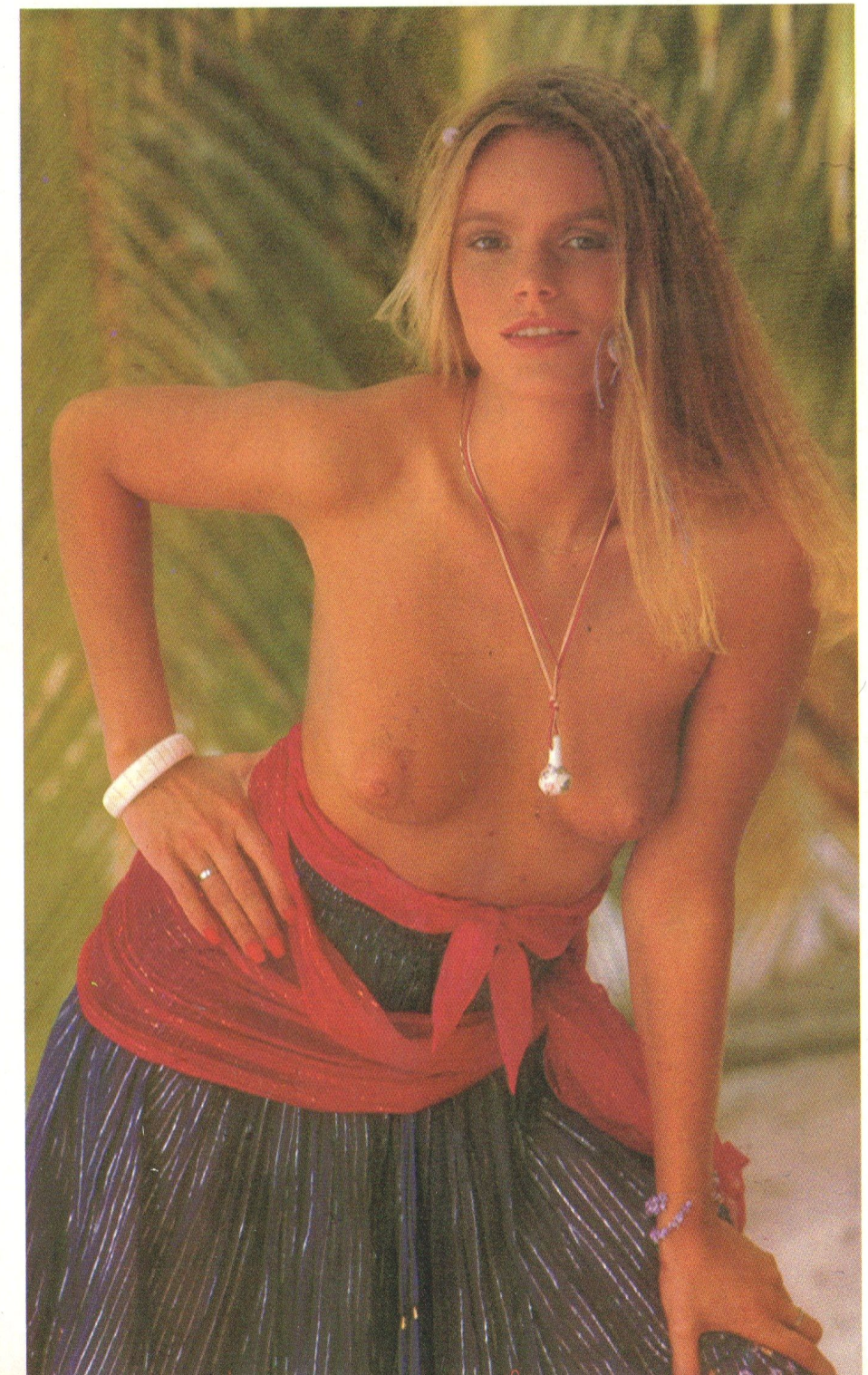
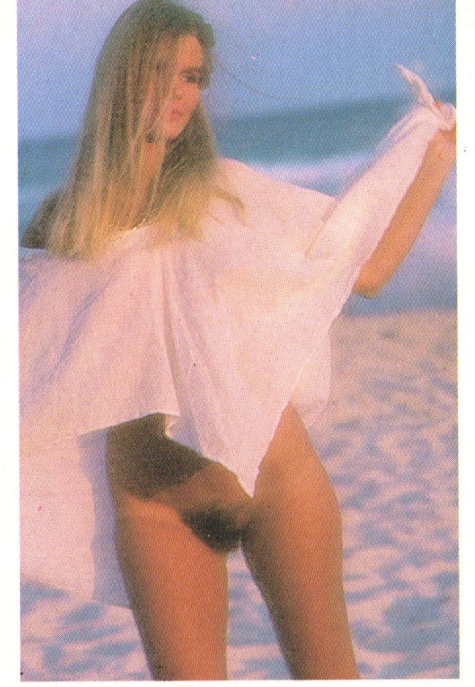
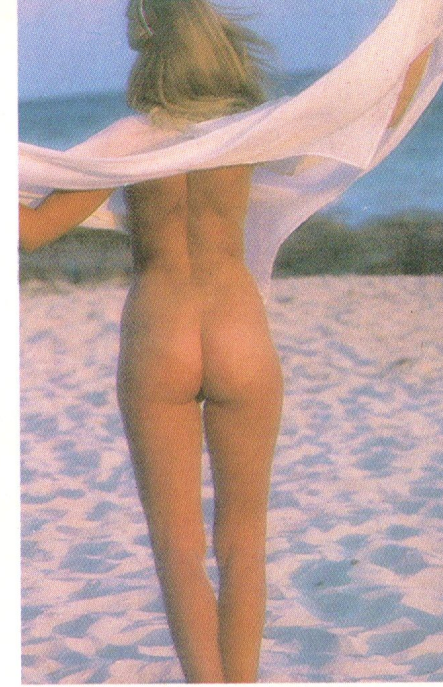
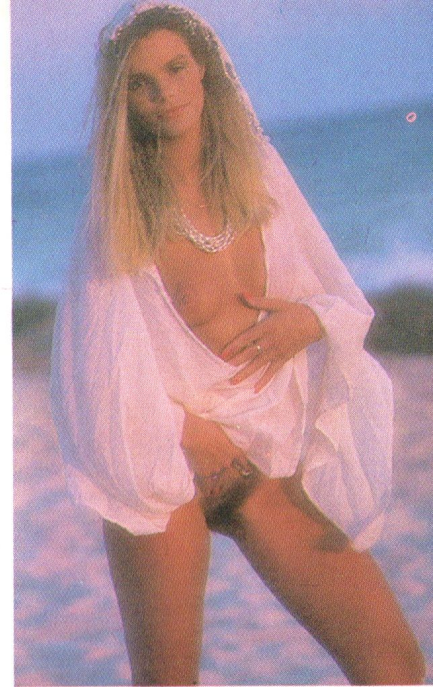
TROUBLE IS HER BUSINESS

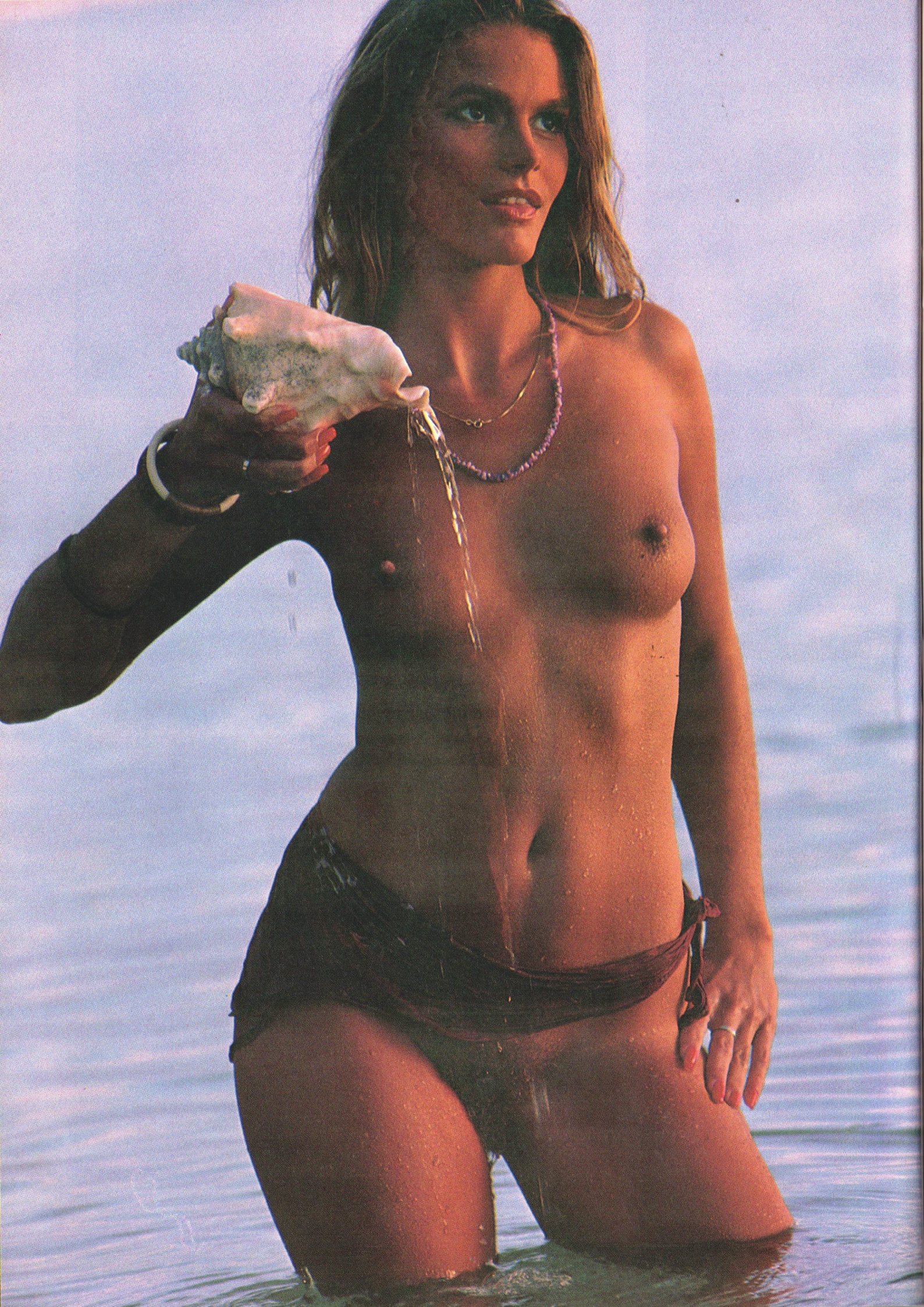
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

On location on the reef, June Pet of the Month Ute Hochmeister quickly turns work into play and lets the sea breeze whisk away her crisp, German efficiency. Sparkling back at the ocean, shining at the moon, she blossoms like a tropical flower.

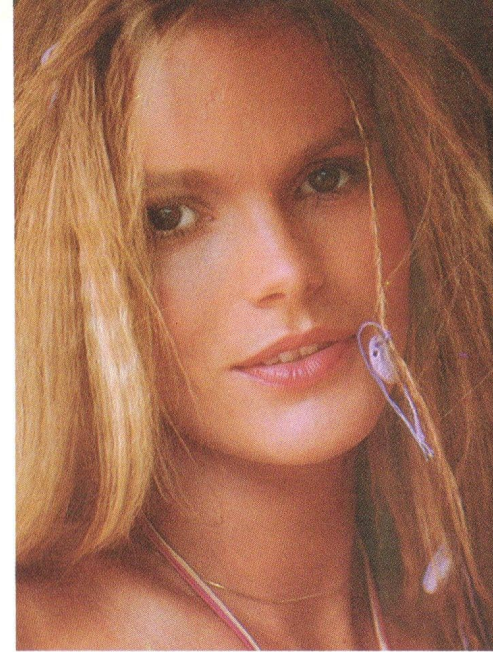


At only 23, our accomplished young frau-lieu speaks English, French and Spanish. Her versatility and her eagerness to learn equips her beautifully to slip comfortably into any situation. In a sassy, rambunctious mood while posing for this pictorial, Ute proves she can slay us from any angle.



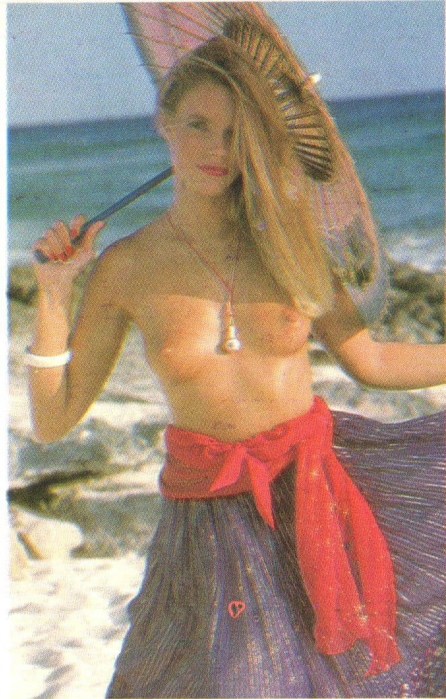


Our Pet is enchanted by the moist, green splendor of rainforest regions but still prefers the old world heritage of Europe. Though Ute has beauty to offer, she believes that old age has the greater gift of wisdom. "Listen to your elders," she counsels.



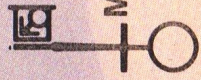
Ute loves showing off her body, she admits, especially her well-developed legs, a bonus from years of running training. At home she works as a receptionist, but some day she wants to study and practice law.





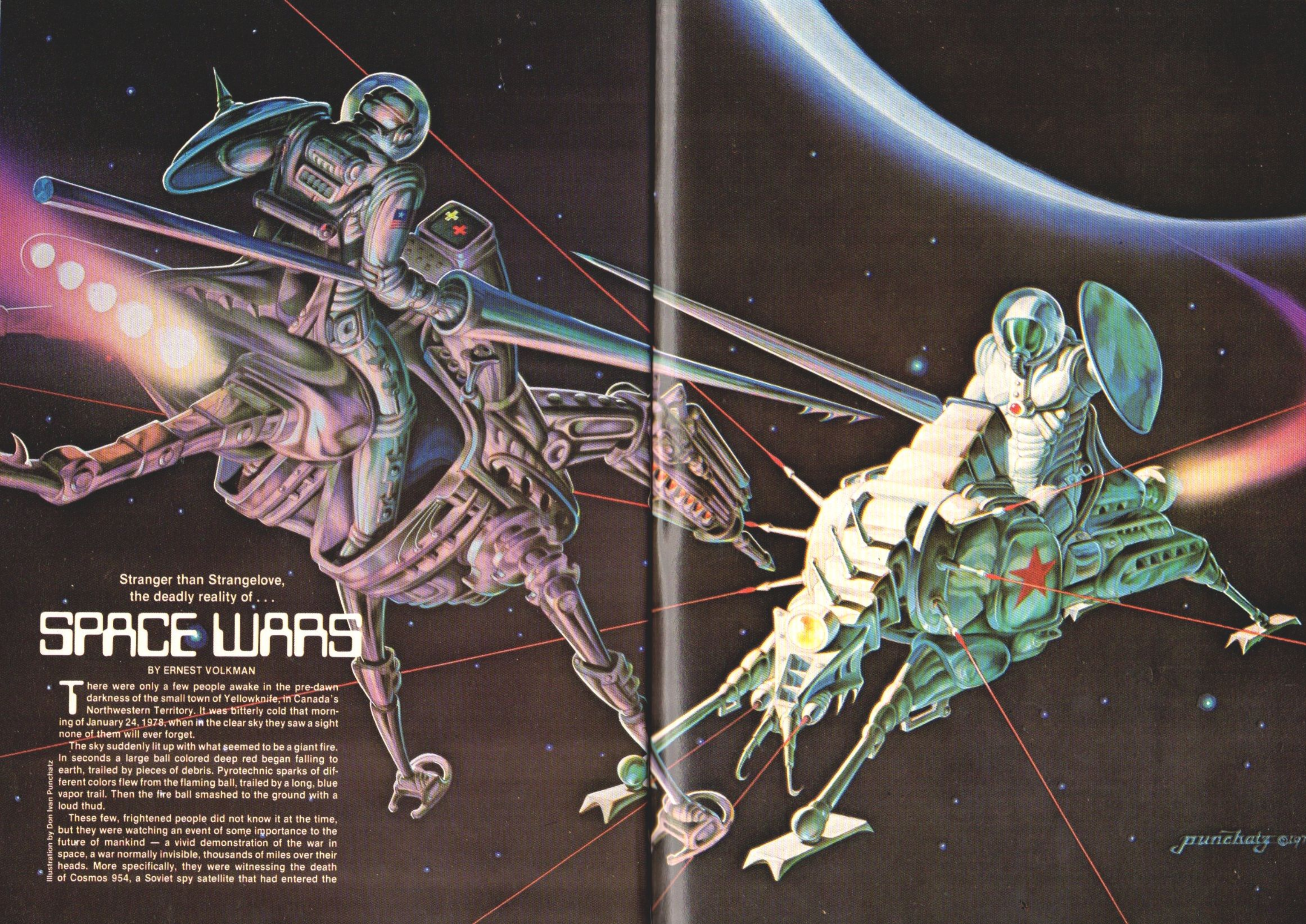
"I want to get one good man into trouble, and many bad men out of trouble!" If trouble is her business it's a cert she'll never go bankrupt. Deciding to pose for *Penthouse*, she says, is proof of her impulsive nature. But at other times, she sighs, she tends to procrastinate. Here in the steamy tropics, though, her weakness gave us strength to go on. ○✚





MISS UTE HOCHMEISTER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Stranger than Strangelove,
the deadly reality of . . .

SPACE WARS

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

There were only a few people awake in the pre-dawn darkness of the small town of Yellowknife, in Canada's Northwestern Territory. It was bitterly cold that morning of January 24, 1978, when in the clear sky they saw a sight none of them will ever forget.

The sky suddenly lit up with what seemed to be a giant fire. In seconds a large ball colored deep red began falling to earth, trailed by pieces of debris. Pyrotechnic sparks of different colors flew from the flaming ball, trailed by a long, blue vapor trail. Then the fire ball smashed to the ground with a loud thud.

These few, frightened people did not know it at the time, but they were watching an event of some importance to the future of mankind — a vivid demonstration of the war in space, a war normally invisible, thousands of miles over their heads. More specifically, they were witnessing the death of Cosmos 954, a Soviet spy satellite that had entered the

atmosphere after its flight-guidance systems had malfunctioned.

The little town of Yellowknife enjoyed a brief worldwide notoriety as a result of that crash, as teams of searchers combed the frozen wastes surrounding the town for pieces of the destroyed satellite. After a while, the story of Yellowknife and the Russian satellite was forgotten. However frightening, what had happened in Yellowknife was officially described as one of those odd flukes of the space age: one of the many satellites that the two great powers regularly send aloft had malfunctioned. Although it had a small nuclear reactor on board, it had burned up on re-entry; so there was really nothing to worry about.

But here, *Penthouse* has learned, is what the good people of Yellowknife — and everybody else, for that matter — weren't told:

- Cosmos 954, as it entered the atmosphere, just barely missed smashing into the cities of Detroit and Miami only a few days before it finally impacted in a relatively unpopulated area of Canada. American experts, who had calculated that the satellite had a good chance of hitting either one of those cities, did not issue any public warning for fear of creating mass panic.

- Cosmos 954's nuclear reactor, with 50 kgs of enriched U-235 isotopes, did not burn up entirely in the atmosphere. In fact, most of it smashed through the ice of a lake near Yellowknife and was later recovered. By luck, the U-235 did not explode, which would have set off an atomic bomb-type blast somewhat larger in explosive power than the bomb that levelled Hiroshima.

- Despite official reassurances to the contrary, there has been extensive radiation leakage from the satellite crash site, with radioactive readings extending across an area of 18,000 square miles in Canada. Results of scientific testing on the satellite debris have been classified secret.

- Although US and Canadian officials claim to have found only about 45 kgs of satellite debris, in fact they found considerably more. The lower announced total was designed to conceal the fact that extensive analysis of some large pieces of the satellite's debris provided excellent intelligence information.

- Despite the official downplaying of any potential danger from nuclear-powered satellites, they are actually quite dangerous. The fail-safe mechanisms — devices to shut down the reactor system automatically in the event of trouble — are unreliable, and the three nuclear-powered satellites now in orbit are in effect orbiting accidents waiting to happen. The Soviet nuclear satellites are especially dan-

gerous, since they do not even have shields around their reactors.

Moreover, at least five other satellites with some radioactive materials aboard have re-entered the atmosphere during the past 14 years, *Penthouse* has learned, although data on how much radioactivity was actually leaked into the atmosphere as a result have been classified top secret.

The importance of the *Cosmos 954* incident is that it provided a rare, first-hand look into what is rapidly becoming one of the most ominous developments in the long history of Soviet-American rivalry: extension of the arms race into space. Indeed, the militarisation of space is now moving ahead so rapidly that it overshadows what was supposed to be mankind's original reason for reaching above the atmosphere: to explore the last frontier of space and understand the universe.

The plain truth is that what used to be

At the moment the race to arm in space is very nearly out of control

known as the space race — the attempt by either side to reach one space exploration goal or another before the other — is now almost exclusively a military race. Space has become simply another arena in the military rivalry between the two superpowers.

A look at budget figures is instructive: about 40 percent of the nearly \$15 billion the United States has spent on space in the past decade has been earmarked strictly for military projects, and much of the remainder has military implications (the space shuttle project is the chief example).

Although there are no comparably reliable figures for the Soviet effort, CIA estimates are that the Russian spending is on about the same scale.

Military satellites are the most obvious examples of the growing militarisation of space, and while they carry serious implications — especially the ones designed to provide greater command and control for so-called controlled nuclear warfare — there are some other military projects with much more frightening implications. Most are now in the drawing-board stage,

although they've been tested on a small scale to demonstrate their feasibility. They include lasers beamed from orbiting satellites to destroy other satellites and incoming missile warheads; charged-particle-beam weapons to incinerate millions of acres at a time on earth; and manned space stations to wreck satellites and sow "space mines" in the orbital paths of the other side's space vehicles. None of these *Star Wars* projects are pipe dreams; all are now currently under development, and their deployment is only a matter of time.

Unless, of course, there are effective arms-control agreements to halt this pell-mell militarisation of space. But there does not appear to be much hope of that. Since the dawning of the space race in 1957 with the launching of the Soviet *Sputnik*, there has been only one arms-control agreement setting some sort of limit on outer-space weaponry — the 1967 Outer Space Treaty, which prohibits only the stationing of nuclear weapons in orbit or on celestial bodies; but it says nothing about beam and laser weapons, nor does it say anything about nuclear reactors in space or such things as killer satellites.

Since 1978 both the Soviet Union and the US have held desultory talks about limiting the military space race, but the last important session took place in early 1979, on killer satellite programs — satellites designed to intercept and blow up other satellites — and no talks have been held since then.

Which means that at the moment, the race to arm in space is very nearly out of control. The first Reagan military budget called for almost a 35 percent increase in funds devoted to space-war activities plus strong jumps in the money used to develop new generations of military would seize the orbiting satellites and either capture or destroy them on the spot, with what is perceived as a widening Soviet lead in killer satellite technology.

It is satellite technology that has for some years been the focus of the militarisation of space. The major reason is that space technology is critical to intercontinental ballistic missiles, since their warheads are technically re-entry vehicles, which are shot into space and then descend on to targets. Satellites are not only needed for guidance and detection of targets, they are also the chief means of modern surveillance of the other side's military activities. Additionally, they are critical for so-called early warning. Special American satellites, for example, overfly the Soviet Union with infra-red gear that can detect and measure the heat caused by the launching of a Soviet missile. (Although there can be dangerous slip-ups: a US satellite's detection of what was believed to be an intense burst from a Soviet laser weapon caused a near-panic in Washington until double-checking revealed that the satellite had been tem-

porarily "blinded" by an explosion in a Soviet natural gas pipeline.)

In the past decade, more than 1700 satellites have been launched by the US and the Soviets (joined recently by China and European powers), and more than 75 percent of them are for military purposes. Most of these satellites are used for surveillance; equipped with photographic and detection gear, they photograph military installations with advanced photo technology capable of spotting a golf ball on the ground from thousands of miles up, or television zoom lenses that can spot people walking on the streets of Moscow. The new-generation spy satellites, such as the CIA's Project 1010 series, transmit images in digital form to ground stations for instant monitoring, which amounts to a space-borne television camera. The images transmitted by the American spacecraft that flew past Jupiter and Saturn demonstrate just how good that technology can be. One major new development in surveillance satellites is the development of ocean-surveillance technology — satellites that can detect warships anywhere on the world's oceans and identify their type and size instantly. The US Navy is now developing something called ROR-SAT (Radar Ocean Reconnaissance Satellite), which detects electronic signals emitted by surface ships and then selects the ship's identity from a computer memory bank of all the world's warships. (In another program, highly classified, the navy is gradually working out the technology to detect even the deepest-diving submarines.)

These technological marvels have answered the need American intelligence has felt ever since the beginning of the Cold War: that of finding out about military developments in the closed society that is the Soviet Union, where even street maps are considered State secrets. Before the space program, getting such intelligence was a major problem. In the late 1940s, for example, there was an American project called MOBY DICK, which utilised high-altitude balloon-borne cameras in an attempt to spy on Soviet military installations. That didn't work, and it was followed by a series of overflights by military reconnaissance planes, darting just inside the Russian borders and then out, before Russian fighters could react. Throughout the 1950s the American planes, joined by submarines that carried out dangerous infiltrations of Russian harbors to photograph Soviet installations through periscopes, in effect played a deadly game of hide-and-seek with the Russian air defenses. But the Russians gradually got the upper hand, and after the loss of nearly 40 American reconnaissance planes — a disaster the Pentagon has covered up to this day — the entire project was abandoned. It was replaced by the ill-fated U-2 program, which in turn was replaced by the new generation of spy

satellites. Actually, the first American spy satellites came about virtually accidentally. America's launching of its first weather-monitoring satellite in 1960, known as *TIROS 1*, revealed the satellite's magnificent ability to monitor the world's weather — such monitoring is a staple of TV weather shows today — but there was an unexpected dividend: the satellite could not only photograph weather patterns, but in areas where there was no cloud cover it inadvertently provided brilliantly clear pictures of activities on earth below — such as those of military installations. (In fact, one such early photograph clearly showed the serial numbers of Russian warplanes parked at a military air base.)

Such results shattered the long-held belief that earth's heavy atmosphere (and cloud cover) precluded detailed photo reconnaissance from space. The floodgates were opened, and since then,

One picture produced by this satellite clearly showed the headline on a paper being read by a Russian in his backyard

satellite technology has exploded on both sides in the cold war.

Of these 1700 military satellites launched into space since 1970, just slightly more than half are Russian. They come in all shapes and sizes: early-warning satellites to detect missile firings; "ferret" satellites that swoop low and record radio transmissions; navigational satellites for warships and submarines; huge spy satellites like the American "Big Bird", whose zoom television lens can record even the minutest detail; and high-resolution photosatellites (one picture produced by this kind of satellite clearly showed the headline on a newspaper being read by a man sitting in his backyard in Leningrad).

More than 80 percent of the several thousand satellites circling earth at any given moment are military. Those satellites have become vital to the military of both sides. And since they have become so vital, it was almost inevitable that this relatively peaceful area of the military race in the final frontier would escalate to the next step: how do you get rid of the other guy's satellites?

Nearly 15 years ago, the US began a secret project known as SAINT to explore the possibility of satellite destruction devices.

The program was finally dropped as scientifically unfeasible, but on October 20, 1968, interest was revived by an odd occurrence 500 miles up in space. *Cosmos 249*, a Russian spy satellite, was launched and followed its predicted orbit.

But several days later it suddenly jumped out of its orbit and moved near another Russian satellite called *Cosmos 248*, in a neighboring orbit, and soon after it exploded.

Obviously, the explosion was no accident; controllers on the ground had manoeuvred the satellite and set off the detonation.

Two months later a similar experiment took place, conclusive evidence that the Russians were testing a "killer satellite" system. That has now set off a technological race to develop not only superior "killer" systems but also systems to "harden" satellites against such attacks. One American program, for example, is developing the use of a bizarre liquefied metal that can be shot from a satellite that has been manoeuvred near another satellite.

The metal, which hardens on impact, destroys the target satellite's guidance system.

This year the Pentagon is spending almost two hundred million dollars to develop anti-satellite and satellite-protection systems.

One system under development, known as a "direct ascent" system, uses a cylinder containing a non-nuclear warhead. Launched from a jet fighter on a high altitude, the warhead would be guided toward the satellite target by an infra-red homing device.

Another system utilises the Miniature Homing Intercept Vehicle: a small space vehicle equipped with infra-red sensors that would seek out satellites and ram them. The idea is to have fleets of them, zooming all over space and ramming enemy satellites, like a herd of crazed male sheep.

According to Pentagon and CIA estimates, the Russians are spending considerably more on their own anti-satellite program and during the past decade have launched 13 target satellites and 15 interceptors to demonstrate the feasibility of manoeuvring explosives-packed satellites near other satellites and then blowing them up.

The Russians are also supposed to be developing a "peekaboo" satellite that can manoeuvre close to another satellite and determine, with its sensors, if it contains nuclear weapons.

Whether the Russians are in fact building such a satellite is really not the crucial issue; the point is that the arms race in satellite technology means fundamentally

SPACE WARS

that both sides will simply build bigger and more "hardened" satellites to cope with increasingly sophisticated "killers". That means, inevitably, a race between defence and offence with each side spinning out even wilder schemes. (Now in the discussion stage are plans to develop "monster" satellites equipped with their own rocket and laser defence systems, which can destroy any other satellite that threatens them.) More ominously, there is now serious developmental work underway in America (and presumably the Soviet Union) on plans to use lasers or charged-particle beams aboard "super-killer" satellites. Still other schemes envision the use of space stations or space shuttles for satellite destruction — astronauts, using mechanical arms, would seize the orbiting satellites and either capture or destroy them on the spot.

The growing military tinge to the American space shuttle is only another symptom of the militarisation of space and puts the lie to any talk of "peaceful uses of outer space". In the American program, the Pentagon has contributed about one-sixth of the shuttle's development cost, and about 40 percent of the shuttle's initial flights are in fact test flights for various military missions. The Pentagon's interest in the space shuttle is not, as is commonly supposed, due to the military's thinking that it would be make a great platform for space-borne or space-based weapons. Actually, the shuttle's importance to the Pentagon stems from its ability to enhance military satellites. Most important, the shuttle can launch a greater payload and volume. Moreover, the shuttle not only allows recovery and refurbishing of satellites for re-use, it also provides the ability to repair satellites in orbit. The US Air Force is now developing a more powerful upper-stage rocket for the shuttle that will allow the craft to reach higher orbital altitudes (where several new-generation military communications and spy satellites, which require higher orbits, can be placed.)

The Russians are developing their own space shuttle, with equivalent military implications. Called "Kosmolyot," it is very similar to the US space shuttle. The development of the Soviet shuttle is also similar to the US program in that it represents only the first step in what military planners hope will be a whole new generation of advanced space-based sensor technologies for the observation, identification, and tracking of all military targets both in space and on earth — along with new systems that could destroy those targets. Current plans call for the building, by space-shuttle astronauts, of a giant satellite incorporating all surveillance systems, to include antennae for imaging and tracking radars, com-

munications- and electronic-surveillance systems up to 180 metres in diameter.

The implications of such a giant system are two-fold. First, there is the simple fact that such a critical piece of space machinery will become a critical target, which means that a whole series of anti-killer satellite and other defences also have to be deployed. Again, this would set off a race between escalating defensive and offensive systems. Such a race has no end; a new space system is built, then the other side builds a bigger and better system to beat it, followed by a new defence, and so on.

Second, and even more significant, is the question of what happens when one of these big systems blows up far above our heads. What happens, for example, when a killer satellite system blows up another satellite that just happens to be powered by a nuclear reactor? (The use of nuclear reactors for satellites is a growing trend;

Like Edgar Allen Poe's pendulum, *Cosmos 954* began an irreversible collapse toward the North American continent

large satellites in the four tonnes-plus range use vast amounts of power which can be provided efficiently only by a small reactor.)

No one knows for sure exactly what would happen, but a fair idea of the danger may be gleaned from a quick look at what happened to *Cosmos 954*, the jinxed Russian satellite mentioned earlier in this article.

In December 1977, *Cosmos 954* had been on station for three months, making a rough polar orbit across North America while keeping track of US Navy ship movements. As US intelligence was aware, *Cosmos 954* was one of three satellites in orbit at the time (one of them American) that used some form of nuclear reactor, about the size of a watermelon, for power. The Americans were also aware that the Russians had developed fail-safe systems aboard the satellite in the event that something went wrong and the satellite suddenly fell into the atmosphere. In that case, the guidance system was to eject automatically the nuclear power-package far out into space, rendering it harmless (or at least until its nuclear

material becomes degraded). Then the satellite would separate into three pieces, which were supposed to burn up on re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

However, it didn't happen that way with *Cosmos 954*. In December of 1977, the satellite began to show signs it was going out of control. It tumbled in its orbit while a ground command from the Soviet Union to eject the nuclear power-package went unanswered. With each passing orbit, the satellite began to come closer to Earth, and like Edgar Allen Poe's pendulum, *Cosmos 954* began an irreversible collapse toward the North American continent.

Alarmed American trackers who had been watching the satellite deduced that *Cosmos* would probably impact someplace in the United States. Such an impact had a good chance of becoming a major catastrophe, since the nuclear reactor aboard the satellite was unshielded — if it blew up in the atmosphere, it could release a nuclear explosion.

Through the first weeks of January 1978, as *Cosmos 954* tumbled closer and closer to earth, US government officials discussed whether to alert the American public. The decision was not at all — a decision predicted, *Penthouse* has learned, on the fear that such an announcement might create what one participant in the discussions called an "Orson Welles — type situation". He was referring to Welles' *War of the Worlds*, a fictional Martian invasion that was so realistic that there was mass hysteria in some parts of the US when listeners thought the broadcast was for real and began heading for the hills.

While government officials were busy concealing the real possibility of disaster from the public, they hoped that the satellite would somehow miss land areas and fall into the ocean — although all calculations showed that it would probably hit land (but nobody knew exactly where). The real sweat came on the night of January 21, when *Cosmos 954* just grazed the atmosphere above Miami; if it had hit that night, Miami would have been showered with radioactive debris at best and a possible nuclear explosion at worst. On the next night the satellite barely grazed Detroit, and in the early morning of January 24, *Cosmos 954* finally slammed into Canada's North-western Territory.

It was a closer call than anyone outside the small circle of experts in on the secret could have guessed. As these men were aware, there had been five other such accidents in the past several years, all of them involving satellites with either nuclear reactors or some sort of radioactive material entering the atmosphere. Fortunately, with each re-entry the nuclear material had burned up in the atmosphere, and although no-one knew for sure, there seemed to be no increase in radiation levels sufficiently dramatic to cause alarm. Still, the important fact was

that there had been failures in the fail-safe systems to prevent nuclear material from reaching earth, which raised the question of just how fail-safe they were (and are).

There were still more secrets to be concealed about *Cosmos 954*. Officially, it was announced that some pieces of the satellite had survived re-entry but that the nuclear reactor had been burned up in the atmosphere. This was a lie. In fact, US and Canadian experts, working under an operation code-named MORNING LIGHT, were frantically searching for the reactor, which their sensors told them had survived re-entry. Again, they got a lucky break: the satellite left a swathe of debris across 600 miles of new snow; so it was relatively easy to spot. The reactor itself was seen by the navigator of a commercial airliner flying near the area, who noticed a large hole in the ice on the surface of a lake. On the bottom of the lake was the reactor. It had not exploded, but there was apparently some bad radiation leakage — Geiger counters detected radiation over an area of more than 18,000 square miles, and several Indians living in the area suffered radiation burns when they tried to pick up some of the satellite debris.

The American deception over *Cosmos 954* had another purpose: to deceive the Russians into thinking that only a few small pieces of the satellite had been recovered, thus lulling them into believing that the secrets of the spy satellite were safe. How much the Russians were fooled by this little charade is open to question; it seems unlikely that they would take the chance of assuming that no measurable pieces of the satellite emerged for intelligence analysis.

The *Cosmos 954* incident is a perfect example of rampaging technology mated to military requirements, a circumstance that leads to gross expediency. For their part, the Russians decided to save a few precious kilos on their spy satellite by not shielding the reactor, this despite the fact that they were perfectly aware of Murphy's law — anything that can go wrong will go wrong, meaning that there was also the possibility that an unshielded reactor would enter the earth's atmosphere if anything went wrong with *Cosmos 954*. As for the Americans, they chose to keep the extraordinary danger of the satellite a secret, in the hope of scoring what at best would be a minor intelligence coup.

But there is an even better example of this kind of technological expediency, one that poses even greater dangers: the idea of using large-scale electronic weapons in space. There are two types: lasers and so-called charged-particle beams. Of the two, CPBs, as they're known, pose the greatest potential danger. The weapon, a true Buck Rogers "death ray", focuses and projects atomic particles at the speed of light, creating a truly awesome weapon that dwarfs anything ever developed be-

fore. (Under one concept being worked on in the US for example, a space "bus" in orbit would shoot out a charged-particle beam to be reflected off a giant mirror in stationary orbit far above the earth; the beam would be directed at ground targets, literally incinerating millions of square acres at a clip.)

This is no drill: five years ago, under a super-secret project called SEE-SAW, American scientists tried to figure out a practical CPB weapon, but they abandoned the search when it seemed that CPBs on a large scale were impossible, given the current technology. In 1977, however, an American spy satellite equipped with special detection gear recorded strange emissions from a secret Soviet test centre near Semipalatinsk, in Central Asia. Analysis revealed that the Russians were testing equipment necessary for building large-scale CPB weapons.

At the same time, there was another

On the drawing boards are such things as a "missile melter", a super-sized laser beam that melts incoming missile warheads

clue, a curious incident involving Leonid I. Rudakov, a Soviet nuclear scientist from the Kurchatov Institute in Moscow, Russia's top nuclear research centre. In the States on a scientific exchange visit, Rudakov — Russia's leading expert on atomic fusion technology — delivered a lecture at the Livermore Laboratory in California, a lecture that set the American nuclear science world on its ear. In his lecture Rudakov outlined major breakthroughs made by the Soviets in fusion technology, some of them directly applicable to CPB weapons. Rudakov's revelations, which caused a great stir among the American scientists present, indicated a big Russian lead in such technology. The revelations, in fact, were so stunning that the US government clamped a veil of secrecy around the lecture, forbade scientists in attendance to discuss it, and actually seized the blackboard on which Rudakov had written some equations (which was then declared "classified material", with only those holding certain security clearances authorised to look at it).

Not long thereafter, not so coincident-

ally, an American research program into CPB was restarted. Code-named SIPAPU, the program is highly classified. It is known, however, that the Pentagon would like to have some sort of practical CPB weapon relatively quickly, before 1990, even on a small scale, as a deterrent against an unexpected Soviet deployment of such a weapon.

But until CPB comes along, there's plenty of futuristic weaponry to occupy both the American and Soviet military in space. This would include lasers (laser is an acronym for "light amplification by simulated emission of radiation". Basically, a laser is a single, narrow beam of concentrated monochromatic light that has tremendous energy, and since it moves at the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second, it is also one hell of a weapon. Used in the Vietnam War as guidance "paths" for bombs, lasers have been a top military priority since then.

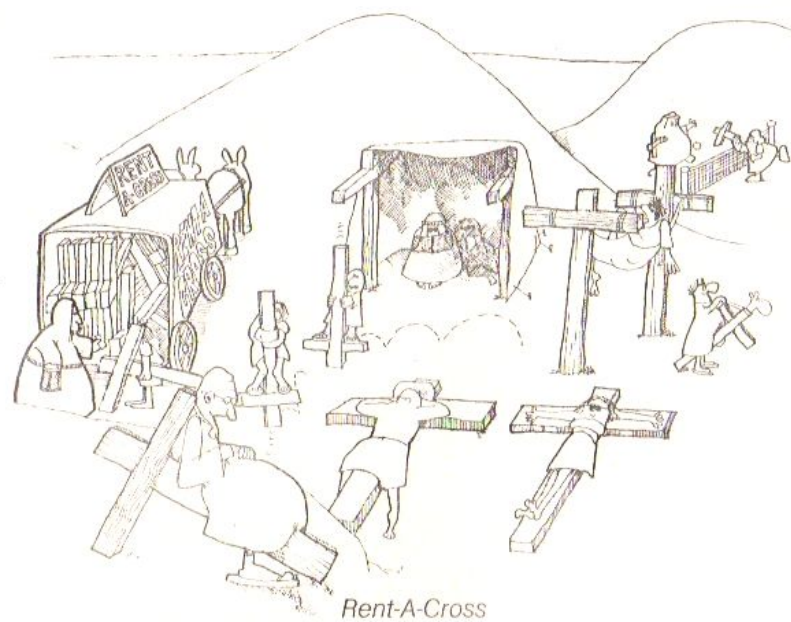
Space, being a near vacuum, is the perfect place to use a laser. There are still tremendous engineering problems to be overcome, but the Pentagon has already developed a small laser that shot down an airplane in flight and another that destroyed an antitank missile before it reached its target. On the drawing boards are such things as a "missile-melter", a super-sized laser beam that would literally melt incoming missile warheads. Other projects include a laser "trigger" to set off thermonuclear weapons and smaller-scale laser weapons to destroy enemy satellites.

This year the Pentagon will spend about \$1 billion in laser development, most of it for projects to use lasers as weapons in space.

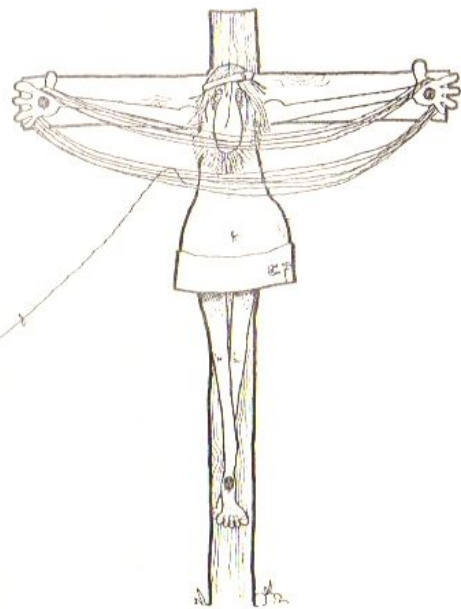
And while money for space is increasingly directed toward military projects, the so-called peaceful exploration of outer space — once a standard rationale for the billions spent on space (getting to the moon cost nearly \$23 billion) — seems to have fallen by the wayside. That's a phrase hardly heard anymore in the appropriations committees these days. What are heard instead are such phrases as "the new space race", meaning the military race. The arguments there centre mostly on which side is ahead or behind and how much money is required to keep the lead.

This is of some moment, but the larger truth is that things like *Cosmos 954* keep falling on our heads and if the mad race for military supremacy in space continues, it won't make much of a difference which side has a temporary technological lead. All that will count is that the rest of us will be dead.

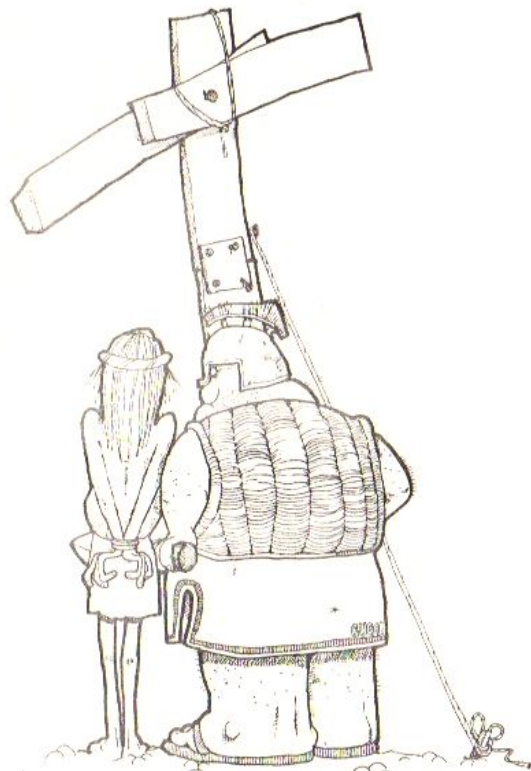
It all recalls the remark made by Bertrand Russell on the eve of the *Apollo 11* flight to the moon: "It is for us to grow to the stature of the cosmos, not to degrade the cosmos to the level of our feudal squabbles." ☉



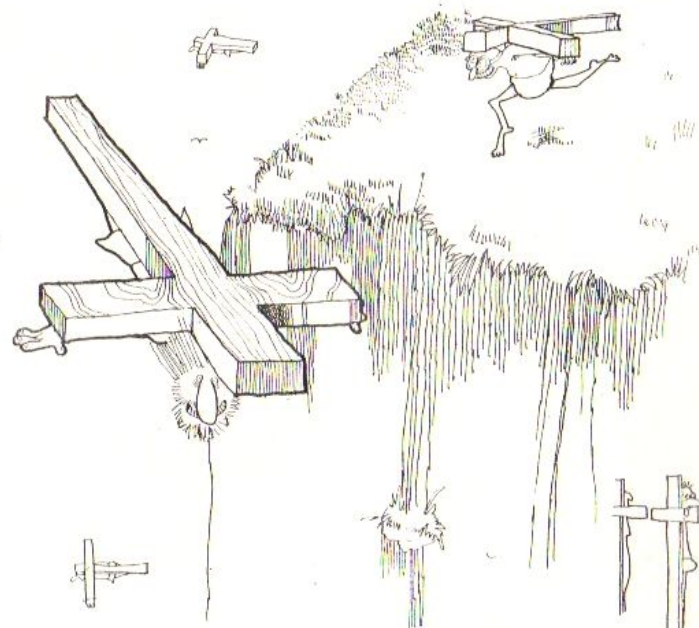
Rent-A-Cross



Demarcation dispute



"Are you sure it's safe?"

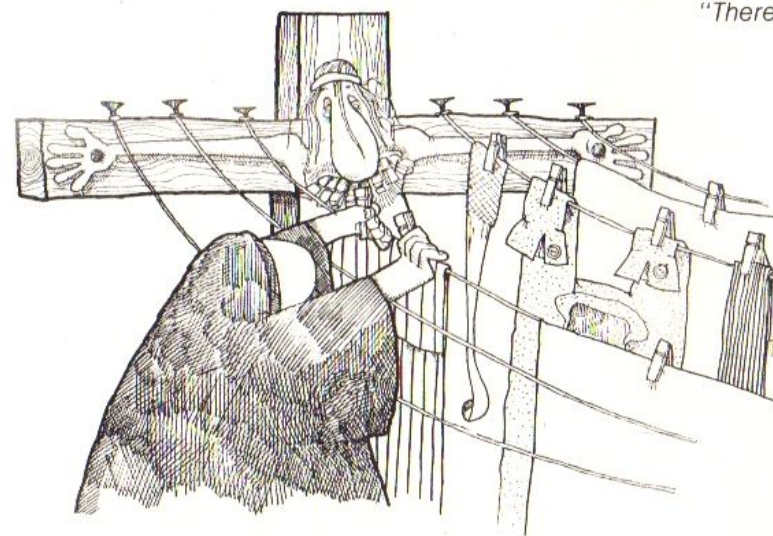


CROSS PURPOSES

Isn't it amazing what people throw away? A rival magazine saw fit to give this cartooning talent the old heave-ho. A staffer felt they weren't being fair, dug them out of the wastepaper bin and passed them on to us. We think they're great and here's a selection. Unfortunately we have no idea who drew them, but we'd appreciate a call if anyone out there recognises our artist. We've got a cheque waiting.



"There's 30 minutes delay on No 2."



"Okay lads, same time next week?"



Can dolphins lead us to new understanding of ourselves?

KEYS TO THE KINGDOM

BY ALLAN MOULT

The spring tide had just turned, and the seas off Tongaat on South Africa's Zululand coast were big. Swollen by their journey across thousands of kilometres of the Indian Ocean, the swells were suddenly forced skywards by the ocean floor which rose to meet the land. Looming high, and gilded golden red by a setting sun, they would dwarf the half-dozen young swimmers frolicking offshore. Every now and then one would thrash the water in a power-stroke and hang suspended on the lip of a gargantuan wave for long seconds. Then, with a roar of exploding foam, the wave would break and career toward shore, carrying its frail human flotsam along.

It was body-surfing at its best, and they were making the most of it. But suddenly there was panic and five of them sprinted for shore. In their rush they miscalculated wave after wave and were ground into the sand by walls of water. Still they struggled and finally made it to the beach. They turned to face the sea and desperately tried to attract the attention of the lone surfer. He, totally oblivious of the panic, was facing Asia and waiting for a perfect wave with which to finish the day.

It soon came and he turned to take it, almost swimming into a large grey fin which jutted out of the swell. And between him and the shore were perhaps 20 more. "God no! What a way to go," he thought aloud and the chill of fright began to engulf him. On shore he could see his mates beckoning him in. His mind raced through its shark index, told him not to panic, not to splash, not to kick, to move smoothly. He turned again, just in time to see a huge wave crest, and he swam for his life. By a fluke he caught the wall of water at just the right point and came surfing in on his belly, head down. It was a great feeling. He felt he was flying faster than any shark, he felt hope, and his body tuned in to the messages from



the wave as he steered his way to shore. He looked up and across the face of the wave, and there keeping pace with him was a large grey shape — a streamlined torpedo with a blunt snout, wearing, as the swimmer was to tell later, a big sloppy grin.

They surfed on together in a time warp . . . man and dolphin. The youth in the water had recognised what his companion was, and while he was surfing in on the dregs of the adrenalin pumped into his system, his mind was rejoicing. The wave began to peter out in the shallows and still they were linked side by side. The youth gave a last sideways glance, just in time to see the dolphin do a

tailstand and backflip into deeper water. It was an experience I'll never forget, for I was that youth. My mates and I watched the dolphins frolic offshore for a little while and then hurtle off southwards to catch up with their peers. A month later we were all together again at the same beach. The spring tide was coming in, and the sinking sun was warm on our backs as we watched the sea and daydreamed. It was I who spotted the dolphin pod coming our way from the north. "Let's join them," I shouted on impulse and raced toward the surf. The rest followed and we swam out past the last breaker. Three juvenile dolphins veered away from the others to investigate our whistling and gesticulating. They circled us and did a few aquatic gymnastics — leaping high and splashing down on their bellies with loud bangs, tailwalking and playing hide-and-seek. "Let's see if they want to surf," someone shouted and we headed in. We all caught the first decent wave and yes, they did . . . slip-sliding in on their bellies and tailwalking at the last instant to flip back into the deep water. They did a few more runs and suddenly took off south. It was a game we were to play again in that last summer of high school. I was

reminded of their playful nature again 20 years later while on a scuba diving trip on the Great Barrier Reef. We would sit on the beach at dusk watching the sun set in the sea (for mainlanders on the eastern seaboard it is a novel experience). On the second night, two yachts (both on round-the-world cruises) lay at anchor 100 metres offshore on the edge of the island's outer reef drop-off. It was a blissful setting which then reached the realms of travel

brochure fiction. Two small schools of dolphins came past and, as soon as they spotted the yachts, put on a playful show of aquabatics and frolicked for at least 10 minutes silhouetted against the setting sun. It was a vision that will stay with me, and each time I see a dolphin I'm reminded of the sheer joy of those playful leaps framed by the golden butterball of the tropical sun melting into the sea.

Dr Geore Sheehan says in his book *On Running and Being*: "In play, you realise simultaneously the supreme importance and utter insignificance of what you are

doing. And accept the paradox of pursuing what at once is essential and inconsequential.

"Play, then, is the answer to the puzzle of our existence." Do the dolphins know something?

The enigma of the dolphin has puzzled man for centuries. All sciences have their laws — binding and unavoidable truths — yet dolphins swim in their marine kingdom three times faster than is mathematically possible. This challenge to the science of hydrodynamics is just one of the many stimulating posers emerging as man probes his mammalian cousin — the dolphin — in inner space.

The dolphin's ease of movement through the relatively resistant medium of water has divided scientists. Dr Irving Rehman of the University of California has discovered in microscopic examination that the complexity, number and size of the skin blood capillaries become greater near the tail of the dolphin — that is, where potential turbulence becomes greater. They also appear to come closer to the external layer of the skin.

His theory is that, in response to each beginning of an eddy, these blood vessels could possibly discharge, locally and very rapidly, enough heat to produce a microscopic film of water of lower viscosity (therefore smooth and not turbulent) on the animal's skin. Simply, it is a system which would envelop the dolphin in a portable and invisible thermal film of calm water which offers only one-seventh of the resistance encountered by a torpedo of the same volume.

Another researcher, the German Max O. Kramer, has decided after many experiments that the dolphin has a refined pressure system in its spongy skin which replies instantly by local inflexions to the slightest exterior pressure recorded by the hypersensitive diaphragm of its outer skin.

This so-called laminar flow has been reproduced mechanically, and Kramer has built an artificial model of the dolphin's skin which has reduced by 60 percent the braking influence caused by turbulence in a 40-knot current. The United States Navy is currently experimenting with this "skin" on torpedoes. It is also investigating another theory, which indicates that dolphins constantly shed skin to reduce laminar friction. The Navy has been trying different short-life peeling paints on torpedoes, with varying — and inconsistent — results.

But, while the world's superpowers try their damndest to duplicate the skin of the dolphin and transfer its benefits of speed to increasingly deadly weapons, they have a long way to go to duplicate the dolphin's tail.

From a purely mechanical point of view, the beating of its horizontal rudder (or tail) propels the cetacean much more effi-

ciently than the propeller of a torpedo or submarine; a propeller takes water from the sides, changes its direction by an angle of 90 degrees and pushes it backwards with an extreme waste of energy. The tail of the dolphin only displaces the water by 30 degrees — indeed a definitely superior mode!

As a mammal, man has many parallels with the dolphin, in both physical and physiological make-up. Both are warm-blooded, air-breathing animals. And the dolphin was also once a land dweller, a descendant of four-legged land creatures akin to the dog, which opted out to return to a liquid environment.

Dolphins live and travel together in sociable pods and have a tender regard for their young; and a readiness to go to the aid of a fellow, often shown when other dolphins try to push a wounded member of their school up for air. They also communicate on many emotional levels — in high, sharp squeals.

Their intelligence is undisputed and the more scientists learn about them the more respect they have for them. But it is only in recent decades, with the realisation that the seas will be the future larder of mankind, that interest in these intellectuals of the deep has been awakened.

The by-products of the space race, which include increased knowledge of breathing apparatus, pressure problems, weightlessness, protective clothing and man's capacity for extremes, are being put to good use in the inner space race. And, in the process, man should get to know his probable future ally, the dolphin, better.

For of all the warm-blooded animals that have returned to the sea, none has made the transition more completely and successfully.

Obviously the ability to communicate directly, to "talk" with the dolphin, will be a quantum leap forward and much of the current scientific exploration in dolphinology is geared to this.

Healthily for future studies, it is a contentious field which is attracting powerful minds. Although still in its infancy, this study can only benefit from the controversies. In his fascinating book *The Dolphin: Cousin to Man*, Robert Stenuit devotes much space to the question: Will man talk with dolphins?

His feeling is that perhaps the most constructive suggestion of all is one put forward by Dr Rene Guy Busnel of the Animal Acoustics Laboratory in Jouy-en-josas in France.

With the open mind of a lateral thinker, he has drawn attention to the world's whistling languages — that, for example, of the mazataco Indians of Mexico, the inhabitants of Silbo-Gomero in the Canaries, and those of Kuskoy in Turkey, literally the "village of the birds".

The whistled language of Kuskoy is many centuries old, and the people have

reached such mastery of their art that their whistles can be heard at more than eight kilometres (the alarm signal of the sperm whale — a member of the dolphin family — carries underwater for 15 kilometres).

Another whistled language studied by Dr Busnel, that of the village of Aas in the French Pyrenees, produces oscillograms which are extraordinarily similar to those of the squeals of dolphins. Each is characterised by typical modulation in frequency and amplitude. Stenuit stresses a further interesting similarity. The people of Aas produce their whistlings not with their vocal chords but by using an apparatus quite similar to that of dolphins. This was discovered by Busnel when he took X-rays of the whistlers in action.

Stenuit describes Busnel's findings: "First of all they push the middle of their tongue backwards with a finger in order to secure a fixed position for it and so obtain great precision in the movements of the tip of the tongue. They thus form a pocket of air in the back of the throat, with which they play; the larynx is motionless and plays the role of a piston."

"We often see the lips of a dolphin's blowhole moving in rapid vibrations. These must be caused by the pulmonary air under pressure, since the lips of the blowholes have no muscles, and probably it is the two lips of the animal's glottis which are used to produce mechanical vibra-

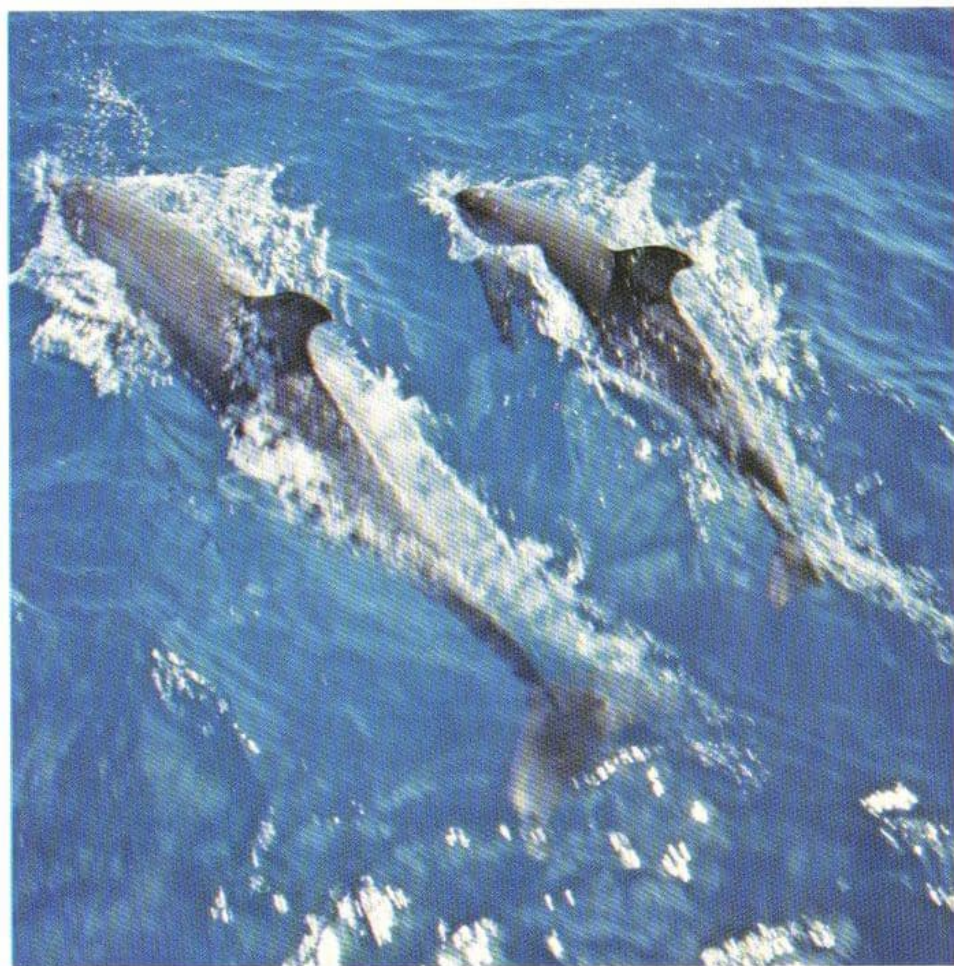
tions and to modulate the passage of air, just as the tongue of the whistler does."

Stenuit decided the most constructive aspect of all this is that it could well turn out to be easier to teach a dolphin a whistled language than our usual voiced language.

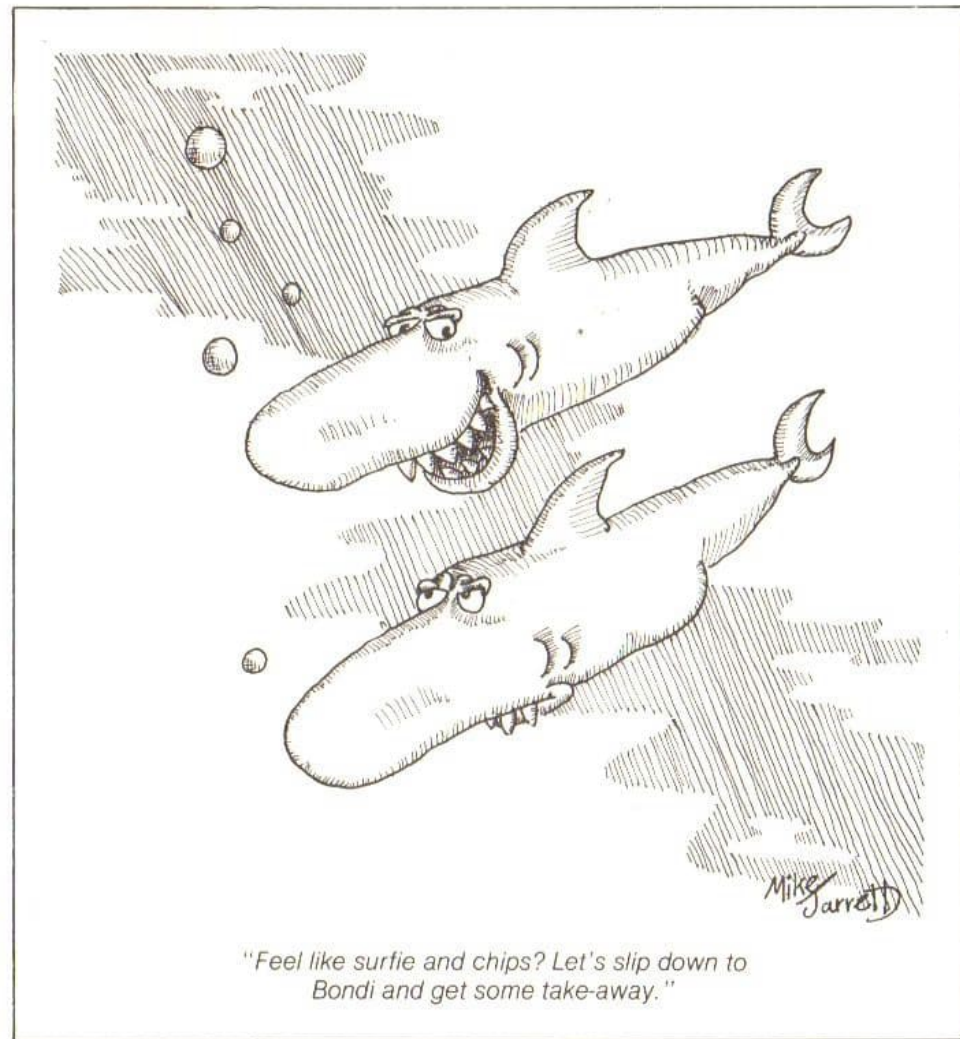
The Americans, with typical technological flair, have decided to talk to them with transistorised packages. Communications with dolphins in US Navy experiments are currently confined to a small selection of signals transmitted by underwater buzzers carried by aquanauts. These are used when an aquanaut gets lost in the murky depths and the dolphins have been trained, in one experiment, to guide them back to their underwater home. The aquanauts themselves have nothing but praise for their finned friends. Said one: "I'd go anywhere underwater with a dolphin as a guide and companion."

Unfortunately, the Navy is not always friendly in its experiments. The Vietnam War saw them use trained dolphins to plant mines on the hulls of enemy ships in a kamikaze action for the dolphin. Rumor has it this experiment was brought to a dramatic halt when one armed dolphin returned to its mother ship after failing to get the magnetic mine to stick to the wooden hull of an enemy vessel. Unfortunately for the US Navy there were no witnesses left.

Captain Jacques-Yves Costeau, per-



Photos by Neville Coleman and Allan Moutt



"Feel like surfie and chips? Let's slip down to Bondi and get some take-away."

haps the world's best-known manfish, affirms in his book *Dolphins* that experiments with dolphins and explosive have been halted by the US Navy. However, he adds, training continues with experiments where dolphins are used in studying the physiology of diving, as messengers and carriers of tools, and as scouts assigned to detect and recover submerged objects.

Many marine scientists foresee future co-operation with dolphins in underwater fish farms — as the sheepdogs of the sea; as guides and watchmen.

However, man has to make amends for a long series of foul deeds against the dolphin family — which includes most whale species. Luckily, cheaper artificial substitutes have halted, in most places, the mass slaughter of dolphins (which reached a peak about 30 years ago) for their body oils and fats. New Zealand and Russia took the lead in the Sixties by prohibiting totally the capture or molesting of dolphins in their territorial waters. The United States finally passed its *Marine Mammal Protection Act* in 1972. "The legislation made it clear that marine animals are special," says Robert Eisenbud, counsel to the US Marine Mammal Commission. "They are very intelligent creatures." To imprison cetaceans for public entertainment or scientific study,

one must file lengthy applications. Other sections of the law protect whales and dolphins in the wild from human harassment.

Many people who worked for the act, such as Milton Kaufmann of the lobbying group Monitor Inc, are unsympathetic to entertainment displays of dolphins. Kaufmann favors wildlife movies. "Seeing an animal in lifetime confinement behind bars in no way gives the viewer a proper respect for it," he says. "And scientific permits should be issued primarily to develop knowledge which will be of benefit to the species."

A liberated dolphin assisted in the lobbying effort for the Act. Dolly Phinn, a dolphin with offbase privileges, went AWOL when the US Navy moved its Florida training facility and changed her routine. She swam up the Florida canals and eventually adopted a family, visiting every day, playing with the children.

During the 1972 Democratic Convention, she was enlisted to swim up to Miami's oceanfront Fontainebleu Hotel with a scroll in her mouth. In a metre of water she was met by a sea lion named Solly. Solly carried the scroll, which contained the proposed Act, to the publicity-seekers on the beach. A few weeks later, the Senate passed the bill with only two dissenting votes.

The dolphin has had a long association

with man, as borne out by astonishingly detailed myths and fables that have survived the centuries. Frederic Cuvier, the famous naturalist, wrote early in the 19th Century:

"If the role which dolphins played in mythology served to lead the ancients astray, it also served to help them in the observations they made of these animals; in this respect they had a factual advantage over us. Dolphins, for modern seamen, are nothing but animals covered with thick layers of blubber and sought after for commerce. For the Greeks, they were in certain cases almost sacred beings, and sometimes messengers of the gods: Apollo took the form of a dolphin.

"As soon as our fishermen see one, they hurry to harpoon him and put him to death. When dolphins were met by the sailors of old, they were respected as harbingers of good fortune, and it was almost a sacrilege to kill them. The result of this difference in the concept of dolphins is that in ancient times, several of these animals may have become familiar with certain coasts, lingered in certain bays, even penetrated into ports, where they were treated with hospitality and where, perhaps, they would take up their abode.

"This is the least that one can conclude from these recitals if one subtracts from them what is too obviously the stuff of fables.

"One can even go so far as believing that these animals are capable of contracting a degree of familiarity with the men they see habitually, and that they may become attached to them, recognise their voices, and obey them."

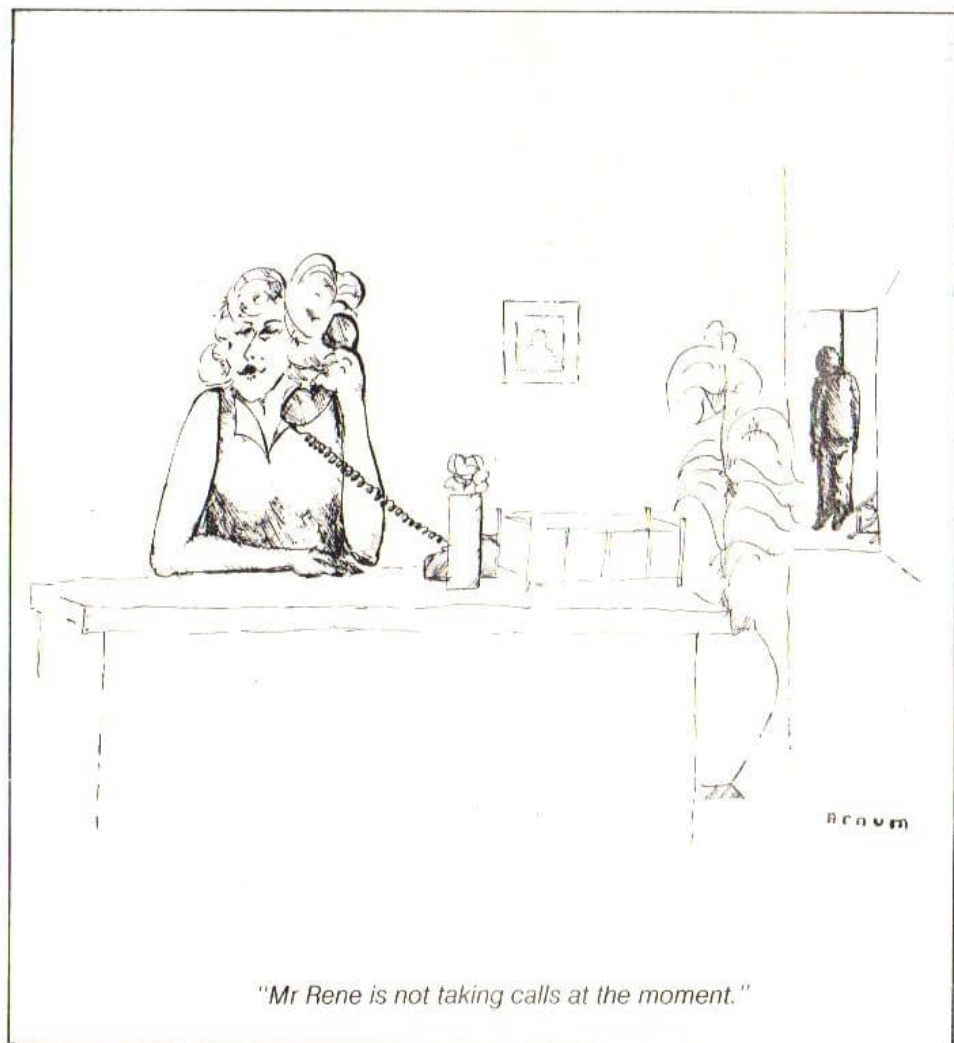
How prophetic his words have proven, for since the general hunting of dolphins has eased off there have been increasing numbers of reports of close human contact with them. They have played with bathers, guided ships, and in one case, during the last World War, a dolphin pushed a rubber dinghy in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on to the sand of a tiny island. Six American aviators were crowded together in it. George Llano tells the tale in *Airmen against the Sea*.

One hopes that the attitudes of the ancients will soon prevail again. As Oppian wrote in his *Halietutica* in the 2nd Century AD:

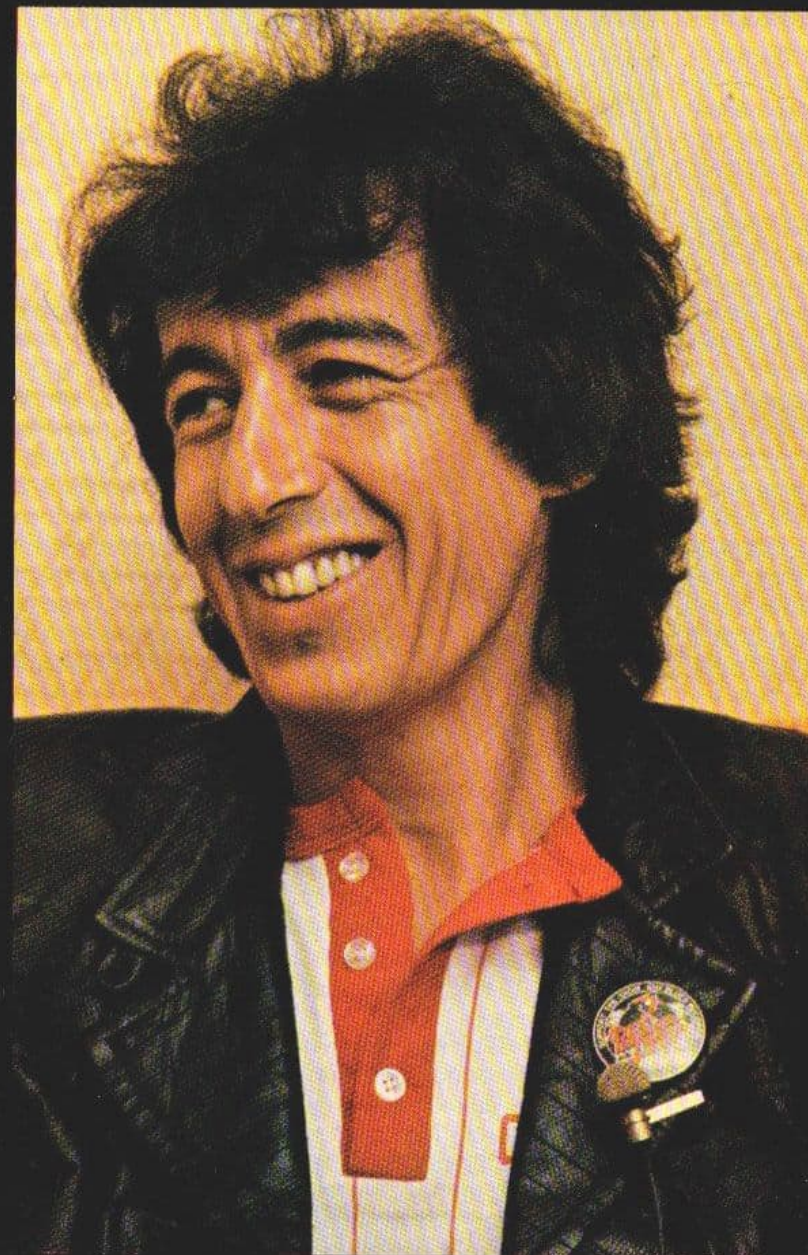
"It is an offence to the Gods to hunt dolphins, and he can no longer approach the Gods to offer a sacrifice nor touch their altars with pure hands, who of his own will has been the cause of the destruction of dolphins.

"He makes impure even those living under his roof, because the Gods hold the massacre of the monarchs of the depths to be as execrable as the murder of a human."

Strong words, and perhaps someday dialogue with these friends of gods, children and men will open the doors of another universe. 



"Mr Rene is not taking calls at the moment."



For the quiet Stone,
rolling has never been smoother

20 YEAR MAN

BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

Twenty years . . . how can it be 20 years? Two full decades since the Rolling Stones started lurching across the world with the bad-ass, dirty R and B sound that somehow became known as Rock And Roll. Australia's only been blessed by their presence, collectively, on three occasions. Twice in the mid-1960s, when a young Mick Jagger in very tight pants had the teenies squealing and coming over all faint, like. And then in 1973, when a very grandiose Monsieur Jagger got to revel in his decadence, with a coach-and-four, a very shiny theatrical-store tiara and a neat little jump suit, all silvery blue spangles . . . and still very tight around the naughty bits.

Mick, of course, came here all artistic and serious to make the Ned Kelly film in 1969, but that trip was a disaster for all concerned — just ask anyone who saw the movie. Jagger nearly blew his hand clean off with an antique pistol; girlfriend of the hour Marianne Faithfull had a fair bash at suicide in Sydney; and Ned's own fan club was none too keen on this poncy Brit popster playing our one true folk hero.

Every time the Stones and Australia get together it becomes

20 YEAR MAN

something of an occasion, and even nice ordinary citizens who don't know a Bo Diddley riff from a Slim Harpo riff somehow get swept up in the madness of it all . . .

And yes, it's going to happen all over again.

Of course, rumors fly . . . we Stones-watchers are used to frequent "they're coming" tip-offs from well-meaning contacts, and we hurriedly cancel holidays, the milk and the papers and go into breathless preparation for The Tour.

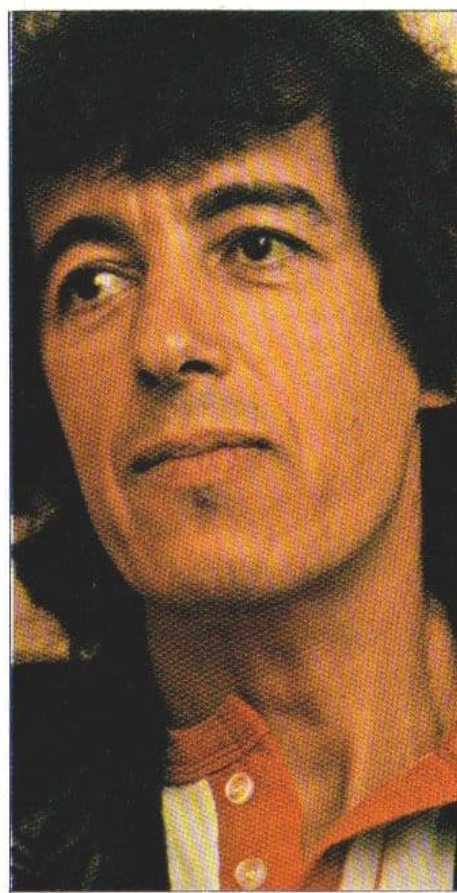
But this time it's from the source itself . . . no, not the ever-popular, always polite Mr Jagger, but from serious, avuncular Bill Wyman, bass player extraordinaire and a 20-year veteran of the Stones circus. The dapper, rather restrained Wyman stepped from the shadows (where all bass players wait for fame and fortune to find them) recently to record the wonderfully droll *Si Si (Je Suis Un Rock Star)*. But it's all a giggle for Bill . . . after 20 years with the Stones you don't get surprised anymore.

Bill was the older geezer with the big amp when he joined the Stones in 1962, not quite fatherly but definitely not of their unkempt ilk: "I wasn't a professional musician as such, I was still working part-time. I had my own band and we were doing reasonably well," he avows, modest as always. "But we weren't doing any original material, we were doing a lot of black artists' music that nobody else was doing in that area. Everybody else was doing imitation Cliff Richards and the Ventures. We were much more into Lloyd Price, the Coasters, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Fats Domino, that kind of thing . . . but not blues, as the Stones were."

"And occasionally I would be asked, being a bass player with a big amp, to fill in with bands whose bass player had left or got sick or something. I'd been called in to back people like the semi-legendary Tommy Bruce, just below the Cliff Richard/Adam Faith level . . . guys like Dicky Pride . . . mmm . . . they were like the second grade of rock and rollers. And I used to play to about 800 people . . . and I'd get a tenner or a fiver, which was a lot of money in those days."

Meanwhile the youthful Brian Jones, Keith Richards and Mick Jagger were collecting to play dirty blues in Richmond . . . Wyman was drawn, as all musicians were drawn into vortexes of music in England in the 1960s, towards the Stones camp.

"So you see, I wasn't really a professional musician. I was working in a bloody factory, and I had a kid on the way . . . so the reason I joined the Stones was that our drummer answered an ad and went up and played with them and when he came back I asked him what it was like. He said it was quite interesting, that they were playing all these blues and some Chuck Berry things, but that they didn't have a bass



Photos by Will Burgess

player. So why didn't I come on Wednesday, he says.

"On Wednesday we both went up and played with them and they asked us if we'd join. So we joined the Rolling Stones. That was in December 1962 . . ."

The widely liked (and snappily dressed) Charlie Watts joined soon after, at the expense of Bill's drummer pal, and the aforementioned Stones plus piano player Ian Stewart were gathered together.

They gigged at the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, London, and young would-be manager Andrew Loog Oldham picked up on the new catwise sound. In rapid succession three singles were released — *Come On*, *I Wanna Be Your Man* and *Not Fade Away*.

"*Come On* got to number 20, *I Wanna Be Your Man* got to number 11 and *Not Fade Away* got to number three," says Wyman. "It was when *Not Fade Away* got there that there started to be riots all over the place, and we were asked to go to America and so on."

"And it was then that we realised 'This is bigger than we thought'. That wasn't the intention, we weren't a band that said 'Right, we're gonna make a Number One record, then we'll do an album, then we'll tour here . . .'. It wasn't like that. We played gigs in little clubs and said 'Let's have fun, let's play this music, and if the audience don't like it, well screw 'em' . . . So when we were asked to go to America, all we thought was maybe we could buy some new blues records and perhaps record a track at Chess Studios, where Muddy Waters recorded."

With the burgeoning success of the

Stones, Wyman's own collection of band memorabilia grew and grew.

He started out with a single trunk and now has an attic full of trunks and boxes filled with posters, programs, newspaper cuttings, and photos from the band's 20-year career.

"Initially it was just so I could have something to show my kid to prove to him his dad was in a band. I thought maybe we'd make a couple of records and that'd be it. But the first trunk filled up, and more and more and now I've got a whole attic of the stuff. And you know what? My kid doesn't want to know. He's grown up with it all his life, so he's very blasé about it."

Nestled in amongst the memorabilia are several items of an Antipodean nature, souvenirs of one of the most frantic rock tours to hit Australia in the 1960s. All the information in the trunks will soon be collated electronically — Wyman has had his fill of writers keeping him sifting through debris for hours to find a particular piece of information.

"I've bought a personal computer to put all this information into," he says. "I'm still working out how to use it, but my son Stephen is showing me the ropes. I've lost a lot of stuff by lending it out to people writing books, and never getting it back. Eventually I think I'll write a book about the Stones myself, maybe in a few years when the time is right for it."

Je suis un novelist?

"Well, I don't know about that . . . I may have to use a ghostwriter. But I think it should be set right, because most of the books that have come out about the Stones have been written by people who don't know, people who have copied the clippings and press releases . . . and I think it needs better treatment than that. So one day I hope to do that."

But back to those two rapid-succession Aussie tours in 1964/65, when the hysterical mayhem was second only to that which followed the Beatles about the country.

Wyman recalls the fever with a wry smile: "Yeah, it was quite over the top here in the 1960s."

From the hilarious scenes at the airport, with the bemused Rolling Stones being presented with toy koalas by a contingent of giggling girls from their fan club, to pandemonium at the Pavilion, the Stones lapped up the attention.

The little girls in the front row couldn't believe their eyes as Jagger strode on stage, an enormous phallus hanging almost to his knee inside the stovepipe strides.

After a couple of songs and he was sure everyone had noticed, Jagger reached down to the massive "organ" — and popped the balloon under his trousers.

The sigh of disappointment was almost audible above the music.

Wyman recalls the financial problems they struck in bringing such an act all the

way around the world to play a handful of dates in Australia and Asia.

"It very rarely is financially successful when we tour out here. We've been here three times, and on the first tour we lost \$102,000, on the second tour we didn't make any money but we didn't lose any either, and on the third tour in 1973, that's when we made a little money. But it was very small stuff."

"It's not like we haven't wanted to come out again. Our usual thing is to tour the States every three years, Europe every three years and the Far East every three years. Unfortunately we've missed out on Europe once and the Far East twice in a row. We're lazy buggers sometimes. We just don't want to go out there and do it . . . so the rest of the world, apart from America, hasn't really seen us either."

"The last two tours have been America, and the one before that was Europe. We tried to come out here again after the 1978 American tour. We were very keen but it didn't seem to work out. And then while we were doing this latest American tour we said: 'Right, in spring we go to Australia, and try to get into Japan for the first time ever'. Because we've never been into Japan, they won't let us go there — 'Velly solly, you ask again next year, maybe we ret you in' — they're always very polite when they say no. Maybe we'll get in there this time."

"But after the American tour was extended three weeks we were all a bit knackered, so we thought maybe we'd leave Australia and Japan and definitely do it in the autumn."

"So this year it looks like we'll do Europe in May to July, then we'll take a break again and then we'll come out here in October/November and do Australia and Japan, hopefully. I wouldn't say it's absolutely definite but it's pretty close. There are just a few logistics problems to be worked out."

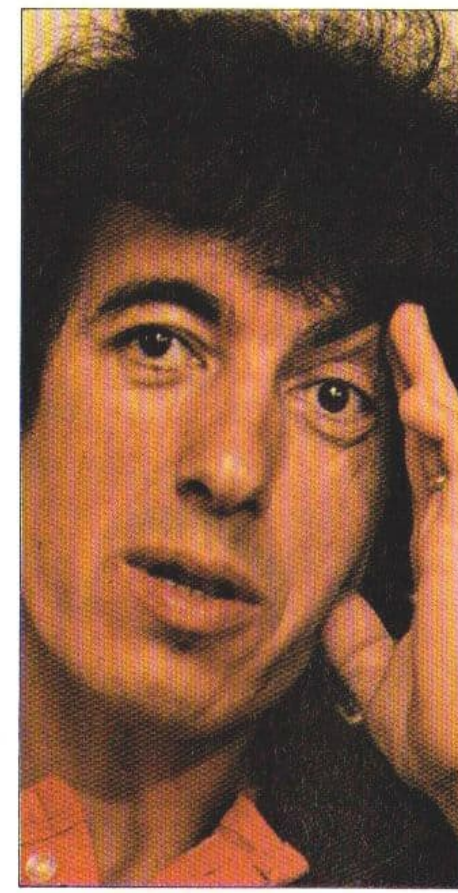
Mounting a Stones tour is no small feat. Dozens of stage crew, sound and lighting technicians, management advisers, accountants and hangers-on trail in the wake of the unconcerned Stones whenever they hit the road.

"It's crazy, you know. It used to be: 'Jump in the van and drive up to Middlesbrough, set up our own gear and play', but you can't do that any more."

"You have to take, like, 120 people and nine semi-trailers, and three stages for different size halls . . . it gets very, very involved, and you've got to put these 120 people up in hotels every night."

The last Stones tour rampaged through America last year, but the Stones' back-up machinery was finely-tuned, and in contrast to the chaotic scenes of the 1973 and 1978 American tours, it went like clockwork.

"Last year was the best tour we've ever done, it was the most successful tour that's ever been done by anybody. And the



band played better and better every night. I mean I've never heard us play so well. Everybody was real straight and real together, and we were all really excited."

"The point was proven by the attendances, I think."

"The last three weeks were tiring, because we'd just done 15 weeks of touring. The last three weeks started to tell a bit."

"We were quite keen to keep it going, and the ticket demand was so astronomical that instead of, say, doing one gig in Philadelphia in front of 90,000, it would sell out in a few hours so they'd ask us if we wanted to do another one. So we'd say all right, then that one would sell out even quicker, and then the promoter would approach us again, but we'd have to say: 'Get us out of here, get us to the next town'."

The American tour kept Wyman away from his Riviera home since last May, apart from a few weeks rest there recently. He lives in blissful tax exile amongst the French, whom he makes no pretensions about liking.

"They've no sense of humor, the French. And they don't really like the English, and they won't help you if you don't know the language. I've picked up enough French to get by. But down where I live, in between Cannes and Nice, it's very beautiful, and there are a lot of interesting people there — artists and writers — some of whom I've got to know quite well."

"I could never live in the States. It never seems to be real there, it's all plastic, it seems like everything there is temporary."

And I like to have a nice house that's going to stay stood up for a few years."

"I like old houses that have been there a while. I've got a house in England which was built in the 1480s. It's got a moat around it, and I've had it for about 13 or 14 years. And that does stand up. I like old things, I like tradition. I can't get into the way Americans build things, those plastic things."

"I like real stained glass, and real oak panelling. I don't like formica and nylon — except in hotels, it's all right in hotels," says the man whose seen more of them than practically anybody else.

His house on the Riviera is built solidly of stone. His neighbors are olde-worlde gentlemen-artists who have reacted quite chummily to the most reserved member of a band renowned for debauchery and outrage.

They've taken to Wyman in a way they perhaps would not have taken to Richards or Jagger. Wyman sets himself a bit apart from the debauched image of the Stones: "I drink a lot of tea, smoke a lot of cigarettes . . . but I don't take drugs, as such. I don't drink much either, just the occasional glass of wine with dinner. It's something we all did in the 1960s, but you can't keep on taking drugs and expect to work at your best."

One particular friend is French artist Marc Chagall, regarded as one of the greatest living painters. Wyman was surprised and pleased to be asked to exercise his budding photographic talents in a book about Chagall.

"He is getting on a bit, like me. We're about the same age . . . 96 I think he is. I know him quite well. I've visited him a lot over the last four years, and I was fortunate enough to be asked to do some photos of him for the book."

"I've never had an actual exhibition of my photography. I've had a few printed in magazines, but I never did it very seriously; I never had the time. I always took photos of the band on tour and in the studio and that, but it's kind of nice to do a project like this. I've been waiting to be asked for years. Marc was very funny about it; he's not keen on having his photo taken, and he wouldn't pose. But he said I could follow him about as he got through the day, so there was I, with my camera, leaping about while he and his wife were trying to have tea."

Of course, there have been Wyman's other solo projects. In the mid-1970s he released two solo albums, *Monkey Grip* and *Stone Alone*. They sold like pet rocks at Pompeii, but Wyman has no regrets about laying it on the line and risking the taunts of the less sympathetic Stones fans.

"Those records weren't very good," he admits ruefully. . . . but they got rid of a lot of frustration for me. I was always writing songs, but we couldn't use them in the Stones. They just weren't Stones-type

20 YEAR MAN

stuff. So in the mid-70s I decided to record them myself — and it did relieve the frustration of never having recorded my songs."

Which makes the ultimate success of *Si* (*Je Suis Un Rock Star*), a song written for Ian Dury, even sweeter.

"I wrote that for Ian Dury, because it seemed right up his alley. But when I tried to play it to him a lot of people kept stopping me. So eventually somebody suggested I record it myself. I had very little time — we were having meetings in New York prior to the tour, getting things ready. But I managed to get in and get the single done, and I managed to get a movie soundtrack done." (The movie, *Green Ice*, opened in Sydney last month.)

"But there was no time to do the whole album, so I cut about four tracks off it before the tour, and then off we went. We were touring from May to December, so it wasn't until around Christmas that I managed to finish the album. But that's the way you have to do it when you're in a band like the Stones — they come first and everything else is secondary.

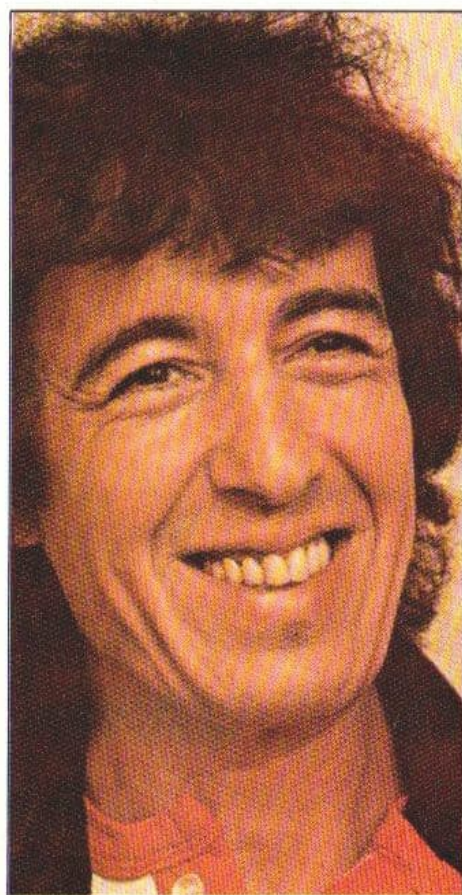
"So I'm not about to start a separate career with myself up front. I'm too shy for that. I was asked to get together a band for some shows at the Hammersmith Odeon in London to play my songs, but it's not something I particularly want to do. And there's no point in doing it unless you want to. Besides, I'd get very nervous. I can perform in front of 200,000 people with the band, but I don't think I could do it if it was just me. With the band I'm always at the back in the shadows, just keeping out of the way."

The other Stones have had their bashes at sidelines outside the all-encompassing Rolling Stones umbrella. Keith Richard and Ronny Wood formed the New Barbarians to keep them amused while the Stones were inactive, and in complete contrast to Wyman's efforts, they booked themselves in for a tour of the States but never recorded. A few bootlegs exist of their performances — spirited and raucous, more like a noisy party than a concert.

"I was asked to play bass with them on the New Barbarians tour, but I said no thank you very much!" laughs Wyman. "It was chaotic, and they didn't have a singer... it wasn't quite my thing. I've been asked by several people to join or help form bands. Charlie, as a matter of fact, has a band that he plays with around London, in pubs and clubs. They're called Rocket 88, and Ian Stewart, our piano player, is in it as well.

"They'll just go down to a local pub and set up with two pianos and drums and stuff and play boogie-woogie music all night.

"Before the New Barbarians thing I was asked to join Manassas, Stephen Stills'



band, because I'd played on one of their albums and produced a few tracks. And I said, 'I can't, I'm in the Rolling Stones', and they said, 'Yeah, we know that but you don't work much, so why don't you come on the road with us?' So I told them I couldn't play in two big bands, and I had to turn it down.

"The same thing happened after I played backing for Muddy Waters at the Montreaux Jazz Festival in 1974. I did it just to help out because the band they had couldn't get it together.

"And when they went back to the States I was asked to tour there with Muddy... I had to say no.

"You get a lot of these offers. Jon Anderson asked me to help him form a band after Yes broke up, and once again I had to say, 'I can't do that, I'm in the Rolling Stones'. They fulfill all my performing needs. I can't play in a better band than the Stones. I don't think there is one.

"Every night on stage with the Rolling Stones is different, every song in every show is different... there's extra bars, bars missing, there's different breaks, there's gaps, there's different endings. It's just like jamming on stage, it's never the same way twice.

"Now with any other band, say like Fleetwood Mac or the Eagles or whatever, I'd have to learn everything precisely, like a machine.

"There's no organisation with us, it just happens the way it happens on stage. And it's a thing that happens between myself and Charlie particularly. It doesn't happen with Woody and Mick. Maybe it's that Mick is too far removed, out front doing his own

thing. But with Charlie and myself — and Keith — we can all make the same mistake at exactly the same moment and all correct it at the same time, and no-one will even notice it.

"It's like an ESP thing, it's very magical. It can happen on stage, it can happen in the studio. We can go off-tempo, we can go from on-beats to off-beats and back again. All of which makes the band very interesting; there isn't another band like us. We're a live jamming band and we're always different. It's a wonderful band to be in, and I couldn't feel this way, I couldn't feel this good about being in any other band... and I wouldn't want to."

So, this is the state of the Rolling Stones as they start their third decade as a rock and roll band. They're playing better than they ever have before. The constant stream of personal and legal problems which beset the band from the start — including drug busts, heroin addiction, divorces, accidents — seems to be in abeyance, with all five Rolling Stones enjoying relatively calm and untroubled lives.

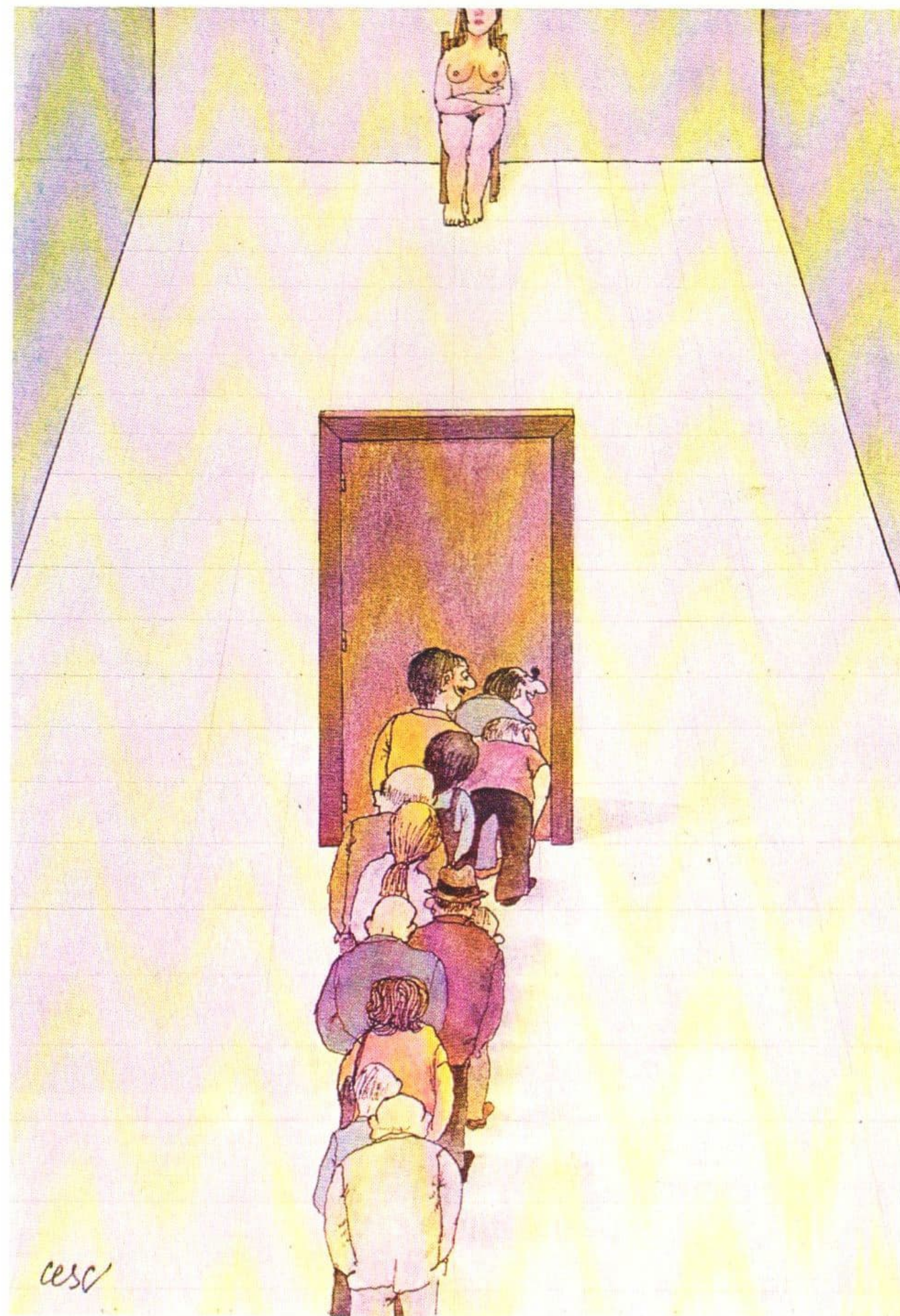
And this is how Australia will see them, hopefully, at the end of this year: Keith Richards — lean and fit, the healthiest he's looked for 10 years; Mick Jagger — still jogging his seven miles a day and keeping tabs on the financial empire that is the Stones; the ever-boyish and happy Ron Wood; and the Stones' heart beat, Charlie Watts, the dapper gentleman.

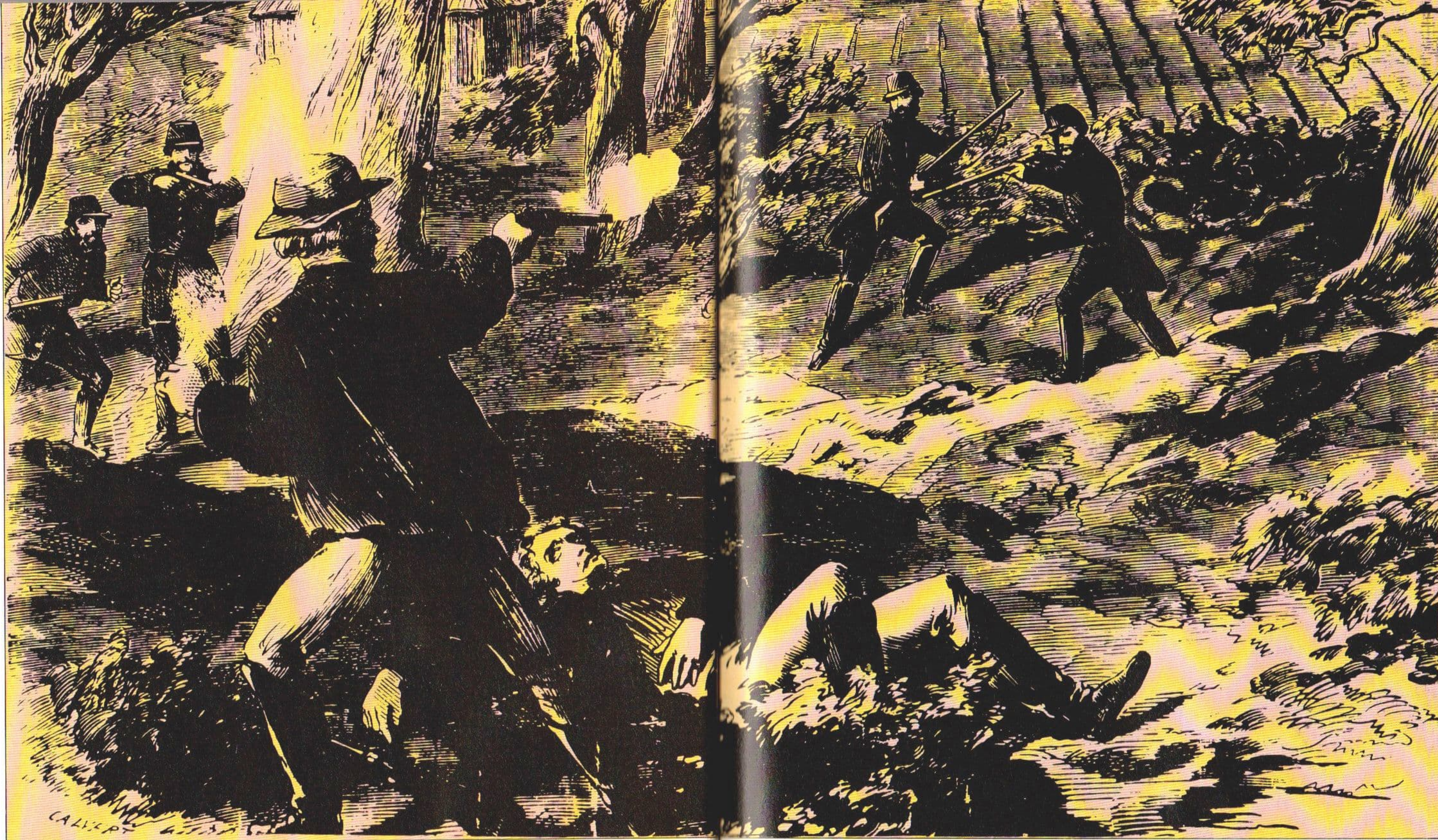
And, of course, Bill Wyman — shy, polite, modest about his newfound solo success, but pleased all the same that someone is taking a little notice of him at last.

The accusations have been made long ago — that the Stones are just going through the motions, that they're millionaire playboys and not a rock and roll band. And, most gratingly, that they're simply too old to play rock and roll anymore.

"Why is rock and roll the only kind of music you have to be young to be able to play?" asks Wyman rhetorically. "Jazz and blues cats keep on playing, keep on getting better into their 70s, same with scientists, artists... all sorts of people. And look at us — we're still around, we're still playing, and I'm still learning. Every time we go on stage I learn something, another note that fits in a sequence, another riff. And I think that applies to everybody in the band... Charlie does another little fill, Keith adds something to a break."

Wyman muses on the specific nature of the Rolling Stones, and comes up with possibly the description that every Stones watcher has been trying to put his finger on for years: "We're the loosest, tightest band in the world, that's what we are. When we play, any minute the whole things can collapse into chaos, but it never does. It seems to correct itself, and we wobble on through..."





THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF
CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART II

THE SEEDS OF ORGANISATION

BY ALLAN MOULT & DENIS WHITBURN

Organised crime did not get a toehold in Australia until the 1920s when the cultural prerequisites for an underworld emerged. In a move that paralleled developments in the United States and Europe, Australia imposed severe restrictions on the sale of alcohol and banned outright the sale of narcotics, both important commercial opportunities for the organised criminal milieu. Until this development, Australia's urban economies were incapable of sustaining a class of powerful — and organised — professional criminals. A sudden proliferation of telephones and radios throughout urban Australia tied households into an electronic network which in turn facilitated the rise of the illegal starting price (SP) bookmaking industry. By the late 1920s the combination of

prostitution, illegal gambling, narcotics traffic and sly grog shops had created the currency of the organised criminal.

However, the important basis for an underworld — the code of silence and hostility towards police authority — had been born, bred and nurtured in the 1800s.

Alfred W. McCoy, the Sydney-based international expert on Asian drug traffic, postulates in his book *Drug Traffic* that the most basic element for the establishment of a genuine criminal milieu is the sense of separateness between State authority, usually personified in the police, and the community. Once alienated from the established government, an underworld can develop its own "State within the state" based on an autonomous law, authority and loyalties. By the very

ORGANISATION

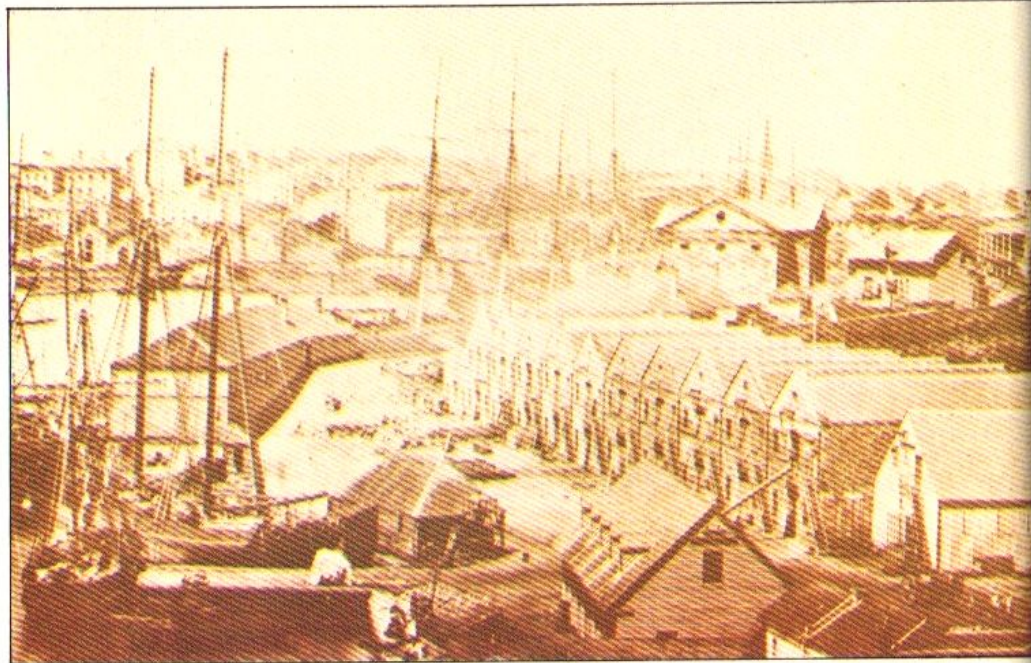
process of its settlement, the colony of New South Wales began with a clear demarcation between citizen and government, a cleavage maintained in certain critical respects until well into the 20th Century. The natural tendency of the early convict citizenry to regard its jailer government with hostility was perpetuated later by the character of the NSW police.

There is no question of them being as corrupt as hell. Many documents from our colorful past record brutal and despicable behavior from the police of the time. Russel Ward claims in *The Australian Legend* that, from the colony's founding until the 1850s, its police force was comprised of ex-convicts who "were not the best prisoners but the worst". By joining the despised police, constables broke the cardinal rule of mateship and "forfeited utterly the respect of their fellows". Ward points out that they were organised on para-military principles rather like an occupying army, and the NSW police conducted themselves in an accordingly corrupt and authoritarian manner, winning the profound enmity of the populace. Following the abolition of the NSW Corps (perpetrators of the Rum Rebellion of 1808), and Governor Lachlan Macquarie's establishment of a more organised Sydney police in 1810 (with the authority to "punish all prisoners, freemen, rogues and vagabonds"), the cancer and malaise continued. During successive decades NSW police combined law enforcement with the direct administration of punishment by whipping, a public act that cost them any remaining esteem.

Then, to combat bushranging, the NSW Government established a Horse Patrol in 1825, also on para-military lines, similar to the Royal Irish Constabulary (a force not particularly well-loved in its home town either). Their repressive tactics were rejected as "essentially inapplicable" to England and Wales by an English Royal Commission in 1839. Finding the local recruits drunken and disorderly, the Horse Patrol recruited from the ranks of British police, as did the metropolitan force a decade later, and launched a tradition that continued for over a century, adding to the character of the NSW police.

Charges of corruption plagued the colonial police. Although the average strength of the force was only 50, 57 men were "dismissed for misconduct" and another 25 resigned during an 18-month period in 1825-26. Despite a remodelling of the Sydney police in the 1830s, corruption continued and during the 1844-7 period 82 constables were dismissed from a force that averaged no more than 100 men.

Typical of the incidents sully the police image was the Board of Inquiry findings following the New Year's Day riot of

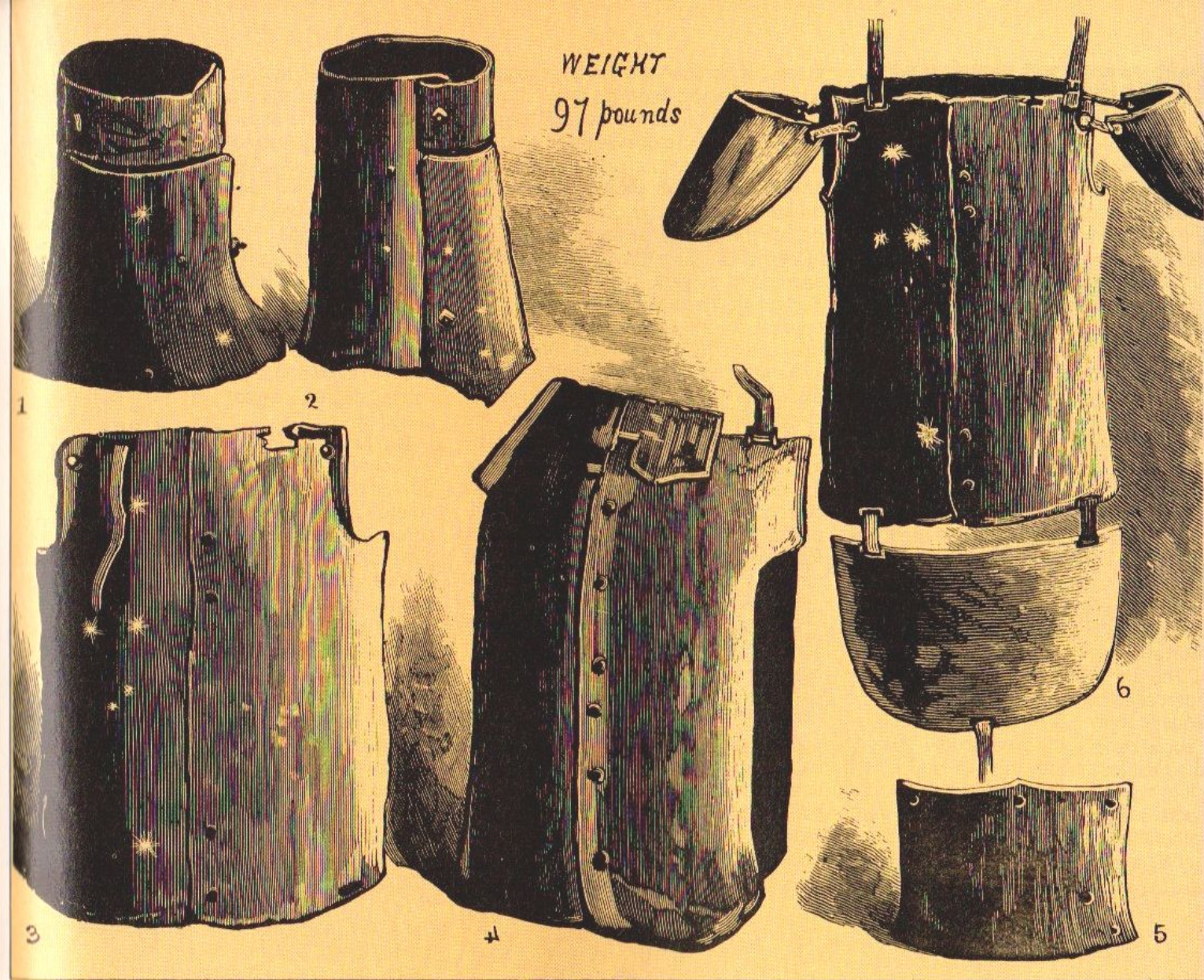


1850. They claimed that the still-substantial convict element in the force tended to collaborate with the criminals they were supposed to apprehend.

Their leaders were also not beyond reproach. In 1839 Sydney police

superintendent Colonel H.C. Wilson was dismissed from his post for malfeasance, as were his two successors in the following decade.

In 1862 the five separate NSW police units were consolidated into a single force



Previous page: The death of bushranger "Flash" Johnny Gilbert on May 13, 1865. Gilbert was shopped to the troopers and during the violent shoot-out which followed he discovered that his rifle had also been sabotaged. As he reached for his pistol and fired he was mortally wounded by a police bullet. This page, left: Scenes of Sydney's Rocks area circa 1850. Sydney's docks of the time were described as a ruffian zone of serpentine gutters choked with filth. Above: The armor of legendary bushranger and folk hero Ned Kelly. As he lay suffering from 30 bullet and shotgun pellet wounds, Kelly echoed the Australian ethic when he said: "A man would be a nice sort of dingo to walk out on his mates." Page 109: Escaping the Dickensian malaise of the city, thousands flocked to the Australian goldfields. Photographs courtesy of the Historic Photograph Collection, Macleay Museum, Sydney University.

numbering some 800 men to restrain urban rioting and goldfields bushranging. While English police were based in local communities and answerable to the populace, NSW colonial authorities opted for a centrally located force responsive to

the wishes of the government. With only minor revisions of superannuation conditions in 1906 and the addition of a Police Appeals Board in 1923, the NSW police has maintained this para-military structure — largely alien in the Anglo-American traditions of locally controlled police.

As McCoy writes: "Aloof, authoritarian and alien, the NSW police manoeuvred in the slums of Sydney like an occupying army until well after World War II. One of the earliest anti-police demonstrations occurred in 1848 when a large crowd attacked the St James Police watchhouse "in the belief that some of the police had taken refuge therein" and released the prisoner. Commissioner W.H. Childs recalled that in 1892 with only 12 days of training, he was "flung out into the welter of brickbats and boots of the dreaded Sydney docks area". The 1880s and 1890s were the era of the youth gangs known as the larrikin pushes, and one of their primary activities seems to have been harassment of police." (See "The Rise of the Larrikin".)

The pushes were described by a contemporary observer as gangs which "collected in crowds at street corners, at first content to revenge themselves on their social superiors, who had despised them,

by abuse and occasional assaults. By insensible degrees their operation expanded, and realising their strength, they tyrannised over all thoroughfares in the neighborhood of their retreats." Determined to break the gangs, the government armed the police in 1893 and formed a special armed Light Brigade.

And as McCoy suggests, the pushes were not criminal in the ordinary sense of the word, but the personification of the continuing rift that has formed between the slums and the police. Although, as he says, they were not engaged in profit-oriented crime, the pushes were nonetheless among the first identifiable crystallisations of popular anti-authoritarian values that later found expression in the criminal syndicates of the 1920s.

"In the course of his interrogation," says McCoy, "the captain of the push lists the basic values and obligations which bind members of a criminal milieu, whether in Sydney, Marseilles or New York — a determination to maim or murder traitors, hatred of police authority, disdain for those outside the group, and a willingness to live off illicit income."

Crime boomed as a major growth industry from the early to mid-19th Century.

ORGANISATION

defined as 'crime' is done in imitation of what the world calls success," the *Bulletin* argued (as usual with the *Sydney Morning Herald*), "and is itself called success by the world when by adroit avoidance of the lock-up it leads to a big bank balance."

"Just as many a highwayman of old," the *Bulletin* went on in arguing *Crime and its Causes*, "justified to himself his 'high toby' operations as being a sort of honorable war on a small scale, so today does many a criminal salve his conscience with the query — a difficult one for some of the prosperity folks to find an answer for — what and how am I worse than . . . a merchant who salts his in-Control of the country was firmly in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon gentry and "the role of the peasant, rural, attached to the land, generally found itself quite denied in Australia where the land was already parcelled out, tagged and taken," James Murray notes in his study *Larrickins*.

The same could be said for the laws "parcelled out, tagged and taken" by the Squattocracy. Delegated to the role of "social bandit", the downtrodden became the grist for the lofty rhetoric lauded from clergy pulpits and inherited the same social inequality that doomed their forefathers to Newgate Prisoner deportation. "Nine-tenths of what the police records

voices, or a grocer who sands his sugar, or a publican who doctors his grog . . . a rich landlord who grinds the faces of the poor by robbery all the more vile that it is legal?"

An angry young man circa the late 1880s put it more succinctly when addressing what had become an ongoing debate through the pages of the *Bulletin*: "Larrickinism is a disease begotten of sacerdotal slavery, hypocrisy, poverty, destitution, ignorance, bad housing, class oppression, and environment . . . to these may be added bad and insufficient systems of education, the pharisaism and exclusiveness of the upper classes, besides (in some Australian colonies) the taint of convictism, improved upon by brutal and barbarous laws." His anger fuelled, he then zeroed in on the root of his discontent: ". . . the free, democratic spirit of Australia does not assimilate with the fossilised, bigoted, flunkeyish ideas begotten by centuries of oppression, ignorance, and superstition."

His allegations would appear to be substantiated in one of those cases that has been lost in the dust of time, but in the early 1880s they became a microcosm of the belief in one law for the people and another for the elite. The Milburn Creek case involved a number of prominent establishment figures in a fraudulent manipulation of share transactions. The *Bulletin* charged that the government could not be accused of collusion in the

trial "so far as the technical details are concerned. But, there can be no question that the attitude assumed from the first ventilation of the subject by the present effective head of government, Sir John Robinson, has had considerable influence on the whole case."

"When a leading man in a community so comports himself as to impress the public with the conviction that he views an alleged crime as either quite a justifiable proceeding, or as merely existing in some people's diseased imaginations, it inevitably follows that public opinion is, in some degree, swept in the same direction."

The jury were unable to agree and no verdict was returned. It appeared to the *Bulletin* that the trial was little more than a "mere red herring, skilfully dragged across the track at the time when the people and press were on a very hot scent of political iniquity and corruption."

"It was a suspicion that a minister of the Crown had betrayed his trust and that Members of Parliament had permitted themselves to be corrupted by opportunities afforded them of sharing in plunder which they were themselves to hand over for division."

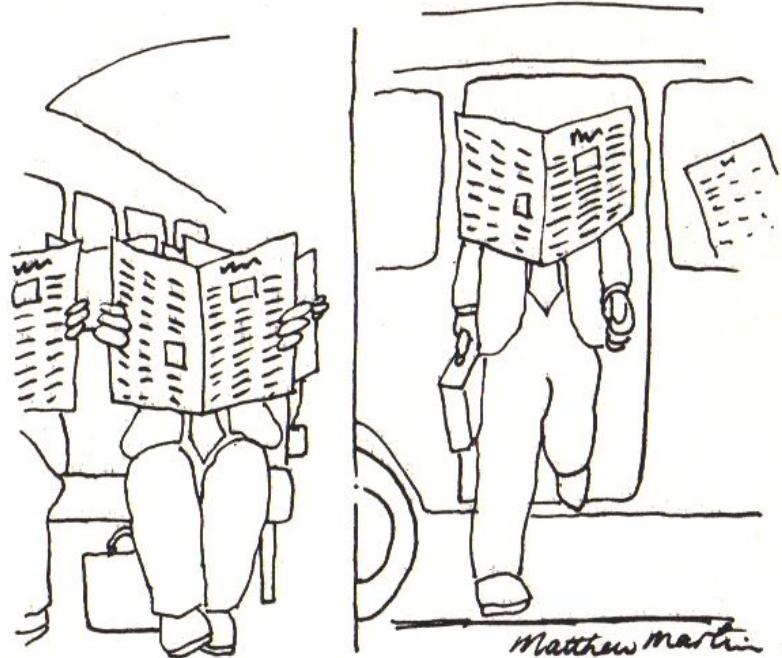
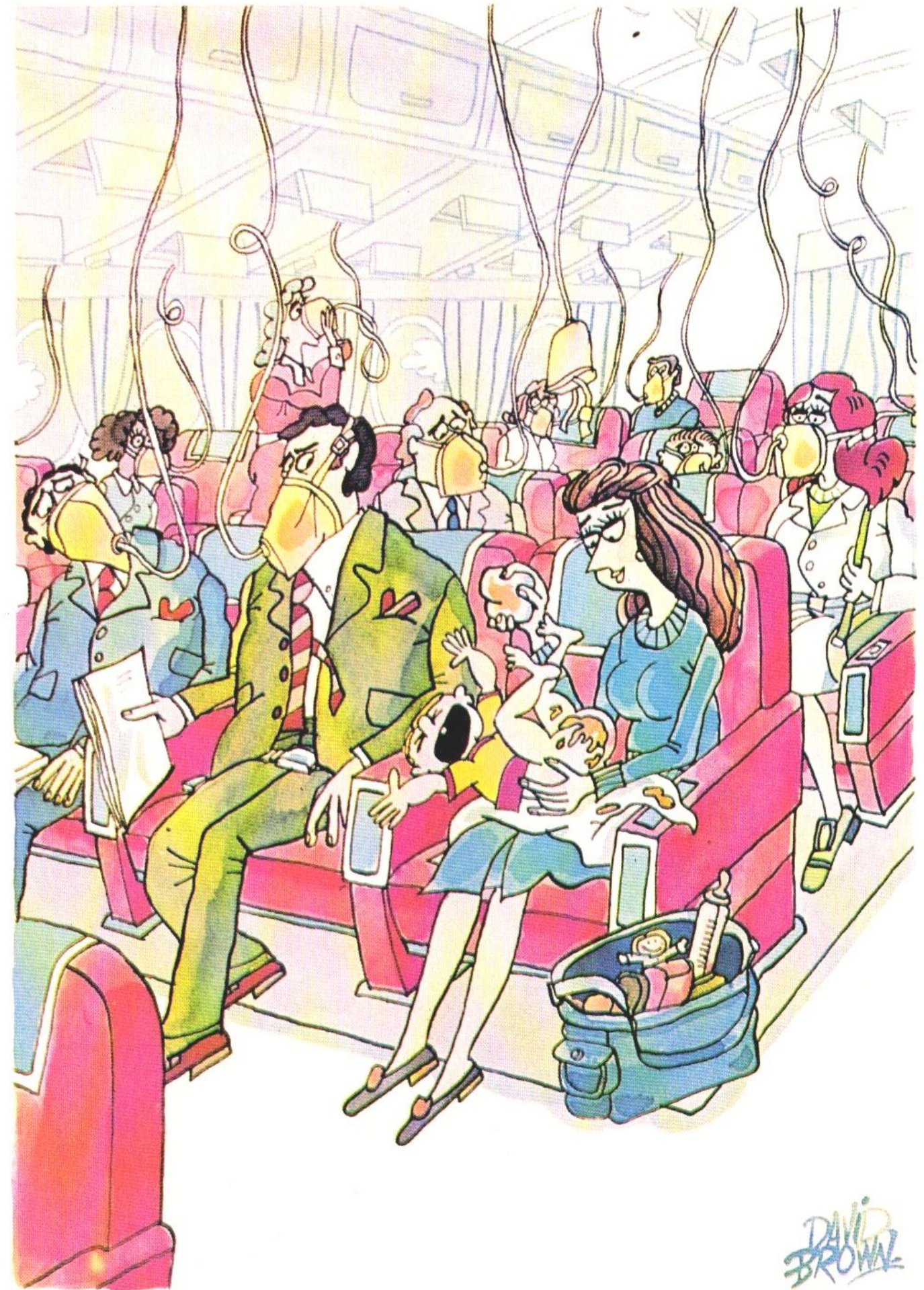
Reading the *Bulletin* of March, 1882, a sense of *deja vu* prevails — a feeling that we are retracing a well-trodden and hopeless track through the jungle that has become the Nugan Hand affair. A similar cast is wending its way slowly through the haze that historically surrounds any conspiracy that involves "prominent establishment figures."

The last convict vessel, the 875-ton *Hougoumont* out of London, docked at Fremantle on the January 9, 1868, thus bringing to a close 80 years of transportation. In the preceding 17 years the country had reverberated with the passion and the fever that is precipitated by the cry of — gold!

The discovery of gold in the Macquarie River near Bathurst in 1851 and the rush that followed from all corners of the globe threw a focus on Australia and gave it a credibility and identity that was to be the first erosion of the penal foundation.

More importantly, it launched a number of notorious careers. History, with a sense of irony that would not be lost on an Irishman, had bypassed those power-brokers who stripped the new wealth and left us with a "social bandit" who today stands as possibly our one national folk hero: Ned Kelly. If not so much in deed than in his immortal words, Kelly's sentiments echo way beyond the snap of the hangman's rope. Asked when captured at Glenrdwan in 1880 why he attacked the police rather than escape, Kelly, suffering from 30 bullet and shotgun pellet wounds, shrugged and said: "A man would be a nice sort of dingo to walk out on his mates."

In the 1860s, the Braidwood goldfields



ORGANISATION

about 320 kilometres south of Sydney had a huge and hard-drinking population drawn from all parts of the world. It was an alluvial field of great wealth, and gold was nearly as easy to get as grog.

Braidwood, with 30,000 people — in slab huts, tents, and galvanised iron humpies — had 110 pubs, all keen rivals for custom. Most of them wooed that custom with bands and dancing girls. It was a wild town — Australia's own Dodge City — and just one of many that thrived briefly during the Gold Rush. "The indescribable Saturnalia of Saturday nights," says Trooper Martin Brennan, who was stationed there in its heyday, "equalled at least the orgies of the ancient Greeks and Roman." He recalled a placard displayed by one hotel proprietor throughout the valley:

MARVELLOUS ATTRACTION

The proprietor of the great Eastern Hotel, Newtown, resolved on keeping in advance of his brethren in the trade, has specially selected in Sydney, regardless of wages and expense,

SIX ATTRACTIVE YOUNG BARMAIDS who will arrive by special coach on Wednesday evening to minister to the requirements of his patrons.

A FULL BAND

Miners from the entire valley are respectfully invited to roll up.

The miners accepted the respectful invitation in great numbers; the street was lit with Chinese lanterns; there was a marquee for refreshments; a ballroom 30 metres long, with bars along the entire length; and the six attractive barmaids. After they had been inspected by the vast crowd, says Trooper Brennan, "the business of the night began, and did not terminate till 5 o'clock next morning."

The scholarly Mr Brennan kept good journals, and many of his notes have survived. Among incidents he recorded was the arrival in town of John Dunbell, who set up a skittle alley; Adolphus Spohr, who went into business as a phrenologist; and a dark-haired, olive-skinned, fastidiously dressed man of about 28 — the Reverend Montague Moreton, a clerk in holy orders. Moreton was befriended by a miner named Carl Schrader. When Schrader's daughter wanted to marry, Moreton, who had swiftly touched Schrader for a loan, showed his gratitude by performing the marriage ceremony without fee.

Soon after this benevolent gesture, Moreton and his hut-mates were suspected by "Champagne" Charley of the Great Alluvial Claim of stealing a large quantity of valuable wash-dirt. Champagne was a huge and heavily-mustachioed German, whose dark-eyed dancing-girlfriend Rebecca was known as "Champagne's Nugget".

Trooper Brennan arrested the Rev Mon-

THE RISE OF THE LARRIKIN



In Australia, time and time again, men in high places, exposed as scoundrels, have continued to enjoy public office and esteem; there seems to be a sort of perverse hero-worship of the fellow who has flaunted the law, exploited the community, and defiantly "got away with it".

It is significant that Ned Kelly is our one folk hero — a perverse man whose career of horse stealing, bank robbery and murder is now imbued with an aura of chivalry and romance. Historian Clive Turnbull says: "In Kelly there was a type of manliness much to be esteemed — courage, resolution, independence, sympathy with the underdog."

Certainly these are the components of the idealised Australian of legend; but in a different framework, they are also the components of the gangster who courageously and resolutely sets himself against the law. It is all a question of ethics, and "Our morals do not seem to have kept pace with our merinos," popular writer Cyril Pearl has written in his *Wild Men of Sydney*.

The popular instinct which found estimable qualities in Ned Kelly also found them in the larrikin. In the 1890s larrikinism was synonymous with the spirit of the age. It was an organic part of Australian life, so much so that although the larrikin as a social and sartorial type — with his round soft hat, his blatant neckwear, his tight-fitting bell-bottomed trousers, his high-cut-under heels — has disappeared, many of his characteristics are still ingredients of the male Australian make-up: cheeky aggressiveness, contempt for authority, strident masculinity.

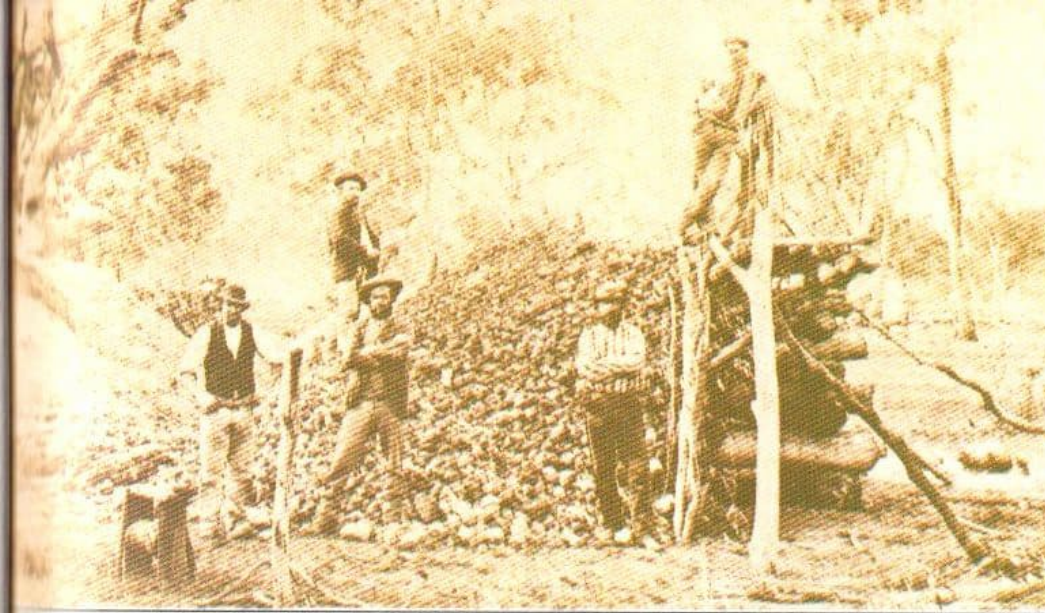
The larrikin, however, was a coward and a brute. He hunted in packs. His weapons were the boot, the broken bottle, the chunk of blue metal. His diversions when he was not making war on rival pushes or dancing with his moll, were bar-wrecking, window-smashing or giving police "Bondi" — an expression that derived from a particularly exuberant larrikin demonstration that took place in Bondi.

But he was also a product of the acute social inequality, the class bitterness and the frustration of his times, and it is not surprising that he had his sympathisers and his apologists.

"The larrikin is a victim of his circumstances," said the *Australian Workman* in 1890, when Sir Henry Parkes proposed a drastic Act to deal with him. "No Act of Parliament providing for excessive punishment will stamp him out." A few years later, when more repressive legislation was framed, another Sydney newspaper said: "You may imprison the larrikin, flog him or hang him and yet you will neither reform nor abolish him. He will continue to spit at eternal verities and cast his murky quid of tobacco in the face of the noonday sun ... society is fully responsible for the evil in him ..."

Fifty years before, Dr Herbert Moran wrote of the "culture medium of inequality and improvidence" in which the larrikin was "spawned in misery and then spilled out like slops into a dirty street ..."

The legacy of the slop bucket haunts us to this day.



tague Moreton and his colleagues and seized a billycan containing 29 ounces of gold, the product of their washing-up operations, just completed. When they were tried for the theft, their solicitor ridiculed the idea of a distinguished clergyman being mixed up in such hanky-panky; the case was dismissed and the gold handed over to the Reverend who sold it for \$200 and took the first coach out of town, much to the discontent of his associates.

Skittle-alley Dunbell was so angry he called on Brennan and told him that he was a shipmate of Moreton's on the *Boanerges* and that on the long voyage out, the bogus cleric had "violated" two females and had escaped being tossed overboard only by promising to marry one when they got to Sydney. Mr and Mrs Schrader also called at the police station, in some perturbation about their daughter's marriage certificate, which was signed "Theo. Montague Moreton, Clerk in Holy Orders, Missionary in *partibus infidelium*." After these missionary labors among the infidel, Moreton rested for some years in Tasmania.

Ned Kelly, Ben Hall, Mad Dog Morgan, Captain Moonlight, Captain Thunderbolt — these were the bushrangers who really did strike terror into the realm of the rural elite, the robber barons who either by owning the law or by sheer force had laid claim to the vast fertile tracts that are today the heartland of the nation's larder.

While the bushrangers and gold fever hogged the headlines and gave the cities' masses an escape from their Dickensian malaise by way of this epic adventure unfolding in places as foreign to them, as if they were happenings in another land, their reality was attracting attention of its own.

The Reverend N. Pidgeon was not happy with his beat in Australia in those grimy days of the mid-19th Century. His diary records the filth and squalor of the cities, especially Melbourne. Stevens Street and Little Bourke Street are as bad in every vicious element, he noted, as Lon-

don's notorious St Giles area. The Rocks area in Sydney abounded in roguery and raffery as vile as that of Whitechapel. "Scenes of riot and debauchery — in its bizarre and most lurid aspects — are daily and nightly enacted in these localities. Here, the last attenuated remnants of 'convictism' may be traced — the most hideous developments of Old and New World ruffianism are presented.

Australia, struggling out of the shackles of its sordid beginnings, was leaping in quantum bounds into a wealthy lifestyle through the discovery of gold, with its increased international trade, a new wave of migration of independent, entrepreneurial freethinkers, and a new national awareness (which unfortunately, because of a historical lack of timing by the influx of Kanakas and Chinese, managed to sow the seeds of the White Australia Policy).

Rev. Pidgeon's flowery prose encapsulated the lifestyle of the poor. He saw the Rocks as an area of serpentine gutters, choked with filth, trailing before tottering tenements, and decaying water-butts, filled with greasy-looking rain catching — across which indecent slime-bred flies darted. "Brazen women, hulking bullies and grimy children loiter about the doorways. The fights and disturbances in this place at night are something terrific. Policemen never venture there alone; and any unfortunate stranger who might happen to stray into the district would, to a certainty, be hounded and robbed and — speaking from more than one past instance — brutally murdered.

"In Sydney," he says, "there were no less than 500 public-houses, many of them as great and garish as the gin palaces of London." Grog was the opiate of the colony, and was consumed in staggering quantities. A newspaper article of the day listed the "intoxicating drinks" that had arrived that week in Port Jackson: 90,000 gallons of beer; 70,000 dozen bottles of beer; 34,000 gallons of brandy; 2600 dozen bottles of brandy; 31,000 gallons of gin; and 48,000 gallons of rum.

The duty aid exceeded 30,000 pounds

sterling, and the Rev. Pidgeon's diary noted: "By a rough calculation it would appear that one gallon of beer, a pint and a half of brandy, a pint and a quarter of gin, and a quart of rum has arrived for every man, woman and child in the colony! It is surely high time for the friends of humanity to bestir themselves ..."

It was plea that fell on deaf ears despite almost daily protestations about the cumulative effect of the demon drink. Dr J. Chapman, chief medical officer, claimed that insanity was frequent among the people, arising from excessive drinking.

But booze remained a buffer for a population in which only a select few lived lives in an accepted social manner. Family ties were weak and often non-existent. The imbalance of men to women was still abnormal. The Rev. J.D. Mereweather, in 1859, commenting on the arrival of 30 young women at the Immigration Department, summed up the current attitudes: "They looked a very ordinary, coarse-bred set. The ladies complain that they are not good for much; that they are idle, saucy, and take to bad ways. I am perfectly assured that in a new country like Australia, where the numerical preponderance lies so much on the men's side, anything in the shape of a woman is better than nothing; but yet it would be well if the voyage could be made the channel of instilling moral and religious culture into these poor, neglected women: instead of this, it often becomes the means of corrupting them."

In a serial *The Mysteries of Sydney* published in 1850, the author was of the opinion that there were "few cities in the world wherein (for the amount of its population) are congregated a larger number of the profligate and vagabond classes that swarm the alleys and by-lanes of Sydney: and assuredly there can be nowhere found so utterly inefficient a police."

As Australia approached its centenary the *Bulletin*, in announcing a habit "becoming prevalent among some classes in England" — morphine addiction — commented that "to cheer low spirits, to assuage pain, to calm feverish excitement, mankind has always had recourse to drugs of some kind. Opium, hasheesh, chloral, have all been used."

Little was the *Bulletin* to know that 100 years later — with Australia's bicentenary looming — Australian criminals would have become international drug peddlars, or that the country would play a key role in Asian drug traffic.

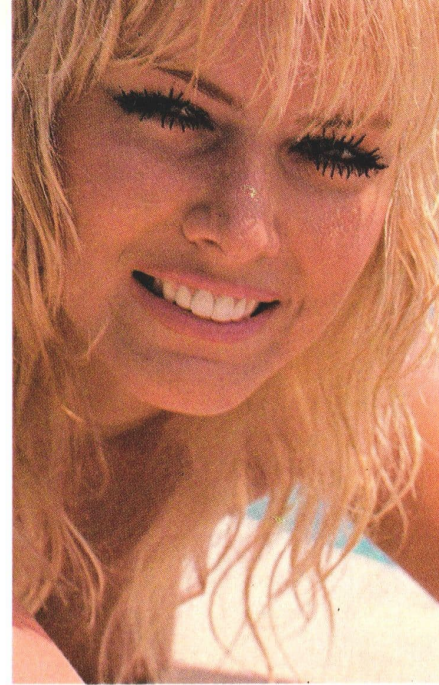
Police corruption, prostitution, "opium, hasheesh" ... were all nurtured during the 18th Century. Today we are paying the penalty. ☐

PART THREE: *The birth of the multi-million dollar drug trade — a sad saga that began with lonely foreigners isolated by racial hatred.*

STRIKE FORCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOREAU

The Empire strikes back. London-born Sharon Axley, our irrepressible Pet, intends to take this country by storm. So far, so good. It seems men take to our 37-24-36 towhead like tea to crumpets. She's been here for about a year and hasn't spent a night without a date.





Proper British gents were a different story. Those stiff-upper-lips were put off by her penchant for outrageous antics — like baring it all during a spot of tennis. All who see her reckon our pixie-faced piece looks remarkably like Debbie Harry, only more so. Not that Sharon can sing — she admits she's better at whispering.



She admits she'd gladly give up higher education to score a member of the landed gentry on either side of the world. She might even tone down her antics to please such a man as long as he pleases her first — and with great regularity. That could be quite a challenge, but then what else is red-blooded Aussie enthusiasm for?







What Pommie, we ask, would she most like to share a bedroom with? After careful consideration this blossoming English rose suggests Albert Finney. Last on her list? Prince Charles! She claims such a clumsy horseman could never get her to the finish line. We sigh and jockey for position . . .





Illustration by Ian Ruffin

ESCORT TO AN EASY Death

BY PETER CORRIS

The filing pinned to my office door read *Cliff Hardy Investigations*, and I noticed that the finger I used to straighten it with had a dirty nail. Not very dirty, but then the card itself wasn't very dirty and the drawing pin that held it wasn't very bent. Just enough. These were bad times; we had a Boom (which sounds better than a Depression, which is why they call it that). People were losing their jobs; people and things were going missing; people were getting more and more dishonest, in big and small ways, and no-one cared. It was all bad news for me: I made a living out of tidying up problems; finding a lost wife or husband, guarding a body for a bit, seeing a sum of money safely from point A to point B. Now, tidiness and safety were not expected. I was losing business, and no-one cared.

I pushed the door open. It held on the frayed, lifted carpet while I picked up the mail, and then I flicked it back with my foot. The bills were for the usual things — small corrective services performed on my body and various bits of machinery; and the bills were the same. I was offered female companionship, life insurance and a home on the North Coast out of the smog of Sydney. I needed all those things. Every 40-year-old male whose instincts are within range of normal does. But to get them I'd have to be what I was not — prosperous. To hell with them, their market research was lousy. The women were probably ugly and the insurance would have fine print and the house would be sliding into the sea. I shovelled the brochures into the waste paper bin and made out a cheque for the smallest of the bills.

I sat and listened to the sounds of

Sydney three floors down. They were busy sounds — trucks and cars and buses, all full of people chasing a dollar. I'd sat for a whole day like that recently and for a few hours in quite a lot of days. I was a little panicky.

As I stared at the office door a shape appeared in the pane of glass. It was a nice shape, not tall or short, trim-looking. The shape stayed there for what seemed like five minutes before it knocked. I let out a tense breath and said "Come in" in my best baritone.

It turned out to be a woman with red hair, a red dress and red shoes. She carried a black shoulder bag and wore a wide, black belt around the dress; when she got up close I could see that the hair was a wig. I watched her walk toward the chair in front of the desk and lower herself into it.

"Mr Hardy," she said, "my name is Trudi Walker."

"I'm pleased to meet you," I said.

"Yes. I want to hire you to find someone." Her voice was what used to be called fruity; she gave the vowels and diphthongs everything she had.

"Male or female?"

She raised an eyebrow that had been plucked to a fine, dark line. She was heavily and expertly made-up; hard to guess her age — 40 at least, maybe more. "Does it matter?"

"Not really, but I have more success with women for some reason. I've found 39 out of 50 women but only 19 out of 40 men."

"Perhaps you've just had more practice with women — your statistics suggest that."

"Yeah, maybe."

"It's a man in this instance."
I shrugged. "Well, maybe I can improve on my figures. How long's he been gone?"
"Two days."

"That's not really missing, Miss Walker. That could just be . . . away."

"No! I've seen Gerry every day for the past five years. We are business partners and friends. Something has happened to him."

"You could be right. What's the business?"

"We run an escort service."

And that, of course, was why she hadn't gone to the police and why she had avoided the big agencies, which are plugged straight in to the newspapers, and also why my fees didn't worry her. She handed over the \$500 retainer and agreed to 120 a day plus expenses without a frown. In fact she had very few facial expressions, permitting herself the eyebrow, a tight thin-lipped smile, and that was about it. Gerry Hadley, she informed me, was an American she'd met when he was on leave from Vietnam. They'd corresponded for a few years while he was in the States and then he'd come over to join forces with her. She gave me two photos — PFC Hadley, 20-ish in battle dress, and Mr Gerald Hadley, business-suited, well-fleshed, 30-ish. He had a round, corn-fed face with a bright smile.

Gerry and Trudi had separate apartments in the same building in Elizabeth Bay. They ran the agency from a business address in Potts Point, and from their apartments. Trudi still occasionally worked a shift; Gerry didn't, although the agency catered to both sexes.

"When did you last see Mr Hadley?"

"Three nights ago. We had dinner together. He was supposed to come to my flat for breakfast and a discussion the next morning. He didn't come and I haven't seen him since."

"You've looked through his flat?"

"Yes." She reached into her bag, took out a door key with a red ribbon attached, and handed it over. While I looked at the key I was thinking that there was a fair bit of between-the-lines reading to do here, but I decided to play it carefully — I needed the work.

"Could you give me a list of your employees, Miss Walker?"

"Not off hand. I could arrange it if you'd call at the office."

Job or not I was already getting tired of her; the voice was annoying me the way plastic cutlery and Big Macs annoy me. I twirled the key by the ribbon.

"Any of the girls missing?" I said.

The look she shot at me aged her 10 years and I put her near 50. "I don't know," she snapped. "Why?"

"Any of the boys missing?"

She got half out of her chair and her

face twisted up; two fissures appeared beside her nose. "You bastard," she snarled. "You shit. You can . . ."

I put the key down and came around the desk to pat her shoulder. "Easy," I said. "Easy. I'm sorry, but I had to find out how you feel about all this. You were acting till then, doing it pretty well too."

She sat back and dug in her bag for tissues. After much dabbing and wiping some of the control came back, but I didn't have agelessness courtesy of Helena Rubenstein in front of me now; I had a vulnerable woman with years on the clock and fear in her eyes.

"I'm 15 years older than Gerry, Mr Hardy," she said. "I go through tortures to keep up appearances, I eat almost nothing. I love him and everything I've done is . . . I can't bear . . ." The control went again and the tears streamed over her face like a flash flood. I felt sorry for her and realised at that moment that she'd

She was
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permitted when she was
in charge of
her body

dropped the voice — her vowels were a little nasal now and her delivery had the lazy, easy rhythms of Sydney.

"I'll look for him," I said. "I'll call at your office and I'll look in his flat and I'll ask around. Two days isn't long. Does he have a car?"

She nodded. "A Mercedes, gone."

"Any friends in Sydney?"

She shook her head. "Just me."

"You don't know of any trouble — I mean competitors, the cops . . . any threats?"

There was panic in her face, clearly visible now that the make-up was eroded. "No," she whispered, "nothing."

I gave her a receipt and she got out a mirror and did a little repair work. I wrote down the addresses and phone numbers she gave me and we got the whole thing on a business footing. She left and I went to the window and watched her step out on to the street; the first step was faltering but she quickly got into stride and looked like a proud, well turned-out human being as she rounded the corner. I decided she had guts and that she was lying about there being no trouble in the air.

Over the next day and a half I did the things I said I'd do: I checked over Hadley's apartment and found out nothing that you wouldn't expect to find out about a Yank who ran an escort service and had a mistress 15 years older than himself. He had two girls on the side and I looked them over — nothing. Same result with the four men employed by the Winsome Escort Agency. Two of them were gay and one was black; they were all stupid and nothing in the patterns of their lives over the past few days had changed. The seven women were more varied: one was close to Trudi Walker's age, with a similar manner, and one looked like a schoolgirl. Two of them had university degrees and one was a hang-glider. I used the phone till my arm ached and knocked on apartment doors with no result. My last call was on one of the girls — Tracey Talbot, who combined being escorted with freelance journalism. I drank coffee with her in her flat at Rushcutters Bay; it was a warm, soft afternoon and the water looked blue, bright and alive. Her window was full of harbor view.

"I love harbors," she told me. "I'm going to have my ashes scattered out there."

"We're all going to have our ashes scattered out there the way things are going," I said. I was feeling gloomy, asking the questions dully now, not expecting sparks. "You've got no idea where Hadley might take off to?"

She shrugged. "Not a clue. Mummy's boy as far as I could see. Tell you one thing though, I reckon Trudi's not long for this world."

"Why'd you say that?"

"I did a story on cancer victims once. She's got all the signs."

I sighed and finished the coffee. Ashes and cancer — she'd be a wow of a companion for a night on the town. I used Tracey's phone to call Trudi, but she wasn't at the office and her home phone didn't answer. The receptionist at Winsome said she'd been trying to contact her for some hours without success.

The apartment building was new and shiny. Balconies hung out from it over the water, like cars on a ferris wheel. Hadley's apartment was on the second floor and Trudi's was directly above it; I went up the stairs fast and stabbed the buzzer. The phone started ringing at the same time and the two sounds blended into a dirge. I pushed the door and felt it give; there seemed to be a lock not quite engaging. I hit it with my shoulder in the middle, applying the pressure upwards, and it sprang open.

There were paintings, a bar, books, a record player and a TV set. The chairs and settee were white pine and the coverings were cream-coloured except where Trudi's blood had spilled on to the fabric. She was slumped in a way she'd never have permitted when she was in charge of her body. Her dress had been white with gold trim, but now half of it was stained a

dark red like the costume of a medieval courtier. The dress was also ripped from the neck to the armpit on one side and on the other side the sleeve was half torn away. I eased the door shut behind me and went up close. She had a big wound in her neck. I looked past her to where a drinks tray sat on a small table; a bottle of brandy was shattered and rich fumes were still in the air. The bullet had gone through something vital in her neck and there'd been a lot of blood. Her right hand was thrown back across the arm of the settee and it was bloody too; the nails on three fingers were split and broken.

I put my hands in my pockets for safety and wandered around looking. The door was equipped with a heavy dead lock, two safety chains, and a light, standard lock — the one I'd broken. The kitchen was uncluttered, the bedroom undisturbed. A cabinet in the bathroom was full of prescription drugs — medicines, capsules, pills. I didn't recognise most of them but they indicated either a serious illness, or rampant hypochondria and an obliging physician. In a second, smaller bedroom there was a single bed, a chair and a desk with a lot of locked drawers. I went back to the living room, located her bag and keys and unlocked the desk.

The drawers were full of stationery, business letters, tax records, old cheque books. I flicked through the cheque stubs, which told me that she spent a hell of a lot of money on clothes. There were records of a couple of fixed deposit bank accounts with a few thousand dollars in each. The papers provided only one surprise — Trudi owned her own apartment and the one Hadley lived in, for which he paid her rent of \$100 a week.

All this was taking time because I was using a handkerchief to pick things up and a knife blade to turn over the papers. The bottom drawer held a fountain pen and a big bottle of ink. A few small drops of ink had spilt in the drawer — it was the closest she'd come to being messy. I lifted the bottle out, uncapped it and probed inside with the thin blade. A little fishing brought up two small keys on a thin ring. I dried them on a tissue; one had a serial number, C140, on it; the other did not. I took the copy off the ring and dropped the original back into the ink. Then I prowled around the apartment looking for signs: bent twigs, freshly broken blades of grass. I found it down behind a TV set. A section of the high skirting board was hinged and swung out, and a strand of hair from a mop or duster had caught at the spot. The safe, about six inches square, was set in the wall behind the board. I dialled C140 on the combination lock and the key turned smoothly. Inside was a reel of movie film and a plastic envelope. I closed the safe and took the stash across to the window. The film was a standard Super Eight job; the envelope contained about a dozen paper squares and rectangles, some

brightly coloured and some dull — postage stamps.

I put the stuff in my pocket and walked out of the flat and down to my car, where I stowed it away under the back seat. Then I went to a public booth and called the police, asking for Grant Evans. He came on, and I said what I had to say. He told me to go up again and wait for him.

Grant was puffing a bit when he got to the top of the stairs. He was a couple of years into the 40s while I was just on the brink, but he was one of those people cursed by fleshiness. He cursed it back. He had a youngish, slim policewoman with him, and his usual off-sider, Reg Varson.

"Cliff," Grant said. "Why'd you call from the street?"

"Didn't want to touch the phone."

He grunted and we all trooped inside. I told Grant the story while he poked around. He made a few disbelieving noises here and there just to remind me of

It seemed natural
to be watching him on
film, even though what
he was doing couldn't
exactly be called
natural

the unspoken terms of our relationship: I didn't tell him outright lies and he didn't frame me for things. It was a better set-up than most. I didn't have to feign surprise when Grant slid open the built-in wardrobes. We both whistled. The space was crammed full of dresses, coats, blouses, slacks and other things I don't know the names of. There were six fur coats and pairs of shoes, maybe more.

"Gotta be jewels with this lot," Grant said. "You see an insurance policy, Cliff?"

It was a neat trap but I saw it in time. "No, I told you I didn't touch anything."

"Yeah, and Borg can't hit backhands." We went back into the living room. "Well, she put up a fight. Look for a guy missing some skin. How do you see it? Reckon this Hadley bumped her?"

"Could be."

"Has to be. Look at those locks — she let him in."

"She was a professional escort, remember. She might've let lots of people in. I don't like Hadley — too obvious."

"Well, the obvious happens. Cain bumped Abel, Ruby bumped Oswald."

"Yeah, but what did Oswald do?"

Grant sneered and asked the police-woman to inspect the rest of Trudi's personals. We were looking at the view and Grant was regretfully smoking a cigarette when she came out with a jewel box. Grant opened it.

"Good stuff?"

Her expression was wistful. "Very good, worth thousands and thousands."

"Scratch robbery," Grant said.

After that it was down to headquarters for a statement and the usual carry-on.

"You'd be kissing this one goodbye, would you?" Grant said after the formalities.

"Not quite. She paid for about three days' work and she's only had one and a bit. I think I'll stay with it for a while, if you don't object."

He shrugged.

Primo Tomasetti had a movie projector at his tattooing parlor. He shot a lot of film himself and bought films from overseas — he said they gave him inspirations for designs. I told him I wanted to see a film.

He showed me and helped me hook up the reel, then went back to drawing designs on cartridge paper. I blacked out the little room and ran the film.

He filled the screen and I'd seen him on TV so many times that it seemed natural to be watching him on film, even though what he was doing couldn't exactly be called natural. He was naked and very excited and the act he was performing with the young blonde was expressly forbidden by the Bible and the law of the land. It went on for a few minutes. I stopped the show and rewound the film, thinking that all men have something to hide. Sir Peter Barton, ex-Lord Mayor of the city, candidate for the Federal Parliament, racehorse owner and *homme d'affaires* would probably have a lot to hide — it would be expected of him. But kinky carnal knowledge of juveniles was a bit exotic.

I thanked Primo and hoofed it downtown to a philately establishment I'd passed a hundred times and never entered. A thin, wispy man was leaning over a glass counter under which hundreds of stamps were displayed. The counter was wired and the glass was thick; the stamps would have been as hard to steal as the Crown jewels. He looked up at me, baring tobacco-stained teeth.

"Yes?"

I hauled out the envelope and started to pull a stamp out with my fingers.

"No! No!" He picked up a pair of tweezers and held out a hand for the envelope. He eased several of the stamps out and aligned them on a glass plate. Then he reached up and swung down a magnifying glass mounted on a movable arm.

"Well sir," he said. "Very nice indeed."

"They're worth something then?"

He was so surprised he almost dropped the tweezers. "I should say so."

"How much?"

"Oh, as to that, well it would take some time . . ."

"Round about," I said. "Err on the safe side."

"These five would fetch 20 thousand dollars easily. May I ask, are they yours to sell?"

"No, they're not mine at all. I'm conducting an investigation. These are part of the evidence."

He arranged the whole stock, which amounted to 13 stamps, and looked at them all. "Curious," he said. He dug under the counter and brought up a heavy loose-leaf volume and flicked through it. After a few minutes he looked up at me.

"This is an intriguing collection. These stamps are each worth about four thousand dollars, give or take a bit. So you have about 50 or 60 thousand dollars worth here — a bit more allowing for inflation."

I grunted, which seemed to nettle him.

"What is more," he said firmly, "I should say they were purchased at regular intervals over the past two years, say, at two-monthly intervals."

My look of interest gratified him. "You can be that precise?"

"Oh yes. Very valuable items like these are listed and their sale recorded. These came from a single collection which has been put up for auction at two-monthly intervals over the last three years. It was a very famous collection."

"Would the auctioneer know who bought them?"

"Probably not. It's a secretive business, and proxies are used. Even if he did know he would not divulge the information except on the highest authority."

I thanked him and he tweezed the stamps back into the envelope, which I put back in my pocket.

"They should be in a safe," he said.

I walked up through the park tying things together in my head: Trudi, it seemed, was putting the squeeze on Barton and buying stamps with the proceeds. There wasn't a better way to accumulate valuable assets that took up no space and didn't depreciate. I had two questions. Why was she doing it? She had a prosperous business, to judge from her other assets, and it looked like she was a very sick woman. Why bother? The other question was the original one — where was Gerry Hadley? Somehow, all things considered, I didn't give much for his chances. Barton was rumored to have heavy criminal connections, and eliminating the partners in the Winsome Escort Agency would be like opening a can of beer for him.

Home is where the booze is, and also the running shoes and the books and the food. I used all these things in moderation and was reading the paper with clear eyes in a clear head when the phone rang at

9.30 am. It was Grant. "How's your investigation going?"

"Quietly. How's yours?"

"Just a snippet I thought you might like. The lady's will turned up. Four copies to be exact."

"Yeah? Who?"

"Hadley, every cent. Now what can you tell me?"

"Nothing, but thanks. Maybe I can use that to flush him out."

"Cliff, you've got today. After today you don't owe her a thing and I'm going to be asking a few questions."

He hung up and I dialled Sir Peter Barton's office. A secretary with a North Shore voice and manner was off-putting so I became rather rude and left a message which I thought Barton might respond to. He called me back half an hour later.

"Mr Hardy? I understand you have business with me."

I kicked him
in the crotch and
when he went down on
one knee I brought
my knee up under
his chin

"You might say that, yes. I want to see you now. Tell me where you are and I'll come over."

"I'm in my office. Come by all means. Ah . . . will you be bringing anything with you?"

I didn't answer. I drove to my office in the Cross and locked film and stamps away in the safe. Then I caught a cab to Clarence Street, where Barton had an office in a glass and aluminium tower which he probably owned. I was passed from one sycophant to another until finally I was in the presence of the great man. He stood about six feet four, which gave him four inches on me, but he was beginning to lose the battle with his waist. He was standing behind a half-acre desk and he waved me into a chair in front of it.

"Mr Hardy, it's a little early for a drink. Can I offer you coffee?"

"No. I've got the film."

"Yes?"

"You paid Trudi Walker a lot of money."

"True, and now I suppose I have to pay you?"

"Maybe, I haven't decided. I might just show it on TV for fun. But I don't care much

who puts what in who. I was working for Trudi Walker and I think you had her killed. I'm much more concerned about that."

The imperturbable mask slipped a bit and there was an edge in his voice. "I certainly did *not* have her killed. Why would I? You know what she had over me. Killing her would only introduce complications, such as yourself."

"I assume something went wrong. Look, I'm not green. Extortionists get killed — it's a risk they take. But she hired me to find someone and she paid me and I haven't done it. I'd like to tie that up, then I can think about other steps."

He was looking puzzled, probably at having to deal with someone who had something on his mind except money. "I don't see how I can help. Find someone, you say? Who?"

"Gerry Hadley, the business partner. Now I'm just guessing, but it looks to me as if you decided to wipe out the whole operation. Maybe you removed Hadley to frighten the Walker woman; I don't know."

The mask was back, nicely in place. He got up from the desk and walked across to a drinks cabinet. "It's early as I say, but I'm going to have a drink. Join me?"

I shook my head; he poured himself a solid whisky, added water, and came back behind the desk. He sipped the drink. "You'll forgive me if I see a ray of hope in all this unpleasantness," he said. "If I can convince you that I did not kill Trudi Walker or Hadley, is there a chance that you'd hand over the film?"

"There's a chance," I said.

"Hadley is alive. I can have him brought here inside an hour." I lifted a phone and spoke three crisp sentences. He worked a bit more on his drink and looked at me.

"What do the police think about the Walker killing?"

"They think Hadley did it."

He smiled. "They're right for once. Hadley killed her but he didn't intend to. This is a very messy business, Mr Hardy, and I can't afford messes just now."

"Too bad," I said. "You should take up jogging and cold showers."

"Perhaps. I'm going to be frank with you. I'm a blackmailer myself in a way. I hold a lot of paper on Hadley — gambling debts."

"I'm glad I live a blameless life," I said.

He ignored me. "I persuaded Hadley to approach Trudi with a view to getting hold of the film. He did, they quarrelled, he shot her. An accident."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't believe him. I thought he'd grabbed the film himself and was going to run the show. I had him roughed up, shall we say. His car was taken, and his money. I told him he had two days to produce the film. He was very frightened. Now I know why."

"Hadley was missing for two days before the killing. You have anything to do with that?"

"Yes indeed. I told you that Hadley had to be persuaded."

"You're a prime bastard. You've kept your eye on Hadley since?"

"Round the clock. I thought he'd crack and get the film. He's been scuttling about. I suppose he's heard that the police are after him. His situation has been unenviable. He'll be relieved by this development."

I looked at him, wondering how much of this to believe. One thing I knew: if Hadley had killed Trudi, his face would be marked.

We sat there uneasily. Barton answered the phone a few times, wrote things in files on his desk and signed things that a secretary brought in. He finished the whisky and didn't make another. I was thinking about taking him up on the drink offer when the door opened and two men walked in. One was big, with a blank, hard face. The other man, much smaller, was pudgy-looking and pale; his soft brown hair was cut short and his expensive clothes looked slept in. His expression was timid. He wasn't the laughing GI of yesteryear but he was Gerry Hadley, just the same. There were heavy sticking plasters down one side of his face and along his jaw.

When he saw me he buckled at the knees and the guy with the cold eyes had to hold him up.

"You can't do this," he babbled. "I haven't got it, I . . ."

"Your lucky day Gerry, I think. Now I just want you to tell Mr Hardy here what happened. Tell it exactly as you told me."

Hadley looked at him uncertainly. "You mean, like everything?"

Barton nodded. I got up and poured myself some whisky. Hadley nodded when I looked across at him, and I poured him one too.

"Thanks. Well, I went to see Trudi like Sir Peter wanted, and I tried to find out where she kept the film." He drank and tapped the glass. "I had a bit of this before. Trudi could be a pretty scary woman."

"Go on," I said.

"Well, I took along a gun just for show. I told her what was up and she went wild — she wouldn't even listen."

"What did she say?"

"She looked as if she didn't believe it. I'd always sweet-talked her, you know? I guess she was in love with me."

I felt sick and drank some whisky. "I asked you what she said."

"Not much. She cried, then she laughed. She laughed at me and I got mad. Then she did this to me." He lifted his hand to his face. "I saw red and the gun went off." He finished the drink and looked down into his glass like a man staring into his own coffin.

"Did you look for the film?" I said.

"No. I panicked, the phone started to ring, and I ran." He looked across at Barton. "I guess you told him what happened after that."

"Yeah," I said. "Tell me one thing —

how did you feel about Trudi?"

It came to me that Hadley wasn't very bright. He looked desperately from me to Barton wondering how to play it, looking for a clue.

"The truth," I said.

"Oh, I don't know, I guess I was sick of her, you know? She was a hell of a lot older than me and she clung so close, I mean she just stuck there all the time." He waved his hands helplessly.

"And she charged you rent?"

"She sure did!" Grievance made him jerk his head up and tighten his soft jaw. "She was the tightest bitch in the world. I only had 10 percent of the operation; most of what I had was leased, the car and all. She kept me tied up tight."

I had to smile then because I could see how to handle it, and because of the irony of it all. I stood up.

"Come on, you two. We're going to have a little look at something you'll want to see."

But Barton had had enough. His hand moved on the desk and the guy who'd escorted Hadley in came back again. I guessed that he was Barton's persuader. Barton jerked his head at me. "Carl, restrain him."

Carl came across, walking light and bouncy, and reached for me. I swivelled away and hooked him near the ear. He fell back, looked surprised, and came in again with his hands up and moving in and out, almost as if he was clapping. One hand whipped out at me and I felt the wind of it as I went under. Carl bent too and dug me savagely in the ribs with a stiff hand. I wasn't in the mood; I kicked him in the crotch and when he went down on one knee I brought my knee up under his chin. His head snapped back and clicked nastily and he stretched out on the deep pile carpet.

"Too fancy," I said. "Stop playing games, Barton. You'll get your film. Come on."

Barton got up, pulled Hadley to his feet, and we all went out like the best of friends. Barton collected keys from the front desk and we drove to my office in a white Mercedes.

"Where's your Merc, Gerry?" I asked him. He didn't reply.

We went up the three flights of stairs and into my office. I pushed Hadley down into a chair while Barton looked distastefully around him.

"What do you do in here?" he said.

"Make an honest living, or try to." He laughed, took out a handkerchief and dusted off the edge of the desk before sitting down. I unlocked the safe and took out the film and the stamps.

"Now this," I said to Barton, "is you in your starring role, and these are stamps Trudi bought with the money you paid her. There's about 70 thousand bucks worth here and they're not getting any cheaper."

Hadley looked greedily at the envelope.

"I don't get it," he said.

I had to laugh at that. "You're so right, you don't. You made the wrong move, Gerry. Trudi was on the way out — Spanish dancer. Her will left everything to you. You should have been patient."

"All very interesting," Barton said. "But, ah . . . the film."

I tossed it to him. "Show it to your mates when you get into Parliament." He caught the packet and turned it over in his hands like a gold nugget.

"That's about it," I said. "Go."

"The stamps," Hadley said.

"Oh yeah." I shook them out into the glass ashtray, lit a match and put the flame into the little nest of paper. Hadley stood up and rushed me but I stiff-armed him back.

"Go away," I said.

Grant called that evening, but only to tell me that they'd picked up Hadley trying to get on a train to Melbourne. His story was that he and Trudi had quarrelled over business and that the gun had gone off accidentally.

"Ten years," Grant said. "Out in five and we'll deport the bastard. He can't inherit the loot, of course. He's really pissed off about that."

I sat in the office the next day and didn't get business. Before leaving I picked up the ashtray, went to the window and let the ashes float out on to the warm air. ☺

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Photographs by Keith Valentine

It's time to take "getting physical" seriously

SHAPING YOUR FUTURE

BY SUE SMITH

Not so long ago there were two types of people — the fit, who were super-fit; and the unfit, who, from the day they first started skipping Phys Ed and compulsory sport, went downhill fast. All that's changed. Over the last 10 years Australians have stopped pigeon-holing the physically fit as "health fanatics", and have started to take a long, hard look at themselves and their habits. The result is an overall increase in the importance of health and fitness to the average Australian. Fitness centres have sprung up all over Australia. Luxury health clubs have seen the demise of many grimy sweatshops, bastions of the male body-builders. Now women "pump iron" and work out on the newent "circuits" for general condition and greater muscle tone. Meanwhile, the men are taking their places alongside women in musical aerobics floor classes, all in the name of better cardio-vascular/cardio-respiratory fitness.

Men like Dr Kenneth Cooper, with his research into fitness and aerobic exercise, have helped to change the public's attitude toward general fitness. From his research centre in Dallas, Texas, he has proved that we are responsible for the quality of our lives and that our bodies' general condition can be improved through specific exercise and by a more serious approach to our diets. No-one advocates strict decreases in food intake or a teetotal approach to alcohol — the new attitude just incorporates good sense and moderation, even in exercise.

Bob McClure, the Australian agent for Universal gym equipment, says a workout of about 30 minutes on a circuit using their machines — like the chest press, leg extension, shoulder press, leg curl, arm curl and abdominal conditioner — has the same exercise value as 45 minutes of basketball, twice that of the eight-minute mile or swimming 750 metres in 25 minutes, and 25 percent more value than 90 minutes of singles tennis.

As a response to the public's changing fitness needs, the health and fitness business is a "growth" industry with potential yet untapped. It is estimated that up to \$25 million will be spent this financial year on gymnasiums and health clubs all over Australia, while thousands of people will spend many more millions

on health club memberships. The demand is for better, more sophisticated facilities. Mr Alf Moufarrige, the man behind Centre 67, has spent \$1.2 million on a super-luxurious centre on the 67th floor of Sydney's MLC Centre. Not only does the club provide breathtaking panoramic views from Blacktown to Bondi, but it also has two Squash courts, an aerobic dance area, superbly fitted spas and saunas, a 75-seat licenced restaurant, a 20-metre pool and well equipped circuit area.

In South Yarra, Melbourne, The Ultimate Sporting Club has been open 18 months and caters for the business man and woman. The manager, Geoff Chamberlain, sees the leisure industry and the fitness industry as synonymous. He describes the club's members as people aged between 19 and 70 who all have one thing in common: the belief that now is the time to improve their overall condition and fitness. The Ultimate has three levels of saunas, spas, swirl pools, a marble steam bath, a refrigerated plunge pool, masseuses, a fully equipped hydrogym and 12 to 15 aerobic floor classes to music every day.

Bob Landers from Sydney's City Gym agrees. His gym has been running very successfully for seven years. He believes fitness facilities should be easily accessible to everyone. He encourages membership at his centre but also caters for the casual visit.

All three — Moufarrige, Chamberlain and Landers — mentioned the scrutiny that Corporate Fitness is receiving worldwide. They see a time not far off when companies will accept that physical fitness goes hand in glove with mental fitness and, therefore, success. That's a theory which the Japanese super-companies have been proving for years.

Perth, too, has its fitness centres. Laurie Potter has a string of centres that have been running in Perth for 14 years. Guy Bicknell, the manager of the Hay St Club, has observed the new trends and his company is responding to the growth with better facilities and more accessibility for longer hours.

The increase in Australia's health-consciousness is self-evident. And where at one time our image changed from the healthy bronzed Aussie to the beer-gutted slob, it seems we're heading back to the good old days.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

NORM GALLAGHER

People will probably say:
"Malcolm Fraser, the bastard ought to drop
dead," but that's not Malcolm Fraser as an
individual. It's what he stands for that's got
to be fought and defeated

To describe Norm Gallagher as one of the half-dozen most influential Australians alive today would be enough to send a wave of purple-faced apoplexy raging through the ranks of the nation's political and financial establishment. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, the statement is undeniably accurate, and secondly it asserts the unpalatable truth that a self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist can rise from the squalid obscurity of the back blocks of Collingwood to wield huge power over the destiny of the Lucky Country.

Having said that Gallagher is an instantly recognisable and vastly influential force in Australian politics, that is where the platitudes end. The man is an enigmatic blend of complexity and contradiction.

The complexity is in Gallagher himself. Many have been duped, by the hesitant, almost tortuous nature of his verbal delivery, into believing they are dealing with a ponderously slow thinker. Nothing could be further from the truth. Gallagher's painful diction, sprinkled as it often is with ripe obscenity, is the legacy of a childhood stutter. And it's the tell-tale sign of a man who weighs and assesses every word before it rumbles from his lips.

The contradiction is in the effect Gallagher has on those with whom he comes into contact, however indirectly. No figure in Australian politics represents a more absolute polarisation of public and private opinion. To the establishment he is the ultimate bogeyman of the Left, the almost thuggish personification of Union might run rampant. A shambling Goliath whose monosyllabic utterances are enough to turn their dreams of empire-building into a chaotic jumble of crumbling bricks and seeping mortar.

To the 30,000 members of the BLF, and the hundreds of thousands of others who unashamedly label themselves the working class, he is a form of divine intervention. A benign power who never betrays, or strays far from, his roots. A patron saint of the worker who sates his appetite for social justice by meeting head-on, and then annihilating, the forces of wealth and oppression.

But the really odd thing about Norm Gallagher is that he rarely, if ever, loses a fight. Sometimes he runs for a while; he's even been known to slip into hiding when the heat is really on. But through a combination of street cunning and utter conviction as to the morality of his cause, he almost inevitably emerges victorious. In 30-odd years of unionism, all spent with the Builders' Laborers' Federation, he has taken on some formidable opposition. Politicians, developers, local and city councils, rival unions, newspapers, even the legal system, have all had cause to regret the day they entered the ring with Big Norm.

His first 16 years were an uncompromising battle for survival in the slums of Collingwood. He reveals little about that period, but, characteristically, has never forgotten the names and influence of those he counted as friends and counsellors. His rise in the hierarchy of a union known for its uncompromising toughness began when he became a member of the executive at the age of 16. His path to the top was marked by intense and often violent rivalry. He shrugs off the numerous threats on his life with the comment that he learned boxing as a youth, and knows how to handle himself. He does. Gallagher has been known to punch his way out of a tight corner.

Our writer, Adrian Tame, was in his office one sunny morning when the unmistakeable sounds of uniformed authority came from the corridor outside. Two police officers were looking for a BLF member on whom to serve some form of legal document. In a flash, Gallagher was round his desk and through the door in eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation. "He's not here. Fuck off and find some honest work to do. Get off my premises," he hollered. And they did.

Today, perhaps more than at any other time, Norm Gallagher is under seige. De-registration proceedings against his union, and a Royal Commission into the way it is conducted, would have any other man with his back wedged firmly against the nearest wall. Not so Gallagher. He seems, incredibly, to relish the struggle. When he appeared before the Commission in January he refused to answer any of the questions put to him. But when the Royal Commissioner, Mr John Winneke QC, suggested an end to the farce, Gallagher was having none of it. "No," he said, pointing to Counsel assisting the Commission. "He's getting \$1200 a day. Let him earn it."

Gallagher never doubts his conviction that ultimately his union will triumph over what he believes to be a sordid and politically-motivated campaign to grind into the dust an organisation that has: "Dared to struggle, dared to win." Further to that end he had already instituted proceedings against the *Melbourne Herald* and *The Age*, and Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, because he felt their observations on his struggle constituted a contempt of court.

Today, he is perhaps more alone than at any other time in his life. In his youth he enjoyed the support of a close-knit family unit. Later he had a wife and children of his own. His parents are now dead, and he and his wife have gone their separate ways. Apart from his colleagues in the BLF, his closest mates are his pet cockies and his dog. His political beliefs and profound respect for Communist China obviously constitute another support system.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: The first thing I want to go into is the Royal Commission hearings. For several months now the general public has been reading almost daily in the press, and seeing on television in the evenings, a catalogue of allegations against you in particular and against the union. You appeared at the hearings, and chose not to answer any of those allegations. What sort of opinion is the public forming of yourself and your union, and how concerned are you about that?

Gallagher: Well, first of all, Royal Commissions, as I've said, are only fishing expeditions. There is no doubt that the Government decided to have a Royal Commission because they had to front up to an election here in Victoria. And, as you know, union bashing is fairly high on the Government list at the present time. But I would say that the Government's attempts to slander this union are not working, especially as far as our membership is concerned. I can honestly say that out of a membership of 30,000 people, I have had one letter from a member of the union who said that he would stand by me through thick and thin, because of the job that I've done for the union; and one person who wasn't a member of the union said in a letter that he was quite convinced that Norm Gallagher would go to purgatory. That's all I've had — two letters. We have our ears fairly close to the ground. It [the Royal Commission] is not doing the thing that the Government wants it to do. It's a complete failure. And, after all, a commission was only set up to assist the Thompson Government to get back into office. Now Norm Gallagher's record is on the board, the score's on the board for everyone to see. There's some people who like Norm Gallagher, there's some people who dislike Norm Gallagher. As far as I'm concerned it's not having the effect that they had hoped, and it's been a dismal failure as far as the establishment is concerned.

Penthouse: In the final analysis your main interest is in your membership, rather than Joe Citizen in the street picking up newspapers and reading about it. Your 30,000 members are clearly the main concern.

Gallagher: After all, they pay me my wages. I am paid to do a job, I try to do that job to the best of my ability, and there is no doubt that in the course of doing that job you come into conflict with a lot of people, especially employers. But that doesn't really worry Norm Gallagher. I'm concerned about my members receiving good wages and conditions, and I think the job is being done quite satisfactorily.

Penthouse: All the feedback that you've had from the grass roots membership is that despite this catalogue of allegations they are still happy with the job you're doing?

Gallagher: Yes. A lot of the stuff that the commission has as evidence before it is half-truths, some of it downright lies. There's a bit of truth mixed up with it. It is quite apparent to me that these commissions are kangaroo courts or trial by ambush. What worries me, of course, is that you've got the young school leavers, who can't get work, and they've spent about a million and a half to two million dollars on this Royal Commission.

Penthouse: And what do you estimate it's going to be by the time they've finished?

Gallagher: Oh, I'd say probably two million, two and a half million.

Penthouse: So whether or not they

I thought the first few months of the Royal Commission constituted a commission about Norm Gallagher

achieve what they set out to achieve, whether they fail or they succeed, by any standards it's cost the public a hell of a lot of money.

Gallagher: Yeah. When you take a look at the house [at McLaughlin's Beach], the Shire of Alburton valued it for their rates purposes at \$19,000. Now it's just absolutely ridiculous that they should spend that amount of public money.

Penthouse: The commission itself seems to have started with a police report. Before they started talking about the 488 allegations that were going to be brought before the commission, there was a police report in existence, said to be based on inquiries and police surveillance of the union. Did you ever get a look at that police report?

Gallagher: No. We've never been given a look at any police report. We've never been questioned by any of the Special Branch or Fraud Squad who made the investigations. No-one has been approached.

Penthouse: It is a rather strange investigation that does not at any

stage contact directly with the primary subjects...

Gallagher: That's right, that's right. I think what has happened is they've heard some cock and bull story about big extortion rackets in the building industry, thousands of dollars changing hands, and when they finally had the investigation it never proved the allegations were correct. And I think then they were stuck with the Royal Commission. I thought that the first couple of months of the Royal Commission constituted a Royal Commission about Norm Gallagher, not about the Builder's Laborers' Federation. And it seems to me that they're now battling to keep the thing going up to the State election. It's just sort of fallen flat.

Penthouse: What, just to keep it in the public eye until they vote?

Gallagher: That's right.

Penthouse: At one stage when the commission first started you said that if information and allegations which were untrue were to be brought before the Royal Commission and made public, you had some "embarrassing" (your word) information about the State Government which you would bring out.

Gallagher: Well, the actual fact of the matter is that the State Government did a deal with this union [the BLF] over Newport [Melbourne's strike-prone new power station] when charges were laid against one of our organisers, and as a result of those charges he had a heart attack and died. This has been denied by the State Government, but here's a photostat copy of the cheque given to Mrs O'Connor. You can have that.

Penthouse: Thank you. Now this is the widow of the chap who had the heart attack?

Gallagher: That's right. And as a result of that I approached Jim Balfour, who was then Minister for Fuel, and said to him that O'Connor had a wife and four kids, and I expected the Government to keep them. A fortnight later Mr Zambelli, who was then the head of ASCOM, which was doing work for the SEC [State Electricity Commission] at Newport, handed over to me, to give to Mrs O'Connor, a cheque for the amount of \$40,000.

Penthouse: Now what charges had been laid against O'Connor?

Gallagher: They charged O'Connor and another organiser of the union with wilful damage to that bay pipeline.

Penthouse: And how long after the charges were laid did he have the heart attack and die?

Gallagher: I think probably four weeks.

Penthouse: And what were the facts of the matter as you understood them? Did you think they were innocent?

Gallagher: Oh, yes. O'Connor was a per-

sonal mate of mine, and he told me that he'd had nothing to do with it, and I believe it. Eventually Bacon, who was also charged — Jim Bacon — was acquitted.

Penthouse: So you felt there was nothing behind the charges?

Gallagher: That's right. A bloody frame-up.

Penthouse: And Mrs O'Connor is now surviving thanks to that cheque, and this was one of the things you were planning to bring out?

Gallagher: That's right. And that was reported to the general meeting of our union. It's in the minutes.

Penthouse: But the facts behind that cheque have never actually been made public, have they?

Gallagher: No. There have been allegations, but the Government denied it.

Penthouse: Going on to the detailed allegations about the building materials you were alleged to be receiving; the labor, plumbing, electrical work, trees that were said to have come from building sites like Centrepont, Cranbourne, and Flinders Fair; and the information about the \$25,000 round robin cheque with Patricia Mary George, the \$18,000 interest free-loan from your union; all of these things had been brought up by the time you appeared before the commission. At what stage did you make a conscious decision to go before the commission and act as you did, that is, refuse to answer the allegations?

Gallagher: We always said that we would appear. But we always said that we would not answer any questions, because of the de-registration proceedings. You see the allegation about Norm Gallagher's \$18,000 loan — I don't intend to pay any interest on my long service.

Penthouse: And that's what the \$18,000 was?

Gallagher: That's what it was. For reasons better known to the membership than Norm Gallagher, it was done in that way, but that's my business.

Penthouse: What about the alleged \$25,000 round robin cheque that passed through various accounts, including yours?

Gallagher: That was something to do with the setting up of the family trust. You see at one time I had given Pat George part share in my house down there [at McLaughlin's Beach]. We were living together, and the lawyer suggested that to make it legal there should be a transaction where the cheque goes around. So again that was a private, domestic thing. As for the family trust, well, normally I'm opposed to that type of thing, but in actual fact it was Norm Gallagher's will, that's what it was. In this game Norm Gallagher gets threatened every week with writs

of tort, and I had decided that Norm Gallagher should do something about protecting himself in that event. As a matter of fact I have already spoken to our officials, told them they should also do something about it, because you are very vulnerable in this game. It's ridiculous just to be a clay pigeon. I had to laugh because the Counsel for the Commission made all sorts of allegations about what was in the family trust, and then when we finally decided to let them have a look, it was just a normal bloody will.

Penthouse: What about the building materials and plumbing and so on, that you were supposed to have received for your house?

Gallagher: For a start, the building materials were given to me by mates in many cases. It's a bad job if your mates can't give you something.

Penthouse: What about the plumbing?

I honestly think that Royal Commissions will be a thing of the past under a Labor Government

Gallagher: When I got the bill for the plumbing there was some other work mixed up with it. There was a bill for someone else's work. But there were a lot of lies told about all this at the Royal Commission. I paid for the materials, apart from what was given to me.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to keep Pat George in the background?

Gallagher: I didn't. What happened was that she was on holidays, and she phoned me up and told me she wasn't going to break her bloody holidays just to help Mr Thompson get re-elected. And she would be back when her holidays were over.

Penthouse: Do you remember the time you and I flew down to Peter Nixon's holiday home at Cape Conran? It was just at the time they were first starting to say things about your place at McLaughlin's Beach. We went to see Cape Conran, and a home owned by a Cabinet Minister, with a sealed road running almost to the door, electricity cables on, a nominal rent and so on. Why do you think there has never been a Royal Commission into this?

Gallagher: That's right, and under this Government there's no doubt you'd never get one.

Penthouse: What about under a Labor Government?

Gallagher: I think you'd find it hard to have a Royal Commission. I honestly think that Royal Commissions will be a thing of the past. You see, what this union has done is to stand up. Royal Commissions are part of the tactic of fear, of frightening people. And when people stand up, you lose that weapon of fear. I see now the Police Commissioner is talking about a Crimes Commission, and we'll only have Royal Commissions in special circumstances. It's quite apparent to me that the old Royal Commissions have had a fairly good kick in the backside.

Penthouse: And the currency has been devalued? Do you reckon this will be one of the last Royal Commissions we will see?

Gallagher: Yes.

Penthouse: Okay, I'd like to go on to Jack Munday now. First of all, how do you view his re-emergence after seven years in the wilderness?

Gallagher: Well, Jack Munday was always unpredictable. As a matter of fact I spoke to some journalists on one occasion and asked them why it was they always seemed to print his statements, and they said: "We do because he makes the most outrageous statements, and it's good for headlines." Now there's no doubt that Jack Munday is being used by a section of the establishment to knock over the present union leadership.

Penthouse: Do you have any theories about which particular section of the establishment that is?

Gallagher: It would be a section of the employers, builders, who would be supporting Jack Munday.

Penthouse: He claims that during his seven years outside the union there was collusion to stop him getting a job on any building site, and that you were involved in that, and those efforts to keep him out of work.

Gallagher: No, our union has a policy of no ticket, no start. He never had a ticket. The actual fact of the matter is that Jack Munday came forward with this policy of three-year tenure of office, or six-year tenure of office, and he was going back into the industry when he resigned. He worked for one day with Civil and Civic. It was just a joke, he made a joke of it. Jack Munday wanted to get out of the hurly-burly in that office. He couldn't stand the pressure, that's what that was all about.

Penthouse: He has said that he will be standing for office in the NSWBLF elections in August, and he says he feels he has a very good chance of get-

INTERVIEW

ting back into the hierarchy of the union. Do you see him as a threat?

Gallagher: No. As a matter of fact Jack Munday and his followers are a thing of the past. Since Jack Munday has been out of it there has been a tremendous improvement in the members' wages and conditons in NSW. I reckon a good test of a person's character is either money, or power, and how they react to them. There's no doubt that power went to Jack Munday's head.

Penthouse: That's an interesting theory. How do you reckon you react to power? I believe you earn \$330 a week, so you can hardly be accused of allowing money to go to your head. But how about power? How do you feel you react to power?

Gallagher: I think you must always be very careful of power, and the way you use it. You take Jack Munday and his period. He had over \$300,000 million dollars worth of work tied up in NSW over the green bans. It really went to his head. I think you've got to be careful because your membership relies on work in the building industry, and I think you've got to charter the middle course. Now Jack, in my view, just went off bonkers.

Penthouse: When you step outside issues which are specifically for your membership, issues like the Yellow Peril, or Vault, and you use the power of your position on issues like that, whether or not with a motive for the public good, how would you answer a criticism that that is an abuse of power in that you are stepping outside your areas of direct responsibility?

Gallagher: First of all I don't accept that unions should be narrow, economic organisations. I think a union must have a social conscience, and I think it is important to involve the membership in everyday politics.

Penthouse: When labor guilds were first set up, it was to ensure that a worker didn't have his fingers chopped off for doing a bad job, or that he didn't work 25 hours a day. Your belief is that today it has gone beyond a question of purely and simply pay, hours and working conditions?

Gallagher: Oh yes. And I think the employing class tries to keep the unions down into that narrow concept. I think a union, like any political body, has the right to exert influence, and it is important to have policies on certain issues.

Penthouse: Why is it that so much of what the BLF has done outside union business is concerned with conservation, or the preservation of old buildings?

Gallagher: I think mainly because we

are involved in the demolition of old buildings, and we get requests from conservation groups, the National Trust and so on, and I think that's why we get so involved.

Penthouse: Going back to Jack Munday again, he has said that your tactics, which he describes as extremist, have played into the hands of the Right, have alienated public sympathy, and have forced the Right to take stronger and stronger action against you.

Gallagher: Well, I would have thought that the extremist was on the side of Jack Munday. After all Norm Gallagher has never had a general strike in this union. Jack Munday had a general strike in NSW and nearly brought our membership to its knees, and if it wasn't for the Victorian branch coming to the rescue and pulling our members out for four days, which allowed the Victorian Master Builders to make an

“
Munday was running
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”

offer, Jack Munday was in awful trouble. My difference with Jack Munday is that I don't believe the one mighty blow solves everything. The big strike. Jack Munday did. This is where we had differences. I believe in the use of guerilla-type tactics, hit and run. Now my tactics in the past have proved correct. You've only got to look at our members' wages and conditions. As for his statement that I'm allowing the Right wing to attack us, well Jack Munday has the solution to that. He gave the Right wing in NSW all of our bloody work, and this is why we've had so much trouble in NSW over demarcation. He was running around giving our bloody work away, and concentrating on the environment and conservation, and allowing other bloody unions to do our work.

Penthouse: Munday feels that control of the BLF has passed away from grass roots membership to an elite corps of the hierarchy. He's obviously getting at you, but do you feel you are out of touch with the membership?

Gallagher: No, as a matter of fact I

believe the Jack Munday leadership was one of the hierarchy making the decisions, and not involving the rank and file. Munday allowed himself to get offside with the membership in NSW, and it was easy for the Federal body to take over when their executive would make a decision to place a green ban on without any consultation with the blokes on the job.

Penthouse: Norm, by the time this interview is published a lot of important political events will have taken place. We've got the Lowe by-election coming up very shortly, and the Victorian State elections, and the distinct possibility of a Federal election before too long. I'd like to talk about those, and what you see as the likely outcomes and the issues involved.

Gallagher: I believe the Federal Government will lose Lowe.

Penthouse: Do you think Fraser realises that?

Gallagher: I think so. I believe Thompson will lose in Victoria because he's not fronting up to the real economic issues.

Penthouse: Lindsay Thompson has been in office now for about a year. Apart from the very low profile he seems instinctively to adopt, and his obvious problems with lack of charisma and so on, what sort of job do you think he has done so far?

Gallagher: Well in my view he's gone back. I believe the State Government would have been in a lot better position still having Dick Hamer at the helm in this election. You see he came to power — he could only get power — by assuring some of his Cabinet Ministers that he wouldn't have a reshuffle. In my view for Thompson to have succeeded he should have made a lot of Cabinet changes. A new image. Now, what's different? Hamer went and Thompson took over. But the people who are handling the everyday problems haven't changed. You take the Minister for Planning, Lieberman. In my view they still haven't solved this problem of getting permits through quickly. There is still tremendous red tape, especially with interest rates the way they are. But people can be held up for a permit, I think for up to 12 months. Just think of the enormous costs.

Penthouse: All right, you're clearly a long way short of being satisfied with Thompson's performance, and you expect a Labor Government to be in power shortly. What difference is John Cain going to make, and how do you see Victoria under him?

Gallagher: First of all I believe John Cain has a tremendous task in front of him. After all we have had 26 or 27 years of Liberal Government, and if he's able to reorganise the various Government departments in three years that will be

a tremendous achievement. Because there's been a tremendous bureaucracy built up in 27 years in the civil service, and I only hope there's not pressure put on him like there was in the Whitlam days, because if there is, then he might not achieve a second term.

Penthouse: Do you know Cain personally?

Gallagher: Oh, yes, I know John.

Penthouse: How do you get on with him?

Gallagher: All right. In what dealings I've had with him I've found him quite easy to talk to.

Penthouse: Almost by definition, Norm Gallagher and the Premier of Victoria, whether he's Labor, Liberal or whatever, are going to be at loggerheads sooner or later.

Gallagher: Well, put it this way, my members come first. If there's any attempt to attack my members' wages and conditions, Norm Gallagher will be in the forefront to defend them. But I must say in the dealings I have had with Cain so far, he has impressed me.

Penthouse: What about his Shadow Cabinet?

Gallagher: The people that I've met, yes, I think Victoria should look forward to the future with a lot of confidence.

Penthouse: At the Federal level the most fascinating thing at the moment still seems to be what is happening between Peacock and Fraser. How well do you know Andrew Peacock?

Gallagher: I've met him, yes. Andrew Peacock would make a good Prime Minister if they were making a film about it. But in day-to-day life I'm afraid you can't afford that flamboyant attitude when you're dealing with people's lives.

Penthouse: Do you think that under that flamboyance and suntan lotion there is a capacity for hard work?

Gallagher: I think he has an ability for hard work. I may say that the impression I got when he was the Minister for Industrial Relations was that he had to wipe his arse before he'd shit. He didn't investigate.

Penthouse: If we don't get another Liberal Government and Labor takes over, do you have any personal theories over how long Bill Hayden is going to survive with Bob Hawke waiting in the wings?

Gallagher: I personally don't think Bill Hayden has any real worries. In my view Bob made his run too late. Secondly, I have been surprised how well Bill Hayden has been able to handle himself, especially in the last election, when I thought he did a magnificent job. He rose to the occasion.

Penthouse: When you say you think Bob Hawke has made his run too late, do you mean in Federal politics?

Gallagher: Yes. The other thing about it is that you are dealing with a different type of person than trade union leaders. Politicians don't move over for you to take over.

Penthouse: There's a lot more ego...

Gallagher: That's right. People aren't going to step aside.

Penthouse: How's your relationship with Hawke? You've obviously had a lot to do with him.

Gallagher: I've been on the ACTU executive with him for a fair time. We didn't get on too badly. We didn't see eye to eye on a great number of things, but there were a lot of things we did see eye to eye on.

Penthouse: He'd be more the sort of bloke you'd enjoy a drink with than say, Andrew Peacock, as you were saying earlier?

Gallagher: Well, I think he's got a much more principled stand on the issue of

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”

Soviet expansion and aggression than Andrew Peacock.

Penthouse: You've touched on the subject of Russia, and I know you're a Marxist-Leninist, but I believe you've actually met Mao Tse-Tung on one occasion?

Gallagher: Yes (pointing to framed photograph on the wall of his office). Up there, shaking hands.

Penthouse: How long ago was that?

Gallagher: In about 1967. I met him on two occasions. We spent about two hours together, talking through an interpreter. He was a very knowledgeable person. It was amazing. There was a bloke that was leader of, what, 800 million people, yet you felt quite at home with him. I can remember at one time there was a comrade who was with me. He [Mao] asked a question, and the comrade was going around the long way to explain it. Mao just said: "Look, if the answer doesn't come to you, now or in a week's time, it will come to you. In the meantime the skies won't fall." He was just so understanding, and he reflected the

real modesty of the Chinese people.
Penthouse: To what extent do your pro-China feelings influence your work with the union?

Gallagher: Well, first of all, I'm impressed with how they take everything to the masses, let the workers have a say. I think that is terribly important.

Penthouse: How have they managed to achieve that in China with such incredibly unwieldy numbers?

Gallagher: They get them involved at all levels, in committees, everywhere, and it's like a chain, a never-ending chain.

Penthouse: Would you ever see a time when you would want to go and live there?

Gallagher: No. Why would I want to go and live in China? I'm Australian. I'm Australian-made. Norm Gallagher's an Australian.

Penthouse: What is there about Australia that makes you want to stay here?

Gallagher: It's my native land, and I've just got to do a better job. Make it a better place to live in.

Penthouse: I'd like to go into your past now. You don't talk about your childhood, do you?

Gallagher: No.

Penthouse: I know your parents were a great influence on you, and that you were born in '31, in Collingwood, and that your early years were very tough...

Gallagher: Very hard. I remember one time sitting outside on the footpath in the gutter. I wanted one penny more to go to the pictures. I was crying.

Penthouse: How old would you have been?

Gallagher: About eight or nine.

Penthouse: I suppose the roots of your determination to win must have grown in Collingwood.

Gallagher: That's right. You either stood up, or got stood on. I think my earliest battles were my inability to cope with school, because I used to stutter a lot — a nervous problem. The old nuns, you know, they'd come up the back of you, and give you a belt right over the head.

Penthouse: And that caused that nervousness?

Gallagher: Yes. I left school fairly early. The old nuns said to me there was no use for me, no hope for me. I could do two things: I could stay home for 12 months, then come back and get my leaving certificate, or I could help the caretaker clean up the yard, old Ernie King.

Penthouse: You left school at 14, I believe?

Gallagher: Yes, 14.

Penthouse: To what extent has the lack of formal education hampered you?

Gallagher: I think it has had its advantages, as well as disadvantages. I don't think I fear the establishment as much

INTERVIEW

as those who have been educated, drilled and brain-washed. It has had that advantage. I've always tried to drill into my own officials and my own family the need to be independent and self-reliant.

Penthouse: When you had the problem with the stutter as a child, were you unhappy? Because there's nothing more cruel than other children in a situation like that, is there?

Gallagher: No, that's right. But in my respect it made me fight harder.

Penthouse: Did it make you unhappy?

Gallagher: It made me more bloody determined.

Penthouse: What sort of support did you get from your parents? Did you have the kind of relationship where you could go home and spill out all your woes to them?

Gallagher: I had tremendous support. And I always was looked on as the most responsible in the family. If anything had to be done, I had to bloody do it. But we were very close.

Penthouse: I think by the time you were 16 you were with the union?

Gallagher: That's right, I was on the union executive at 16.

Penthouse: Was that due to your father's influence?

Gallagher: No. I just felt an injustice was being done. I could see an injustice being done to the members on the job. I just saw at an early age that there needed to be a social change.

Penthouse: So you had a vision of yourself, right from the start, as being an instrument for change?

Gallagher: Yes, and I got tied up with an old carpenter, Hughie Tierney, who's now dead. He had some influence on me politically. We'd sit down at lunch-time and we'd talk. He'd have been then in his late 50s. He used to be the chairman of the job committee, and he always told me: "Normie, whatever you do, don't hold anything back from the members. Even if it's bad, tell 'em. And they'll support you. But if they think that you're holding something back, they get doubts." I've followed that philosophy right through, not to hold anything back. I'd have been about 16 when he told me that.

Penthouse: Right. Let's talk about the time you were jailed. I think you were sentenced to 14 days after a scuffle with a bloke on a building site in Carlton. Twenty thousand people stopped work in protest over your jailing. Was that the first time you realised how much influence you had as an individual?

Gallagher: To me that was a fairly important decision for workers to take, because it involved the question of the

environment. It was a different matter altogether from the penal clauses; it was something new. They wanted to build a warehouse up on a piece of land which the people wanted as a park. Matter of fact now it's been turned into a park with trees, barbecues, and so on. They call it the Hardy-Gallagher Park.

Penthouse: How does that make you feel?

Gallagher: Oh, I've got a view about naming things after people while they're still alive. I don't think it should be done.

Penthouse: What about when you first came out of jail?

Gallagher: Yes, jeez there was a funny thing happened. All the other blokes inside asked you, when you got out, to telephone their wives, and tell them everything was okay, or what they needed.

I didn't have any paper to write the

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numbers on, so I wrote them all over my body. I looked like a tattoo, I looked like I had the telephone book printed all over me. I couldn't see all the numbers, some were down my back, so I had to spend the first hour of freedom on the phone, reading off all these numbers back to front in the mirror, calling all these wives.

Penthouse: When you came out of Pentridge I think you were interviewed, and you said there were a lot more honest people in prison than there were in Parliament House. What did you mean by that?

Gallagher: Well I think the people who are in Pentridge, the majority of them, are basically honest. Sure they've made mistakes, committed crimes against society, but I must say that politicians are a breed apart. They handle the truth very carelessly. It's a tool of the trade.

Penthouse: Did you learn anything from being in Pentridge?

Gallagher: Yes. I learned to be more bloody determined, I can say that. They locked me up at four o'clock, and never let me out until seven in the morning.

Penthouse: What about the other prisoners?

Gallagher: Oh yes, they were okay. For instance I said to the bloke who takes up the orders for the canteen, "You'd better put some tobacco on there for me, I don't smoke, but you'd better put some on for me." They said: "No, we reckon you'd better have chocolate. You use your allowance, and buy yourself some bloody chocolate." I thought that was very bloody good.

Penthouse: I don't suppose you get much spare time, but what's your favorite way of spending it?

Gallagher: Working. With my hands. Building. I miss that. I like carpentry. I like any building trade work. Bricklaying, plumbing. I've got my dog and my cockies. I leave my cockies up here [in town] at the weekend, and take my dog down to McLaughlin's. He's a half Alsatian, half Labrador.

Penthouse: Is he for protection, or is he a mate?

Gallagher: Both. Anyone in public life, in a position like mine, must always be careful.

Penthouse: If any of the threats on your life ever materialised would you be able to handle it?

Gallagher: I can look after myself. Done a bit of amateur fighting when I was a kid.

Penthouse: When you were involved in the dispute with the NSW branch I believe there was a threat on your life. Deep down inside, does that sort of thing frighten you?

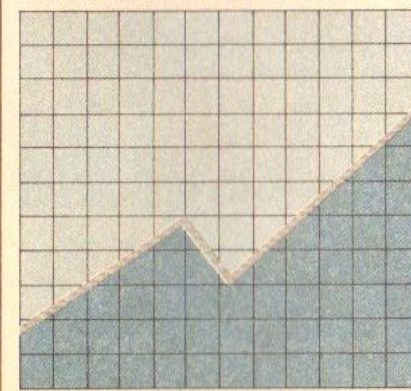
Gallagher: No, it doesn't frighten me. I think you've got to come to accept that life can be short or life can be long. We got tipped off that [name deleted for legal reasons] had organised that the Sydney underworld had been deceived about knocking Gallagher off. We got to know about it, and we lined... and his three mates up, and told them that if anything happened to us, we weren't worrying about the bloke who did it, we were coming to see them. So when the blokes went to see him, he shit himself. The bloke who had the contract is now doing 20 years for a murder. We got to know him quite well.

Penthouse: That is very corrupt by any standards. You're a very tough man, and you take on tough men, but would you ever see a situation where you'd take out a contract on someone's life, as was done to you?

Gallagher: No. As a matter of fact, I'm not a religious person, but people only live one life. I don't support the theory of contracts, or bloody terrorist activity, that sort of thing. Other people will probably say: "Malcolm Fraser, the bastard ought to drop dead," but that's not Malcolm Fraser as an individual, it's what Malcolm Fraser stands for that's got to be fought and defeated. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

WILL YOU HIT THE BIG TIME?



What do Virginia Woolfe and Albert Einstein have in common? How about Charlie Chaplin and Adolf Hitler? Or Mark Twain and John Kennedy? Or Buf-falo Bill and Pope John XXIII?

Yes, they're all dead, but that's not the answer. The correct answer is that they're all famous. And it turns out that people who become famous often have strikingly similar lives, even though their celebrity may occur in wildly divergent fields. Psychologists have found that people who achieve acclaim on the world's stage tend to share similar personality traits, family back-grounds, childhood behaviors, and feel-ings about themselves.

This psychograph tests whether your life up till now fits the pattern that often leads to fame.

- How do you prefer to work?
 - by myself
 - in groups
- How would you characterise the economic status of the family you grew up in?
 - rich
 - upper middle class and/or professional
 - middle class
 - lower middle class or working class
 - poor
- When you were in primary school, what was your reading level?
 - above average
 - average
 - below average
- Which of the following statements would best characterise your parents' attitudes toward learning?
 - Learning and intellectual pursuits were highly valued in our house. My parents read seriously and avidly in their spare time.
 - My parents respected learning, but I don't think they were exceptionally intellectual.
 - Intellectual pursuits were not much valued in our home.
 - One of my parents was intellectual; the other wasn't.
- Which of the following statements

is most characteristic of you?

- I've always excelled in subjects that required memorisation, drill, and routine.
 - I have little patience when it comes to subjects that require drill and memorisation.
 - I'm not great at subjects that require drill and memorisation, but I'm probably no worse on that score than most people.
- Did you have trouble making friends as a kid?
 - yes, very much
 - some
 - very little
 - How would you say your parents felt about their lives?
 - My parents lived relatively settled lives; they seemed generally contented with their lot in life.
 - My parents were restless. They always seemed to want something different from what they had. We moved around a lot, or at least we talked about moving a lot.
 - I had one restless parent, one contented parent.
 - Where did you spend your formative years of childhood?

- in the country
- in a village or small town
- in a large town or small city
- in a suburb
- in a large city

- Did your parents put a lot of pressure on you to excel in school?
 - yes
 - no
- How could your parents best be described?
 - quite conventional and conforming
 - quite unorthodox and non-conforming in their beliefs, actions, and opinions
- Did you get into trouble at school?
 - yes, a lot
 - some
 - rarely or never
- Which of the following statements comes closest to characterising the atmosphere in your home when you were a kid?
 - My parents strongly encouraged me to be well balanced. They wanted me to "fit in" with other kids my age.
 - My parents didn't care about my being well rounded, but they expected me to pursue avidly any areas in which I showed talent.
 - My parents didn't give a damn what I did.
- Did at least one of your parents have hobbies or outside interests that he or she pursued with great enthusiasm and persistence, sometimes almost to the point of fanaticism? (For example, would he or she rather fish, hike, sail, read, play music, potter in the cellar, etc than do anything else — including work?)
 - yes
 - no
- When you were an adolescent, would you say you rebelled more against your parents or more against your teachers?
 - parents
 - teachers

25 questions to
gauge your star quality

- (c) about the same against both
15. Do you feel a strong need to win the approval of others?
(a) yes, very much
(b) quite a bit
(c) somewhat
(d) only a little, if at all
16. Here is a list of adjectives: disorderly, sloppy, anarchic, chaotic, vague, doubtful, uncertain, approximate, inexact, inaccurate. Could they be descriptive of you?
(a) yes, very much
(b) quite a bit
(c) somewhat
(d) a little
(e) not at all
17. When it came to making important decisions (moving, spending money, etc), who was more likely to dominate in your childhood household?
(a) father
(b) mother
(c) someone else (such as an uncle or grandparent)
18. When you were young, did you have real or imaginary handicaps (too tall, too thin, too short, too fat, bad eyesight, speech problems, ugly, crippled, poor athletic ability) that you felt made you different from other kids your age?
(a) yes
(b) yes, but I seemed to fit in anyway
(c) no
19. Have you always had "neurotic" habits and quirks, such as nervousness, hyperactivity, nail biting, vague fears, proneness to accident?
(a) yes, very much so
(b) yes, but they've probably been no worse than the average person's
(c) no
20. Did you ever miss a substantial period of school — most of a term or longer — because of sickness, mental problems, travelling with parents, etc?
(a) yes
- (b) no
21. If you had been given the choice, would you have preferred to have had a private tutor or to have gone to normal schools, like everyone else?
(a) tutor
(b) regular schools
22. Would you say you had a troubled childhood?
(a) yes
(b) no
23. Did you enjoy high school?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) it was okay, but not great
(c) no
24. Here are two sets of words. Which comes closer to describing the general atmosphere in your home when you were growing up?
(a) calm, predictable, no violent expression of emotions, comfortable, restrained, low-key, not argumentative
(b) irritable, explosive, unpredictable, argumentative, great swings of emotion from passionate love to loud anger and from depression to exultation
(c) somewhere in between
25. Did either or both of your parents have especially strong opinions on politics and/or religion?
(a) yes, both did
(b) one did
(c) no

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest score is 100; the lowest, 25.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. a-4, b-1 | 13. a-4, b-1 |
| 2. a-3, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1 | 14. a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| 3. a-4, b-2, c-1 | 15. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4 |
| 4. a-4, b-2, c-1, d-3 | 16. a-4, b-3, c-2, d-1, e-1 |
| 5. a-1, b-4, c-2 | 17. a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| 6. a-4, b-2, c-1 | 18. a-4, b-2, c-1 |
| 7. a-1, b-4, c-3 | 19. a-4, b-2, c-1 |
| 8. a-4, b-4, c-2 | 20. a-4, b-1 |
| d-2, e-1 | 21. a-4, b-1 |

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 9. a-4, b-4 | 22. a-4, b-1 |
| 10. a-1, b-4 | 23. a-1, b-2, c-4 |
| 11. a-4, b-2, c-1 | 24. a-1, b-4, c-2 |
| 12. a-1, b-4, c-2 | 25. a-4, b-3, c-1 |

If you scored 76 to 100 points:

You could be on the road to fame and glory. A score in this category doesn't guarantee that you'll be on the cover of *Time* before the year is out, but it indicates that you exhibit a striking number of traits common to famous men. One could say you're *predisposed* to fame. If the opportunity for celebrity came along, you — unlike other men — would know instinctively how to take advantage of it. You are highly sensitive to everything that goes on around you, and you react with drive, passion, and dedication to the stimuli around you. You may not be the most well-rounded guy in the world, but those things that interest you do so intensely. You're your own man, and that alone is one of the prime prerequisites for outstanding achievement and fame that goes along with it.

50 to 75 points:

You share some similarities with famous men, but you're right on the borderline. You may be just a little too average, lacking the inner fire that drives people to great fame. Men who achieve the sort of things that make them legends often couldn't care less what people think about them. You may be too well adjusted, too normal, to ever let go of yourself in that way. Still, you may have enough flair to make it.

25 to 49 points:

You're probably the nicest guy in the world, but you're not likely to become famous. You lack the inner wackiness and strong self-concept that propel people to great accomplishment. You may become very successful in business and be a pillar of your community, but you're still unlikely ever to stand out much from the crowd. If, by some freak accident, you were to become famous, you'd be uncomfortable as hell in any case. You tend to favor balance and middle-of-the-road solutions to most problems. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, so there's always the possibility that you could become celebrated. But don't bank on it. ☺

When your legs lose their stiffness



More and more vehicles today have Strut or 'Wet-leg' suspensions and what makes a Wet-leg give out?

... about 40,000 kilometers.

So when yours go limp

..slip in a Monroe-Wylie Cartridge replacement!

500 SERIES RADIAL-MATICS OR HEAVY DUTY TRAILBLAZERS

Quality has no substitute.



EASILY REPLACEABLE SEALED CARTRIDGES

HEAVY METAL DREAMING



BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

As he toiled among bicycle frames and tiny petrol motors in war-devastated Japan, one Soichiro Honda, honorable servant of the Empire, allowed his thoughts to wander. Instead of tinkering with lawnmower engines and war surplus pushbikes, he dreamed of one day making his own motorcycle — one he would call "Honda's Dream". Less than 13 years after the Japanese surrender, Honda had built the foundations and first storey of what became an engineering colossus. It defies human intellect to associate the roots of this

monstrosity with one man, his lawn mower and his bicycle. In its first decade, Honda Motor Company produced plenty of bikes: initially for cheap, ready transport in the homeland and later for the overseas markets that were to become voracious consumers. Honda launched his Dream in 1958. It came to Australia to a mixed reception typical of the feeling of the day, which was that Jap stuff was cheap and altogether nasty, and you wouldn't be seen dead riding one on Anzac Day. If my memory is correct, you were looking at about \$400 in quids late in 1958 to own the Dream. They were a taste of things to come from Honda and suggested the top man had a touch of psychedelia in his original dream — they were available in either pink or blue.

DREAMING

What sort of a bodgie do you reckon would rock up to the local milk bar on a pink Jap bike and nuzzle it into an angle parking position among a pack of black Triumphs?

These were the first of the thousands of Hondas that have sold here in the past 25 years. Soon they were joined by Suzuki and Yamaha and then Kawasaki, in a tidal wave of two, three and four-wheelers that outsell anything here on two wheels 9.5 to one. The Honda Dream was a 250cc overhead cam twin cylinder bike featuring a pressed steel spine frame with the alloy engine angled forward to form the stressed down tube member.

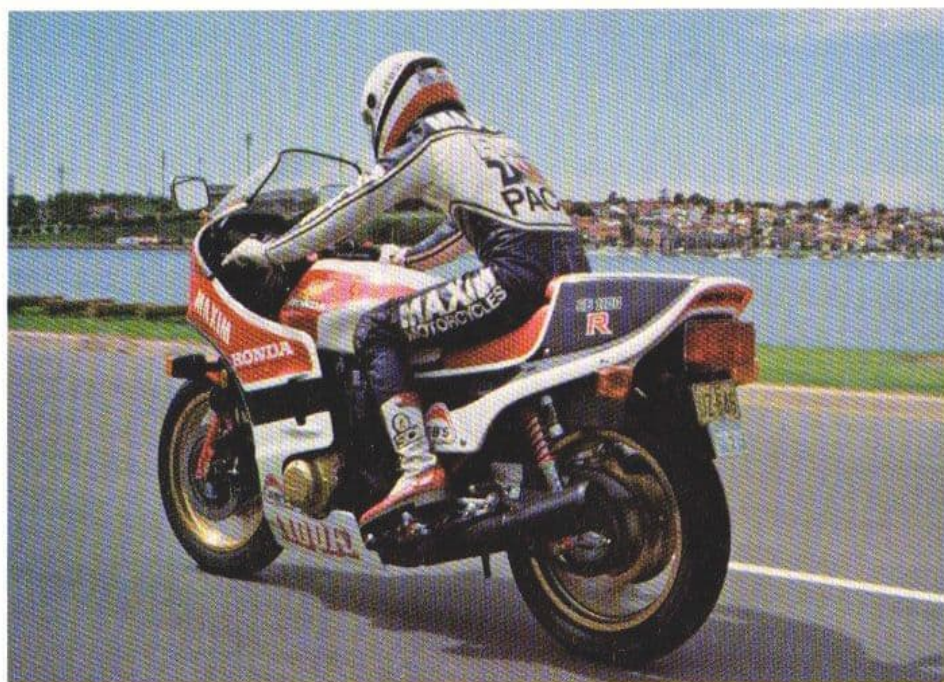
Among its more notable features was a rotary gearbox which enabled shifting from top gear to bottom cog via neutral — a quaint system thankfully outlawed by traffic authorities interceding mercifully on behalf of those who had difficulty in counting and remembering the first four digits. Front suspension was by leading link, which worked in principle on the parallelogram of forces, sprung and dampened hydraulically. Rear suspension units were rectangular-shaped and the shrouds over the handlebars added further distinction to the contraption.

Following their bikes came cars — as radical as the first bikes if you think of it; they introduced a 600cc sports car. The cars carry the names Zot, Scamp, Civic, Accord and Prelude. They're doing to Western car manufacturers what Honda bikes have been doing for 25 years.

The spirit of the "Dream" is alive and well in the Honda empire today, and while the king may be in his counting house or wherever a head of corporation in his 80s spends his days, down in the research and development section the boys are extending the pedigree of the top-of-the-line bike. When this machine passes by and the vision registers in people's minds, their expressions immediately change to: "What the hell is that?"

In short, the CB1100 RC stops people as if they were shot. The bike I rode is a stablemate of Maxim Motorcycles' CB1100, to be ridden this year in production races by Johnny Pace, a master in his trade and one who wants to win the Castrol Six-Hour in October more than anything. It belongs to bike enthusiast Nigel Bryan, an accountant with a touch of red line fever and an eye for sound investment through capital appreciation.

At the back of Maxim's shop in Leichhardt I slid on to the bike, started it up and took off. For the first few moments it didn't hit home as I was busy absorbing the feel of the controls and keeping an eye on the traffic and speed limit. Then I began to notice that people stopped, stared, held babies up to car windows, and engaged other people's attention as soon as they spotted the machine. It ain't because it's



Photograph by Noel Christensen

noisy — in fact it strolls almost inaudibly at the round-town limit of 60 ks. Yet the reaction from people was such that it could have been the loco of NSW's 160 km/h XPT passenger train comin' at 'em.

A kilometre or two further on at Railway Square, a major Sydney road junction, a cheeky young cop poked his head out the window of the bullwagon he was piloting just to give me the smick sign with thumb and index finger forming a circle.

What makes otherwise normal people behave in such strange ways? It wasn't that line-up of all the planets bullshit, because that had happened well beforehand. I suppose you have to put it down to the fact that it's world's most visually exciting motorcycle, a Moomba Parade on two wheels.

In 1980, Honda began production in limited numbers of a super-dooer motorcycle that was to put them a cut above the others. That was the predecessor of this one, the CB1100 R — a four-cylinder, monoposto near-as-dammit out-and-out racer with just enough burdening accoutrements to allow it to pass registration. Only 1000 were made for the world — ironically, they were barred from the US because they were too powerful and exceeded the limitations.

Some European countries, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia were consigned their quotas of the motorcycle, which sold locally for \$5500, or \$6500 with an array of spares which enabled it to see out a race season with planned maintenance of highly stressed parts.

The big splash came in the Castrol Six-Hour Race of that year — it was the bike's world racing debut, and Honda expected to nail down the event firmly. Just to be certain, they imported English champion "Rocket" Ron Haslam to bolster an already impressive local line-up of team members from both Tasman countries. The only opposition came from Suzuki's GSX1100, a conventional bike in the touring mould. Sporty though it was, it was never as slick as the racy Honda.

But somebody forgot to tell the Suzuki, and throughout the race John Pace pursued Wayne Gardner on the scoreboard and eventually appealed successfully about a cock-up in the lap count. First place remained uncertain until 10 months later, when it was discovered that Pace had spent 40 minutes longer on the bike than he should have according to international teams racing rules. The distance covered in that time was deducted from the race effort.

The organisers had a change of mind about the CB1100 R for the following year, branding it an outlaw because it only had seating capacity for one and that didn't suit their ideas of a touring motorcycle.

Only 1100 of those bikes ever reached these shores and they were pretty hard to come by off the showroom floor for their asking price of \$5500. Race teams snap-

ped up a fair portion and others were salted away by investors, some of whom were asking \$10,000 per bike six months after the consignment had sold out.

If you're lucky enough to have the scratch (\$5899 no spares) for the second generation CB1100 R then go hunt one up. The bad news is that only 140 were imported this time, but they are twice the bike of old.

Honda stepped closer to the racetrack with the first offering than any previous road bike, and this one takes a further giant leap towards the starting grid. The most apparent difference is the red, white and blue full dolphin fairing which contributes enormously to the glamor of this goddess. For the technical-minded, the shell is constructed of polycarbonate from a wind-tunnel tested design. Its purpose is to make the bike go as fast as it can by reducing drag through the atmosphere, enabling the engine to stretch it out to a maximum speed of 250 km/h (150 mph). That's the same top speed as a Porsche Turbo, Ferrari or Lamborghini will give you if you want to invest a minimum of \$70,000 extra. The four-cylinder 115 hp engine, redlined at 10,000 rpm, starts to pull strongly from idle.

If you want to quibble about the price take a look at the front wheel set-up, which is a copy of the Honda Formula 1 race bike. It has two 300mm "turbo" ventilated twin discs operated by twin, dual piston calipers — meaning the right hand has a firm hold on what is the most powerful arrestor yet seen on the street. Complementing the front end is a 300 mm non-ventilated disc on the rear wheel which is controlled by a similar dual piston caliper.

The front brake pressure sets up a torque reaction within the anti-dive system which controls the attitude of the front end, making it more directional under severe high-speed braking. The rear suspension is by swinging arm with dual shocks set up in the conventional manner. They are ventilated for cooling and prolonged high performance under racing conditions. High-pressure nitrogen reservoirs feature two stage control while adjustment can be made to compression and extension of each FVQ shock. A rider with a minimum of effort can dial up a variety of suspension settings fore and aft to suit his particular needs.

The narrow waist on the Honda, combined with a comfortable not-too-tucked-up seating position, allows racetrack cornering without scraping the bike on the road. The skeletal stress points are the wrists on this lay-forward machine, although comfort can readily be attained through adjustment of the handlebar rake.

There is no escape as the motor is pounding away in the same cabin separated only by the shapely 26-litre aluminium fuel tank. The close proximity of fuel to hot engine round town makes the petrol five to 10 degrees hotter than the

ambient temperature, and this means increased fuel consumption.

Road users can doff the belly pan and side panels of the fairing and give themselves a break from the heat, but race regulations call for the bike to be dressed to the nines regardless of the climate. You could take a pillion passenger to fan you: yes, they've come up with a spare seat for this model.

So the new model has some touring capability and will, one would imagine, line up for a start in the Castrol Six-Hour Race.

The Honda in the most specialised piece of equipment we have seen in production racing, and logically will start favorite for Australia's most prestigious motorcycle race. I hope no one will tell Suzuki that and spoil the fun. 

SPECIFICATIONS

DIMENSIONS

Length: 2,200 mm, 86.6 in.
Width: 770 mm, 30.3 in.
Height: 1280 mm, 50.4 in.
Wheelbase: 1490 mm, 58.6 in.
Ground clearance: 140 mm, 5.5 in.
Seat height: 795 mm, 31.3 in.
Dry weight: 233 kg, 513.7 lbs.
FRAME
Type: double cradle.
Front fork travel: 140 mm, 5.5 in.
Rear shock travel: 105 mm, 4.1 in.
Tyre front: 100/90V18.
Tyre rear: 130/80V18.
Front brake: double disc.
Rear brake: single disc.
Fuel capacity: 26 litres, 5.7 gal.
Fuel reserve capacity: 4.5 litres, 9.0 gal.
Caster angle: 62 deg.
Trail: 118 mm, 4.6 in.

MOTOR

Vertical parallel four cylinder twin overhead cam air cooled four stroke.
Bore/stroke: 70 mm x 69 mm, 2.75 in. x 2.71 in.
Displacement: 1062 cc, 64.8 cu in.
Comp: 10:1.
Max power: 115 PS @ 9000 rpm (DIN).
Max torque: 10.0 kg/m @ 7,500 rpm (DIN).
Oil capacity: 4.5 litres.
Lubrication system: forced pressure, wet sump.

Air filtration: paper element.
Cylinder compression: 1470.9 kPa (15 kg/sq cm, 213 psi).
Engine weight: 92 kg.
Idle speed: 1000 rpm + - 100 rpm.

DRIVE TRAIN

Clutch: multi-plate wet.
Transmission: 5 speed constant mesh.

ELECTRICS

Ignition: transistorised.
Starting system: starter motor only.
Generator: three phase AC.
Battery: 12V 12AH (optional: 12V 14AH, 12V 9AH).
Firing order: 1243

Mitsubishi's turbo secret is out

BLOW IN

BY PETER MCKAY

Turbo power is on the march — everywhere, it seems, except Australia, where car makers and importers haven't exactly been swamping the conservative market with turbo cars. Count them — Saab 900, Porsche 911, Porsche 924, Mitsubishi Sigma . . . that's all, folks. The fad that rocketed



BLOW IN

across Europe and through Japan is on a slow boat to these shores.

Reception for turbocharged motor cars varies in Australia. Local bolt-on turbo operators boast about a buoyant market where demand can outstrip supply. Porsche Australia has advance orders for every turbo it can extract out of Stuttgart; Saab sells 165 turbo models here annually. Yet Mitsubishi has hit heavy weather in its efforts to sell off the remaining few dozen of its \$13,750 limited edition production turbo model... and only 500 were manufactured for sale.

Is turbocharging only for the toffs? An upmarket motoring aphrodisiac not to be appreciated by those who cannot afford \$29,000 for a Saab, or \$36,000 to \$70,000 for a Porsche *mit blower*?

Local suspicion of turbocars contrasts with ready acceptance elsewhere. Names like Renault, Volvo, Porsche, Saab, Audi and Lotus have stirred the European automotive scene with their softly-softly turbo speedsters. And turbo-mania grips Japan, where about one in every seven new cars sold is a turbo. That huge percentage is particularly fascinating considering the congested nature of Japanese roads coupled with the snail's pace maximum speed of 90 km/h. And in Formula One, turbo Renaults and Ferraris are in the Grand Prix vanguard.

Turbo ranks in Australia are due to strengthen about now, though, with the arrival of two new blower jobs. There's Audi's \$30,000 rocket-ship, the 200T super saloon, and Mitsubishi's bolt from the blue, the mysterious Starion.

We've been aware of the 200T for some time; the Starion caught us all looking the other way.

Mitsubishi's handling of the Starion's gestation from concept to motor car would do ASIO's cloak-and-dagger activities proud. Nary a murmur of the new vehicle squeezed through the bamboo curtain to the world's motoring press until its scheduled unveiling at the recent Geneva Motor Show. In a business where information leaks are commonplace, this was some achievement. Security, even within Mitsubishi, was watertight. For instance, Mitsubishi Australia knew of the new car 12 months ago, but other than an unhelpful code number and a brief, bland description, the Oz bods were left to ponder...

Now it's here. Starion. Those Japanese sure have funny names. Of course it should have been called "Stallion", but then the Japanese tongue has always had trouble negotiating certain letters... Anyway, Starion it is. Mitsubishi's new

high-performance flagship is the company's first entry into the Australian high-luxury segment. It will be out to steal thunder and sales from Nissan's 280ZX and Mazda's RX-7. This suggests that it's a sports car, like the Z-car and the rotary. It isn't. It's a two-door hatchback coupe with sporting mechanicals.

The Starion is priced line-ball with Nissan's opposition at \$20,000 — three grand or so up on the Mazda.

The Starion lays claim to the mantle of Fastest Car Under the Rising Sun... on its home turf, it howls through the standing 400 metres in 15.5 seconds, reaching the 100 km/h mark en route in just 7.6 seconds. That's quick in anyone's language, be it Japanese or English. Top speed is around the 200 km/h mark.

The Starion powerplant is the new-to-Australia lightweight 2.0-litre overhead cam four cylinder Sirius engine, complete with the compact Mitsubishi turbo unit and Bosch-designed electronic fuel injection.



New to us it may be, but the turbo Sirius has proven itself in the Lancer rally model, which has been on the scene for around two years now. It boasts a feature familiar to Sigma owners and fitted under licence to the Porsche 944... twin balancer shafts to reduce noise and vibration.

The Starion produces 125 kW of power at 5500 rpm, while peak torque of 245 Nm comes on tap at 3500 rpm. They're impressive figures.

Let's get technical. The fuel injection and turbo unit deserves some amplification. Ultrasound waves measure air intake instead of the more usual, and less positive, air flaps utilised in analogue systems.

Two injectors are employed. They pulse alternately, controlled by a computer which precisely calculates air/fuel mixture based on digital information obtained from sensors measuring several variables... air and engine temperature, throttle position and opening speed, battery voltage and air intake. A similar system has been adapted for Yamaha's 650 Turbo motorcycle.

And so to the gearbox. Transmissions are Mitsubishi's bag. They're invariably

blessed with a positive, effortless movement, but the Starion's shift is spoiled by its location. Gear changing would be easier if the lever was moved forward, away from the driver's left hand. Incidentally, don't ask for an automatic alternative. There's none, and that's not without merit.

The power-assisted steering gets high marks. Surprisingly, it's the unfashionable recirculating ball type, yet it beats many of the Japanese rack-and-pinion systems. It is speed-related too, which means road feel at high speeds is retained.

The Starion has fully independent suspension — MacPherson struts at the front, with Chapman struts at the rear (so named because Colin Chapman was the first man to take the conventional MacPherson struts and design them into the rear suspension of a Lotus Elite).

Alloy wheels are standard, as are Michelin steel radials.

The sporting package is completed with ventilated disc brakes at each wheel. Comforting when you're travelling above the old Imperial "ton".

The Starion is described as a two-plus-two. Translated, this means it'll carry two adults up front and two rug-runners/dwarfs/amputees in the claustrophobic rear passenger compartment. It's not a family transporter, unless it's a two-person family.

Considering the difficulty Mitsubishi has experienced in shifting the last few Sigma Turbos, the local involvement with the Starion could be seen as foolhardy or brave — a case of lessons not being learned.

Mitsubishi sees it no other way than as a marketing masterstroke. The explanation: there are 350 Mitsubishi dealerships in Australia and all will be offered at least one Starion. Most will take one, not so much to sell it off but more to use it as showroom bait.

And because there's a lot of mug lair in the average dealer, many will want to keep the Starion for their own use. Not only will they be the first on their block with a Starion, they'll have it exclusively.

A lot fewer than the 500 imports will ultimately end up in the hands of the general public.

After the initial 500 Starions go... then what? At present Mitsubishi's import allowance is 6000 cars, a figure split fairly evenly between the Scorpion and Colt.

The Scorpion is probably close to the end of its life, but the smart betting says it will be replaced by Mitsubishi's new front-wheel-drive Cordia, which has turbo and non-turbo engines of 1400 and 1600 cc capacity. But in August the Colt switches to local production so maybe some of the import quota could swing across to the Starion. Count on it... if the demand is there.

We're Racing!

It is an over-simplification to describe motor racing as a test of driving skill. Sure, talent at the wheel is part of it. But the ability to bring a racecar to a pitch within the confines of the rules is just as important.

Race cars — the competitive ones, anyway — are in perpetual states of evolution. Experimentation and development are on-going. Pause for a breather and the opposition steals an advantage. There is always something to try, something that may give a split-second bonus.

For its race meeting, our Marantz-Penthouse Nissan 280ZX Targa (hereafter called "Our Z-car" in the interest of simplicity) had little opportunity to become involved in the evolutionary process. Time beat us.

The two-week-old car went into its first race with only the bare essentials... 2000 easy kilometres on the clock, the mandatory safety gear fitted, a hasty pep-up job on the shock absorbers, and buffed tyres.

Buffing down the tread on the radial tyres is an old production car tweak. A fully-treaded tyre "squirms" constantly during ten-tenths cornering... it then overheats and loses its effectiveness. The regulations allow teams to remove all but 2mm of the tread... we played conservative, went down to 5mm and upped the air pressures.

Because of the priorities of fitting a roll-cage and chalking up some kilometres on the tight, new engine, it wasn't possible to track trial the Z-car before Oran Park Raceway's official Saturday practice. In other words, we hit the track cold...

High on the podium, the starter gazes intently over his flock. Very deliberately, he plays out both hands to indicate 10 seconds to go. Then he reaches down for the national flag. Twenty drivers carefully slide levers into first gear.

The flag is swung skyward. Five thousand revs should be about right, I tell myself. Five seconds to blast off... four... three... two... one...

Down comes the flag. My left size 9 leaps off the clutch pedal as simultaneously my right boot slams the throttle pedal into the carpet. The noise is deafening. I can't hear the stereo anymore.

The rear Goodyears on the Z bite through the dampness and grab hold of the slippery track. We're away.

I forget the oppressive humidity. I forget my itchy arse. The windscreen wipers are thrashing away madly 75 centimetres from my face. And I'm luckier than the other drivers in this event... the Z-car is equipped with a rear screen wiper and I can see what's going on behind.

Curse the rain. I'm going to have a



The Marantz-Penthouse Z-car tackles the wet conditions.

tough enough struggle coming through this shit-fight unscathed without a greasy surface to hasten disaster...

It was a good start. Not too much wheelspin. We were on the fifth row of the grid after qualifying a midfield 10th the previous day. Now, 50 metres into its first-ever race, the Z was slicing through the field.

I cut back to the inside of the circuit for the first corner, a tricky left-hander that frequently sees its share of reshaped sheet metal. We're sixth.

A Mazda moves down on the Z. I drop two wheels over the edge and he keeps coming. There's a slight touch. Je-sus. The Mazda driver feels the nudge and springs off me. Now it's the esses, a breeze in the dry but not to be trifled with when wet. Two Mazdas ahead find out why. The sudden directional change catches the first of the pair unawares and his car goes into a lurching spin. His sparring partner, following close behind, loops his by way of taking avoiding action.

I ease off. The path is full of sideways Mazdas. Discretion, McKay. The Z turns left off into the mud, looking for a detour.

Back on to the bitumen I'm still sixth. The two hapless Mazdas are still gyrating in my mirrors, but two bolder competitors have short-cutted past.

A two-metre wide rivulet of rushing rain water in the braking area at Sutton's Corner makes life interesting. A third gear bend in the dry, second cog is now more suitable because of the tippy-toe entry speeds.

The Z-car proves to be a mild mannered missile in the wet conditions. Its weight — a meaty 1280 kilograms — is a disadvantage... except when it rains. It consistently outbrakes the opposition and is faster through corners. But the free-revving rotaries move away in the

straights. Driving ability varies from the very competent to scary. The wet track sorts out the brave from the foolish. Every lap there is a car straying from the straight and narrow.

We stay on the island, swallow up a couple of rivals in the braking areas and finish fourth. More importantly, the car is still in one piece at the end of five laps. There's another race later in the afternoon. A 10-lapper on an almost dry circuit.

Another good getaway is spoiled by a reluctance to mix it in the first corner. We drop back to 12th but pick off a car here and there to place seventh. However the Z car is credited with fastest lap... half a second quicker than yesterday's practice time.

Two small scrapes — one on each front fender — were the only legacies of our maiden outing. The Z-car had been entered in what were quaintly described as "Touring Car Invitation" events. It's a vague tag covering a pot pourri of racing categories... virtually anything with a roof. Included were a host of Street Sedans (similar rules to production cars but no insistence on current models), a handful of Queensland Geminis (they compete in their own one-make series in Joh-land), and our gleaming new production racer, which was roughly equal in value to six of its battle-scarred opposition. The import of this last snippet of information is this: there would be less reluctance on the part of the Street Sedan and Gemini contingent to bend a panel or scrape some paint. That could explain why production car drivers hadn't exactly fallen over themselves in their anxiety to enter.

Our team could see the pitfalls, but the car needed to be evaluated. And Marantz, having put up the money to run the car, deserved to get some exposure. It was

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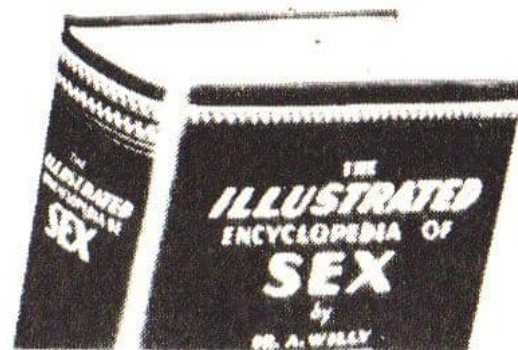
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We're Racing!

decided to use the two races to give the Z a solid shakedown. At all costs the \$20,000 jewel was to be brought home straight. The driver's brief, then, was to go as hard as he dared . . . without risking a wipeout.

There is such a godsend as racetrack insurance. It's expensive, but worth much in terms of peace of mind. To cover the Z-car for its real value would mean forking out one thousand big ones before each race meeting. Out of the question on our budget. The excess figure — 10 percent plus \$100 — would be a hefty \$2100. We settled for a more modest cover of seven grand, with a \$800 excess. The premium . . . \$350 per meeting.

Seven grand. That would take care of a solid front-end into the wall, or maybe even a T-bone by another car. It wouldn't meet repair costs if the Z got wrong side up, or if it crashed and burned . . .

It's too early to order up big on Dom Perignon. But 15 tentative racing laps around Oran Park would suggest our 280ZX will be a front-runner in 1982.

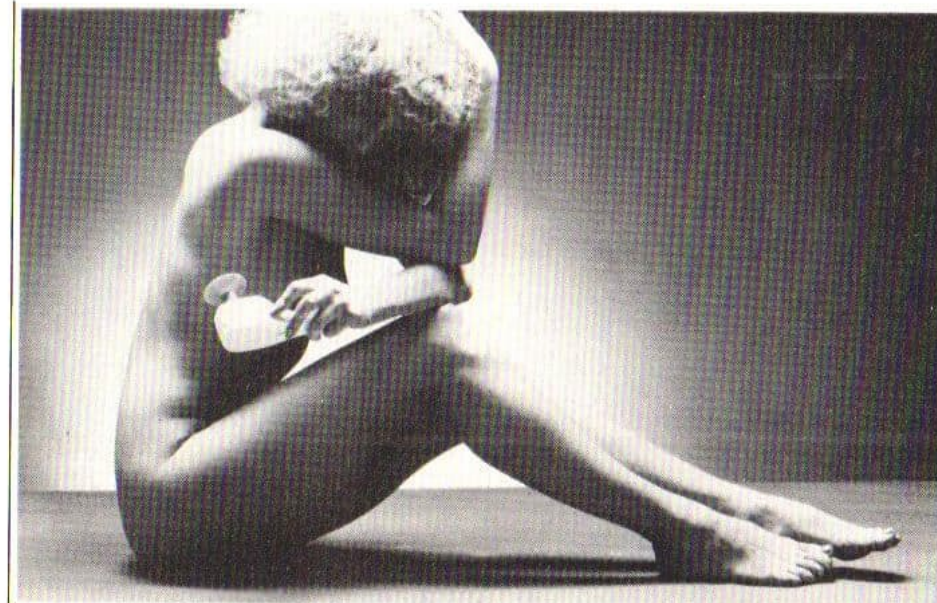
The Z-car ended the day within 1.9 seconds of the production car record. Two seconds is a long time in motor racing. There's room for optimism, though, with so much development left in our brand new car. Aha, but shouldn't a production racecar be absolutely standard? Not quite. The difference between a showroom car and a fully-prepared prod racer is at least three seconds a lap.

Consider the freedoms allowed in the regulations. Outside the engine bag there are harder brake linings, competition shock absorbers, and tyres buffed to within 2mm of their lives. Under-bonnet allowances include improvements to the exhaust system. The original twin muffler arrangement may be discarded for a more efficient straight-through pipe. More horsepower there. The engine can also be put on an engine dynamometer to experiment with variables like spark plugs and engine timing.

And there's no doubt the 280's rugged fuel injected six-cylinder motor requires much more than a mere 2000-odd kilometres before it reaches optimum efficiency. Red-lined at 6400 rpm, it wasn't strained beyond 6000 revs at Oran Park.

More valuable split seconds are to be gained in the driver's seat. Familiarity with the car should see lap times tumble. Tyre pressures can also dramatically affect a car's behavior . . . with a corresponding influence on lap times. Not knowing any different, we took a stab in the dark for Oran Park and came up with 50 psi in the front tyres and 48 in the rear. A day's testing before the next meeting should tell us just how wrong we might have been.

Next time, we get serious . . .



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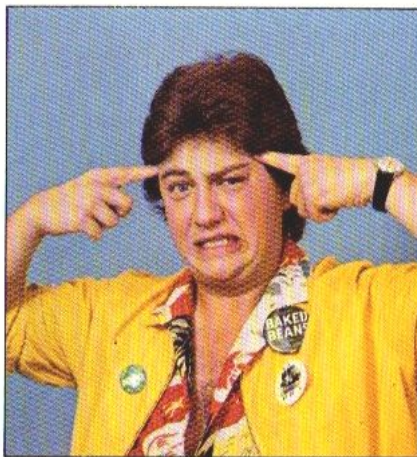
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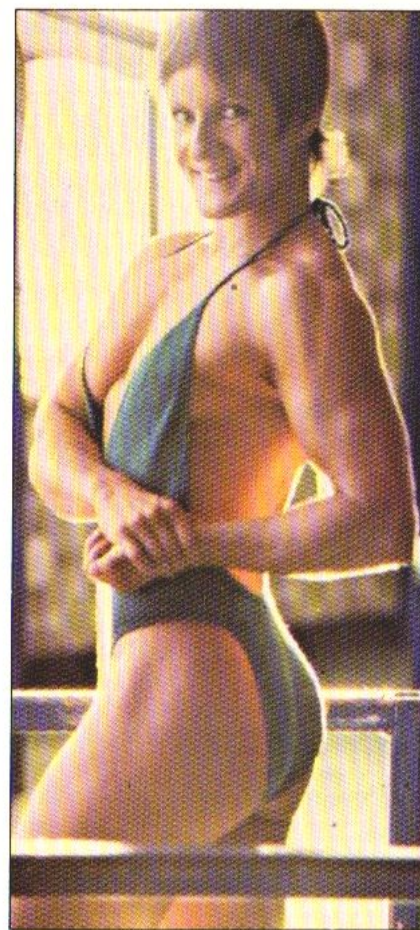
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JONATHON COLEMAN

There was one in every classroom: the pudgy jokester firing spitballs from the corner and always neatly side-stepping any potential aggro with a flurry of well-placed punchlines. Well, this one graduated to become a maxi-media personality, taking his swag of pranks and cracks to the airwaves, the boob tube and (soon) the wide screen. Jonathon Coleman, the 26-year-old kid, is set to outgrow *Simon Townsend's Wonder World*, the national children's program with a 65 percent adult audience. The laughing lad in the loud shirts is making the jump from afternoon telly to a series of Kenny Everett-style specials with the 0/TEN network when his stint with the WW circus winds up later this year. Coleman started out as a commercial artist, then moved to writing and producing ads and documentaries as creative director of Sydney's 2WS radio. Not content with giggling at his own jokes behind the scenes, it was a quick wangle to arsing around on air with his own program. Then came the Townsend connection, a three-year success story which made the young moonface recognisable across the country and saw him making the records *You Are What You Eat* and *Aussies on 45*. He's currently holding down a radio show and has just wound up filming for the movie *Midnight Spares*, in which he stars as Wayne Grubb, the Bert Newton of the speedway circuit and purveyor of hotdogs promising "15 inches of heaven" to the teenage toughs who hang at his fast food palace, Grubb's Grub. As the greasy Grubb, Coleman has a penchant for goosing girls and earns his come-uppance when he's set upon and interfered with by a bevy of irate geesees. It's an escape from his WW image but perhaps not enough divergence for Coleman to shake the "wacky", "zany", "madcap" and "cute" labels he claims set his teeth on edge. Like him or loathe him, we'll be copping a lot more of this not-so-serious artiste. — *Corinne Mackay*



CATHY ILLINGWORTH

While most young women her age are worrying about their weight, Cathy Illingworth has the matter firmly in both hands. At 22, and just scraping in at five feet, Cathy is one of Australia's leading female body builders. A secretary by day, as soon as that five o'clock whistle blows she takes her place with a few — a very few — women, and many men at Sydney's City Gym for her daily three-hour work-out. A Pommie by birth, Cathy now considers herself very much an Aussie and she's throwing herself into the rigors of training in the hope of representing us at the 1982 Olympia to be held in the US later this year. She took to the weights only 18 months ago as a way to tone and condition her body. Then, with the support and encouragement she received she decided to go all out doing hours of weight training each night, running and playing competition squash. To get the energy to fulfill this gargantuan schedule, Cathy eats between three and five full meals a day during her "bulking period" — when she's building herself up. A couple of weeks before competition she diets to discard unused body fat and give the best definition to her muscles. With the singlemindedness that has won her a great deal of respect in the competitive body-building arena, pundits are tipping Aussie gold all the way for this quiet little achiever. — *Sue Smith*



PIERRE STOLZ

At the mention of the word "marijuana" your average politician tends to go all coy and reticent; it's not the sort of subject that he can really wrap his double-breasted suit and tie around. So that when the Australian Foundation on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence — an eminent government-sponsored body — came right out of its political constraints and suggested a CSIRO-controlled government monopoly on the manufacture and sale of the weed, the Foundation's members were laying it on the line. None more so than the Executive Director, Pierre Stolz. Since the publication of the report in February, Stolz reckons he has not received a single letter of protest or word of abuse, even though he readily admits it is "one of the most radical, most controversial recommendations from a study group anywhere in the world, and certainly the most controversial by a government-sponsored group." Having been head of the Foundation since 1974 and having dealt with the first wave of drug addicts in this country, Stolz has his finger on the pulse and he's predicting legalisation within 10 years, during which time he thinks an Act to rescind past penalties and criminal records will already have been passed. "Once a practice is sufficiently widespread, the only sensible move is to control it — prohibition is a farce," he said. Although Stolz has lived in Switzerland most of his life, he's well aware of the political realities of the situation here. Yet he fully expects the report to have a significant effect on government policy — "otherwise we would not have bothered." An optimistic cry in the wilderness, or the words of an informed prophet? — *Greg Hunter*



PAUL WALTON

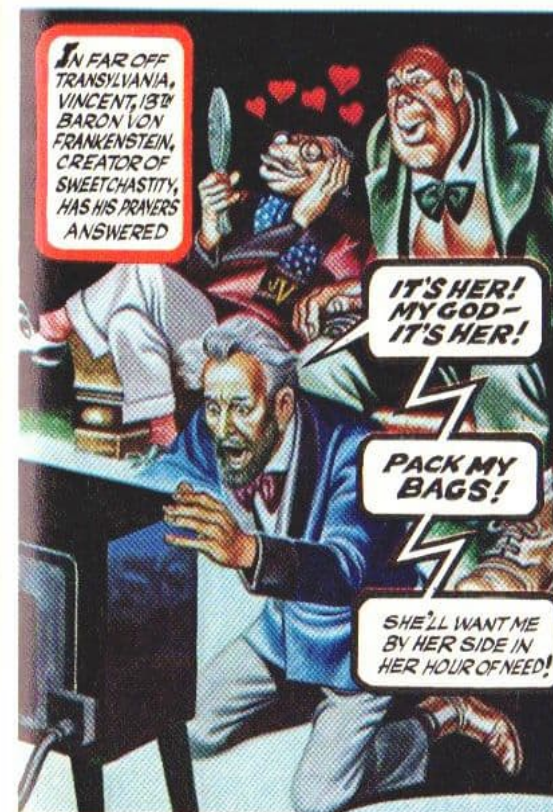
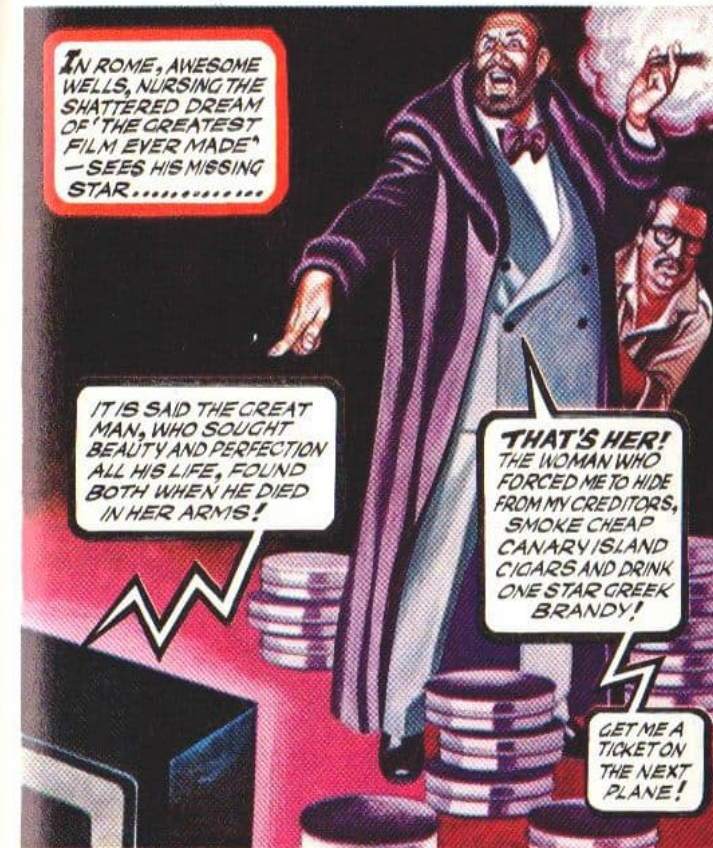
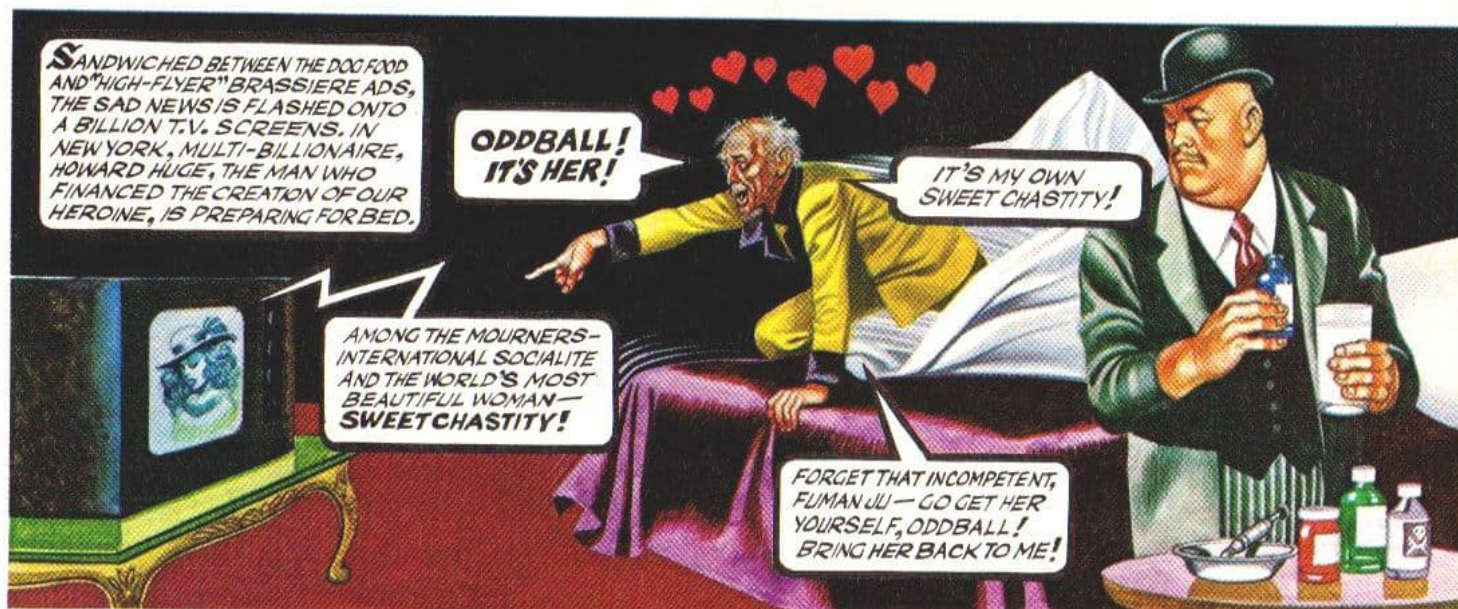
Time to stretch the brain cells and grapple with the concept of holography. A hologram is a perfect three-dimensional image produced by lasers — a real image, not an optical illusion — and you don't need funny glasses to see it. The eye tells you it's solid, the hand tells you it's not. Paul Walton saw his first hologram in 1975 and organised a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to build a studio in London and start making them himself. Then he came to Sydney and put together a unique state-of-the-art holography and laser light show which, without TV advertising and held in a pokey little museum, outstripped audiences for *Mad Max 2* and *Gallipoli* in their heyday. 80,000 people saw the show in January and February; many staggered out of the venue and, entranced, accosted passers-by with the claim that they had just seen God. Now the extravaganza is in Perth, and by the time Walton has finished the Oz tour a quarter of a million will have seen it. But the exhibition is only a showpiece — Walton's real purpose is to make a full-length holographic movie. "The technical problems are only minor," he says. "We've already done moving, talking and color holograms; all we need is a lot of money from a public company. If we got it now we could produce the film in two years." Because Walton and his partners intend to stay in Australia, it's almost certain that if a holographic movie is ever made it will be done in this country. And we're talking about an innovation as vast in scope as the transition from still shots to "moving pictures". In fact any endeavor involving photography will be looking to holography in the future — there is no limit to its potential. Walton is not a scientist — in fact his background is in sociology and politics, and he's written a number of plays — so he's mortgaged his future to bring us the hologram, believing that the vision which sustains him is a sound one. — *Greg Hunter*

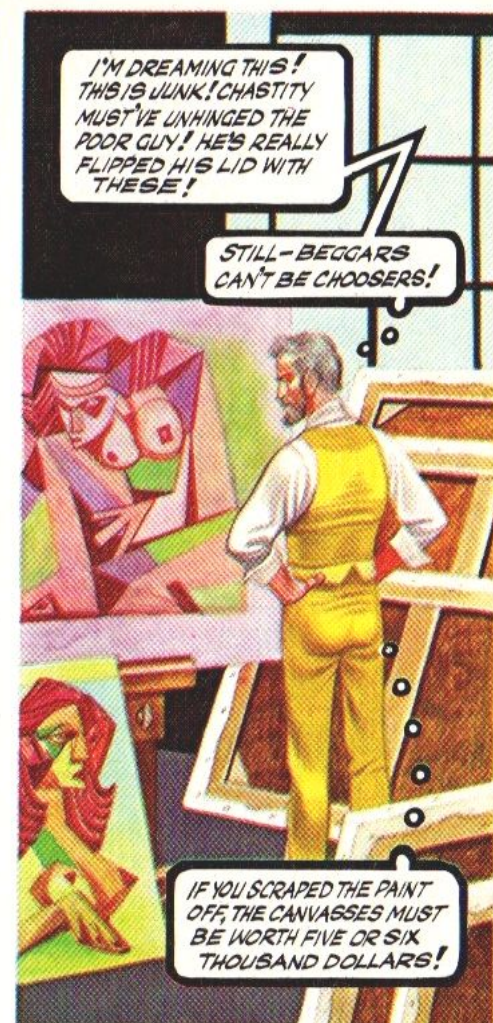
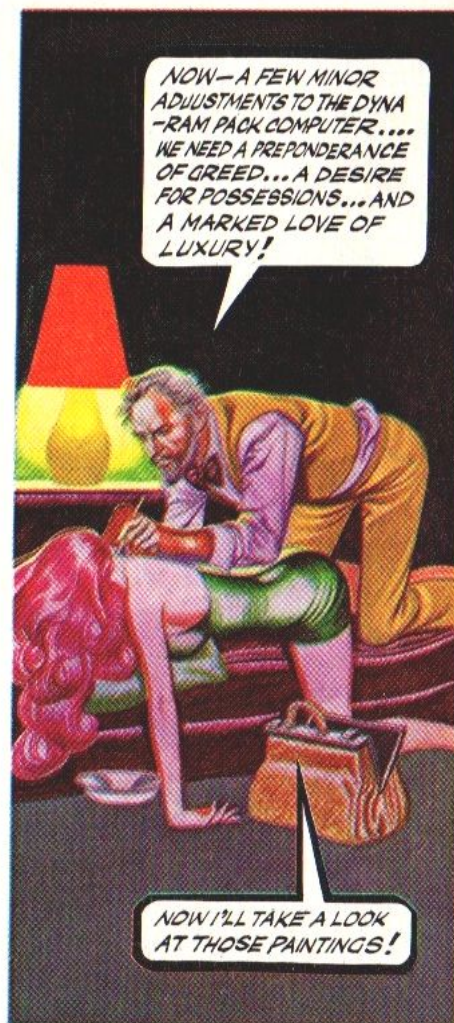
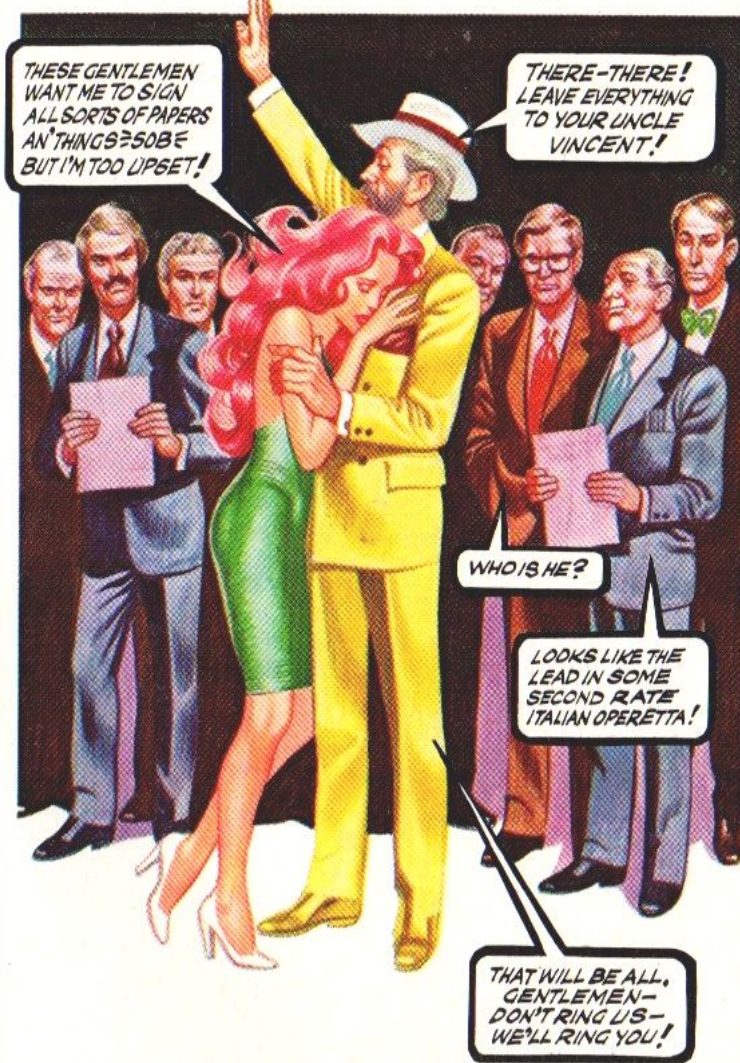


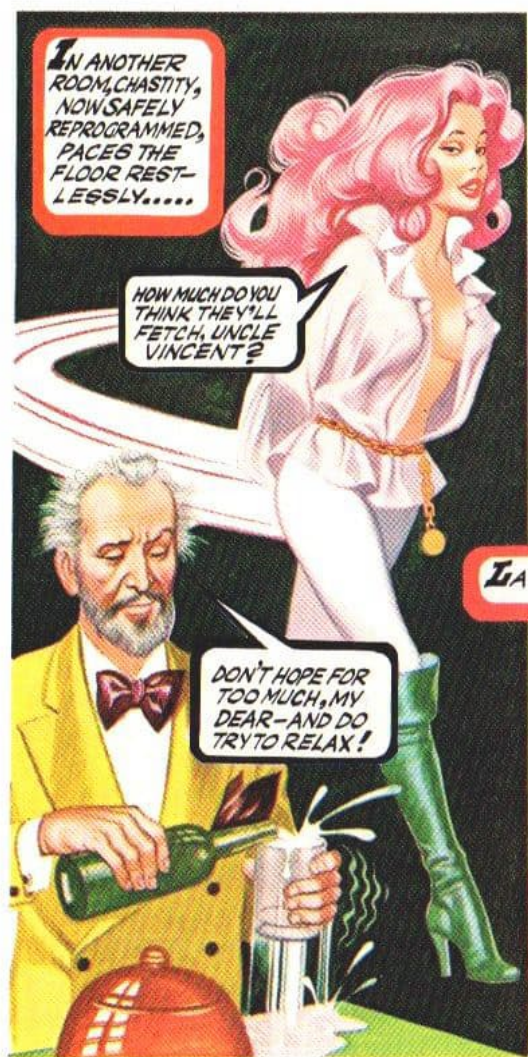
CHRISTINE GEE

Christine Gee is an effervescent blonde who turns up in the strangest places. Striding out in well-worn hiking boots, this petite lady has turned heads at the top of mountain passes in Tibet, Kashmir and Nepal, cycling through China and Japan, windsurfing through the Whitsunday Passage, hot air ballooning west of the Divide and skiing across the roof of Australia. When back at base in Sydney, she's turned more than her fair share of heads in the city's stockbroker belt, where she shares a busy office with Goronwy Price, her co-founder and fellow-director in Australian Himalayan Expeditions. Having just concluded an exhausting Australian and New Zealand tour for Reinhold Messner, the world's top mountaineer, Christine is now organising her schedule for the next six months. On the itinerary is the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan, Hong Kong, a cycling jaunt through Japan and a trek through Nepal. "My aim," she says, "is to develop holidays that I would embark on myself. As technology continues to dominate our lives, we need time in quiet and beautiful places to reflect on where we are going, and to relax and enjoy ourselves, free from pressure." Having got AHE off to a rollicking start, Christine is now concentrating on marketing and researching new destinations. "We started off catering very much for teachers, students and bushwalkers. That was six years ago. Now we cater for everyone from housewives and professionals to plumbers and retired people." Christine Gee is going places in more ways than one. — *Allan Moulit*

Sweet Chastity







IN ANOTHER ROOM, CHASTITY, NOW SAFELY REPROGRAMMED, PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY.....

HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FETCH, UNCLE VINCENT?

DON'T HOPE FOR TOO MUCH, MY DEAR—AND DO TRY TO RELAX!

LATER....



WELL—HOW DID IT GO? CAN I GET YOU A DRINK?

IT WENT VERY WELL! ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS WE AUCTIONED THEM ON THE SPOT!

HOW MUCH?



WE REACHED A RECORD 500...

FIVE HUNDRED? THAT DOESN'T SEEM VERY MUCH TO ME!

IT'S ALL RELATIVE I SUPPOSE, BARON—BUT 500 MILLION DOLLARS SEEMS LIKE A HELL OF A LOT OF MONEY TO ME!



YEEHAGH!

IT ISN'T ME THAT'S MAD—IT'S THE WORLD!

WE.... I MEAN YOU ARE RICH!



I CAN BUY FURS! AN' CARS! AN' DIAMONDS, EMERALDS—ANYTHING I WANT!

WHAT CAN I BUY FOR YOU, UNCLE DEAR!

OHO—I NEED VERY LITTLE! YOU COULD STOCK THE GAME PARK... A FEW CARS, A PRIVATE JET—SMALL ONE, OF COURSE!... ER... PERHAPS A GOLF COURSE... A FEW HORSES... I'LL GIVE YOU A LIST!



UNCLE VINCENT!

HE REALLY SHOULDN'T DRINK IF IT EFFECTS HIM LIKE THAT!

500 MILLION! AAAAGH!



AND A LITTLE LATER STILL...

ARE YOU FEELING BETTER NOW, UNCLE VINCENT?

I HAD THIS DREAM...

...IT WAS A DREAM?

...WASN'T IT?

NO, UNCLE—YOU WEREN'T DREAMING!



SOB!

?

POOR LITTLE PAVLO! SOBE HE WAS SO SWEET AND GENTLE SOBE AND KIND!



I DIDN'T PROGRAMME THAT REACTION INTO THE COMPUTER!

CLICK!



THAT WAS AN INDEPENDENT EMOTIONAL RESPONSE!

AN INDEPENDENT EMOTIONAL RESPONSE? YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT THERE'S A FLAW IN THE PERFECT WOMAN? SHE CAN'T BE DEVELOPING A WILL OF HER OWN? NOT THAT? ANYTHING BUT THAT!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY ALAN RENOUF

The author, a political commentator, was permanent head of the Department of Foreign Affairs following a long and distinguished diplomatic career. While Australia's ambassador to the US, he resigned from the Foreign Affairs Department after a dispute with the Fraser Government over the structure of the Australian mission to America.

WHY OUR FORCES SHOULD NOT BE IN THE SINAI

Once the members of the Australian contingent in the Sinai peace-keeping force become acquainted with the discomforts of serving in that part of the world, some of them will wonder what they are doing there. Well they might, for a balance sheet of the considerations for and against Australia's participation shows the case against to be much stronger.

There are three principal arguments to support the government's decision for participation. The first has lain at the base of foreign-policy thinking in Australia for a long time — mainly, but by no means entirely, the thinking of political conservatives. It is that as a responsible, democratic country, Australia must play its fair part in keeping the peace, for "a breach of the peace anywhere threatens it everywhere".

This attitude commands respect, but these days it lacks the force it had when it first became fashionable during the Second World War. Contrary to the opinion then that peace was indivisible, it has since become divisible (there have been some 127 armed conflicts since 1945, but no world war). Moreover, few countries now share the sentiment of the Australian Government — even Canada, once a wholehearted proponent of the view, has wearied of it.

It has also to be remembered that the "peace-is-indivisible" concept has gotten Australia into a lot of wars in the past — as many as we had any grounds for entering — starting with the Boxer Rebellion and ending with the Vietnam War. From many of these involvements it is hard to identify benefit.

One reply to this argument of limiting Australia's involvements abroad is that a peace-keeping operation, such as in the Sinai, is designed to prevent armed conflict. This is correct but the applicability of the reply is doubtful as regards the Sinai. The Sinai force arises from the Camp David Agreements. When these were drawn up, no one could be sure about the state of Egyptian-Israeli relations in the future. Hence, since that time those relations have become good and the possibility of armed clashes between the two countries has receded. Moreover, there have already been withdrawals from the Sinai without incident. Can one not rationally assume that the final one (albeit the most delicate) will take place peacefully?

The second principal argument upon which the government has relied is that Australia has to support materially the process started by the Camp David Agreements, for there is no other basis for peace in the Middle East. This argument overlooks an inescapable fact — that the agreements have gone about as far as they can possibly go, and the remainder of them are likely to prove a dead letter, as even US Secretary of State Haig is known to believe.

In this connection, it has to be recalled that the Camp David Agreements merely papered over the fundamental issue: self-determination for the Palestinians. It is now crystal clear that under its present government Israel will never agree to this self-determination, nor will it permit autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza, which the agreements envisaged as a step towards self-determination. It is equally clear that the US under the Reagan Administration is not prepared to force Israel along this path, and it is only the US that has the necessary leverage.

This being the case, the Sinai force is addressed to a different situation to that contemplated when the Camp David Agreements were signed; its purposes are also different. The

force has become not so much one with the limited purpose of policing a withdrawal for a limited time, but rather one to help keep the peace between Egypt and Israel generally and for an indefinite period. In these circumstances it is difficult to foresee an end to the force and Australia may find itself committed to peace-keeping in the Sinai for years to come. Hence, the reluctance of our government to indicate when the Australian contingent will come home. It is all very well for the government to state that if hostilities break out between Egypt and Israel the contingent will be withdrawn, but it is not in the Australian nature to scuttle and run when shots are fired. Besides, would the government be prepared to incur the displeasure of the US in this way?

The last argument which persuaded the government is that the US asked Australia to join the Sinai force and so did Egypt and Israel. The second point can be quickly disposed of. It is true that Egypt and Israel asked Australia. But to them, Australia's response did not matter much because, if necessary, the US would have provided all the men required.

The first point is more weighty. Given the importance the government attaches to the ANZUS alliance, it is very hard for it to refuse such requests from the US. Here one is brought back to the insurance policy concept of the Vietnam War days — Australia should support the US in its hour of need to reinforce the hope that the US will support Australia, if and when its hour of need should come.

There has always been something naive about this thinking. Should Australia's hour of need come, the US can be expected to support Australia if and only if it estimates that the national interests of the US so require. This will always be an open question which no one can answer in advance. On two occasions in the past when Australia considered that it had need of US support the US did not do what Australia wanted it to do and from the American standpoint this was considered reasonable.

Furthermore, the way in which the US went about its request to Australia regarding the Sinai force is not reassuring. There can be no question that the US without compunction used Australia to pressure other countries, especially Britain, to join in the force. So our government's accession to the request was conditional, and hardly wholehearted — Australia would participate, but only if other specified countries came in too. (To use the longstanding Foreign Affairs Department jargon: Australia should be "in good company".) The Australian Government must have known the Americans' purpose but it allowed itself to be used in the way demanded, to the open annoyance of Britain (rightly, Canada refused to bow to this kind of diplomatic blackmail). The episode does not say much for the Reagan Administration's regard for Australia, but naturally it exploited the advantage it has over a government which places such reliance upon its intimacy with Washington. The same applies to America's request to Australia to observe the elections in El Salvador, but this proved too much even for the government in Canberra).

Our government's performance in this respect looks worse when it is realised that it had a number of solid grounds upon which it could politely but firmly have turned down the American overtures. Some of these have already been traversed, but there are others which should have caused it to rule against participation in the Sinai force.

It is difficult to foresee an end to the force and Australia may find itself committed to peace-keeping in the Sinai for years to come.

Up to the mid-1950s, Australia regarded the Middle East as an area of vital concern for our national interests and planned to make its major effort there in the event of world war. Thereafter, this plan was abandoned. Since Russia's aggression in Afghanistan, it has become the basis of planning for war against Russia.

Whether or not this is wise is beyond the scope of this article. What is currently relevant is that the Middle East does not now hold the same importance for the national interests as it was thought to hold in the past, when Australia had no oil of its own. Obviously, the region still has considerable importance, particularly in the East-West context. However, our interests there are by no means of the same order as those of our friends, such as West Germany and some other Western European countries — Japan, Singapore and so on. Yet while Australia is to be a member of the Sinai force, most of those friends whose interests are greater have refused to join in. In these circumstances, the government's decision appears strange. It is so keen to please the US and to give an impression of Australia's world-wide significance that it is prepared to shoulder a burden which is much more the business of others! Two more disconcerting facts: we have taken a position which finds favor with Egypt but which does not do so with the great bulk of the Arab world. Moreover, was Australia's participation necessary? The total Sinai force is no more than 2500 men, of which the US will provide one half and eight other countries, including Australia, will contribute the rest. In other words, the force could easily have gotten by without Australia.

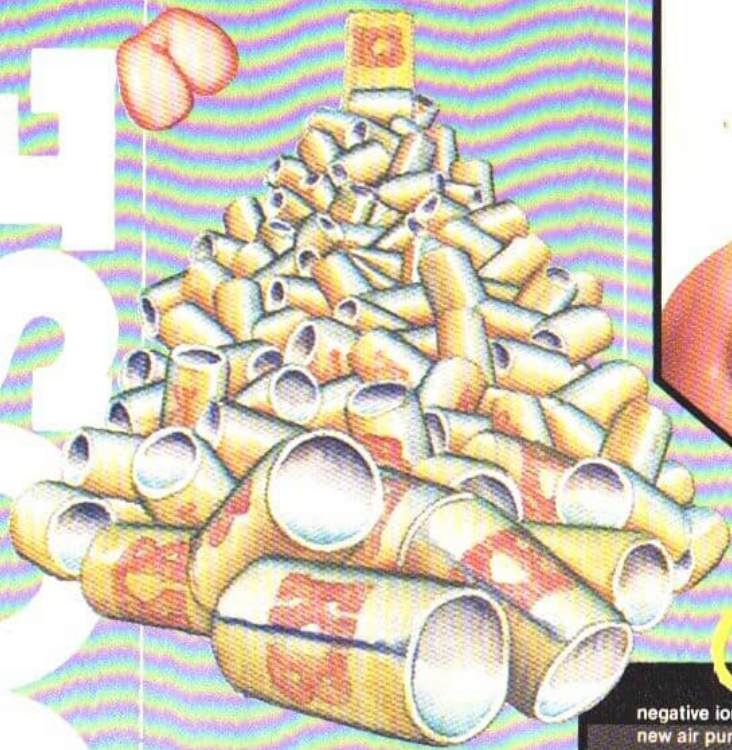
Two further aspects about the whole question deserve mention. The Labor Party has taken the position that Australia should only participate in the Sinai force if it were set up by the UN. That body's sponsorship would certainly have had the advantage of giving much more international blessing to the project than it has now, and would therefore have made Australia's membership easier to accept and defend. The government's reply was that the UN could not have set up the force because Russia would have vetoed it in the Security Council. This is not a valid answer, for if Russia had exercised its veto in the council, the General Assembly could have set up the force (as it did in the same circumstances in the Suez War of 1956).

The second aspect concerns the US Rapid Deployment Force from which the American contingent in the Sinai will be drawn. It has been claimed that the RDF's participation in the force demonstrates that the US has an ulterior motive, in that it is using the Sinai force to implant the RDF there. In itself, this is not substantial enough to warrant such a suspicion; the RDF is the natural source of the American contribution. What does much more to fuel the suspicion is that part of the American contingent is to be stationed at Sharm el-Sheik at the mouth of the Gulf of Aqaba, from whence there is access to the Red Sea. In the context of the East-West confrontation in the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean regions, Sharm el-Sheik is of direct strategic interest. It is certainly not a coincidence that elements of the RDF are to be posted there, and it is only to be expected that this move will lead to the establishment of a US base. Seen in this light, the Sinai force acquires meaning for the US military presence in the region, a meaning that has consistently been said not to exist.

US NEW COLD TOOTH

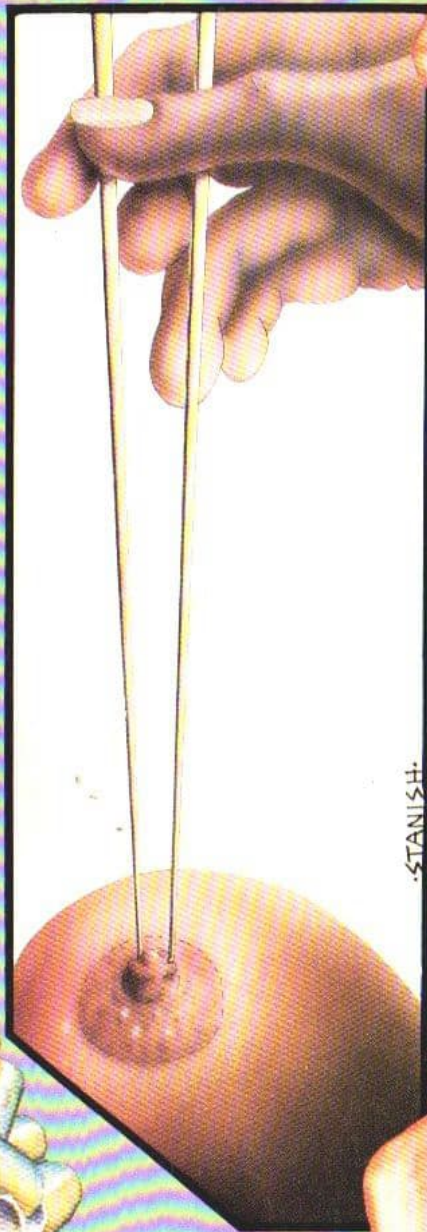


For something with that international jet-set flavor, we thought you might like to have a little look at Regine, hailed as the Queen of Clubs, in Europe. Regine has established clubs in New York, Marbella, Geneva and Sao Paulo. She has set her sights on London, Tel Aviv, Santiago and Miami. The members of Regine's clubs have always been drawn from the wealthy and influential.

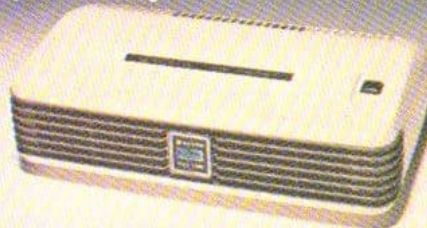


Tooths, who gave us that memorable catch-phrase "Shake hands with a KB", have decided that shaking hands with their product isn't quite enough. To help the consumer become more intimate with a Cold Gold we can now take home Tooths' 12-can fridge pack, with the single can dispenser, from the local supermarket. We can also stay with Tooth LA from the handy fridge pack, and Reschs Pilsener, although it doesn't need any fancy jingle to sell it, still looks good in the new 12-pack.

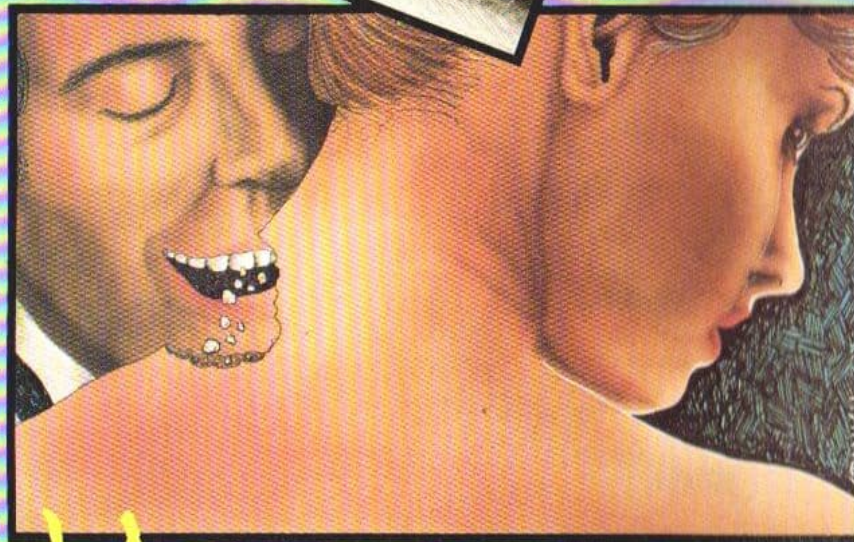
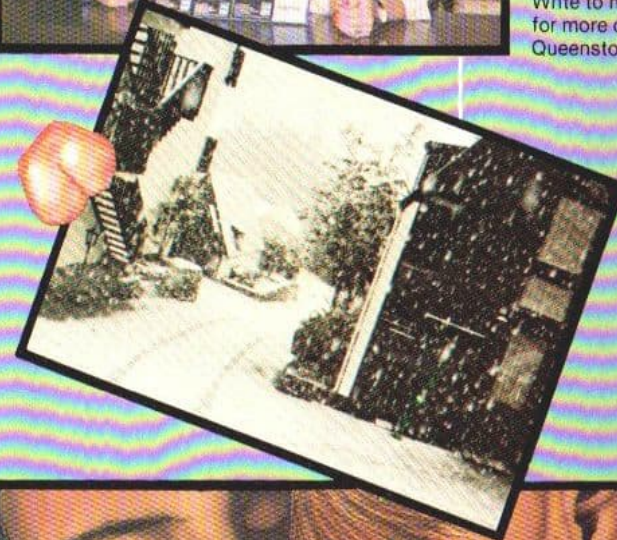
The popular champagne glass was shaped, so the story goes, along the lines of the pert breast of Marie Antoinette. Leaping forward a couple of centuries, Peter Gilmore of Sydney has jumped on the old bosom bandwagon by designing sheets of moulds in the shape of female pectoral protuberances. The moulds can be filled with jelly, chocolate, custard, parfait or whatever tickles your fancy. Further info from the tit man himself on (02) 949 6546.



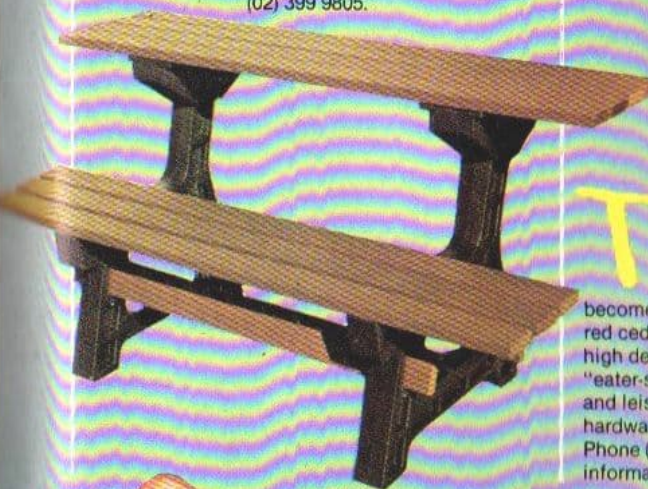
Going one better in the growing negative ion generator market, Sanyo introduces its new air purifier. It's a complex little machine that is compact and unobtrusive. It gets rid of all the nasties, like cigarette smoke, dust, pollen and noxious odors. Then the filtered air is subjected to the negative ion generator before being returned to the room. We could give you air displacement figures and power consumption notations, but suffice to say that it's a very efficient little gizmo.



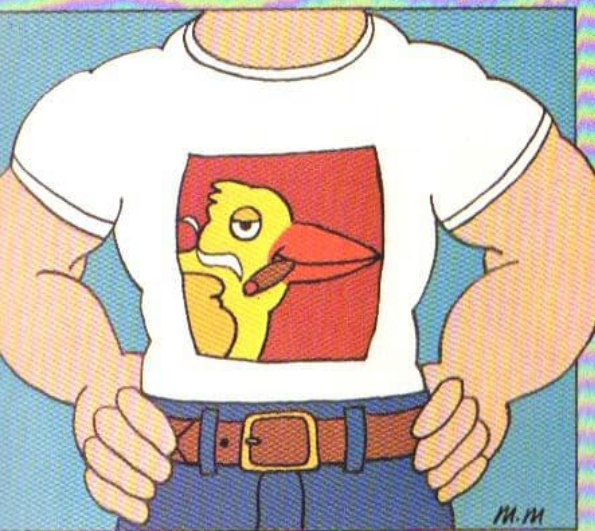
Winter and roaring log fires and the first gentle fall of snow. Nowhere will you find more of a story-book winter than in New Zealand's Queenstown. The traditional winter sports are well catered for and Ralph Brown's A-line Motor Inn is a popular place from which to base this year's skiing holiday. Write to manager Bill Flynn for more details: PO Box 149 Queenstown, New Zealand.



How about having your cake and eating it too? In Randwick, Sydney, Connie Kulbieda is baking the just desserts back into cakes and sweets. You can have a specially designed cake to suit you. Fancy something a little erotic? Or just comical? Phone (02) 399 9805.

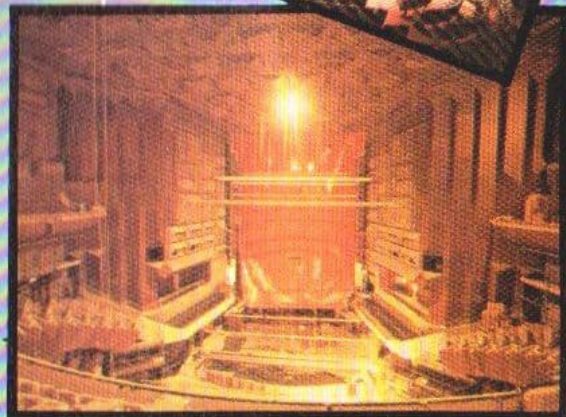
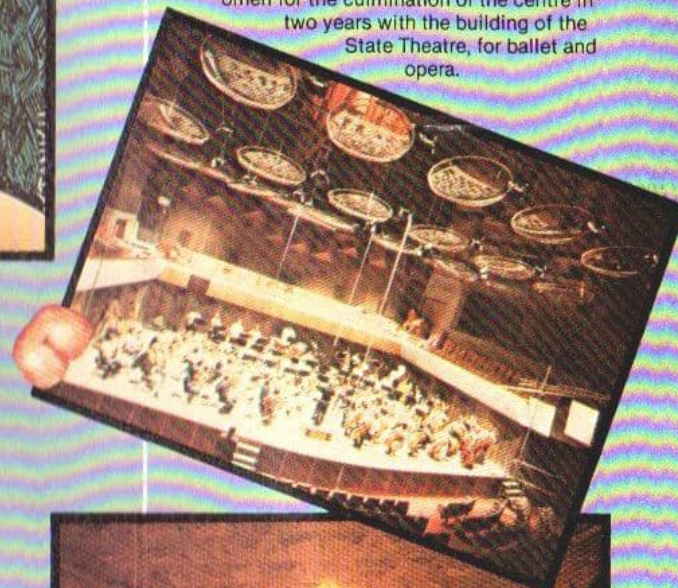


Things just ain't what they seem. Half-A-Mo products has a nifty convertible seat, the back of which rotates and locks into position to become a table. It's made in western red cedar, with legs and frame of high density polyethylene. The "eater-seater" is available at garden and leisure centres, nurseries and hardware stores around Australia. Phone (02) 960 2932 for further information.

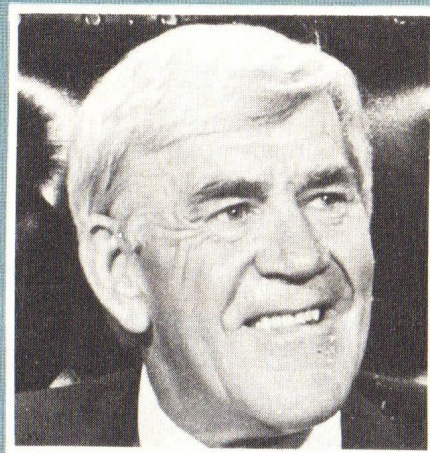


Last Printing System — strange name, strange process. A computer system which through a video camera will make a color print-out of a photograph — or a person. This is then transferred to posters or T-shirts. The same people have a machine, like a photocopier, which prints almost any material on to a brass-coated plaque for mounting on a wall. The operation is at Pier One (Shop 26) at Walsh Bay, Sydney. Phone number is (02) 27 3094.

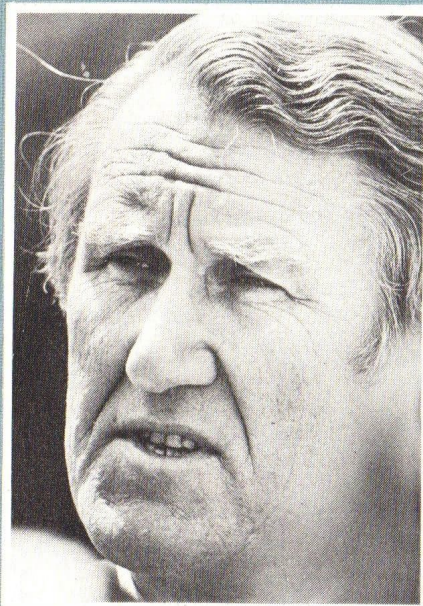
Victoria now has its new Concert Hall, the second part of the Arts Centre to be completed. Even after the delays, the result is one of the finest and most lavish concert venues in the Southern Hemisphere. The Concert Hall is an awesome cavern built into the Yarra's south bank. There doesn't seem to be a bad seat in the house and the acoustic treatment has been most comprehensive. All in all a good omen for the culmination of the centre in two years with the building of the State Theatre, for ballet and opera.



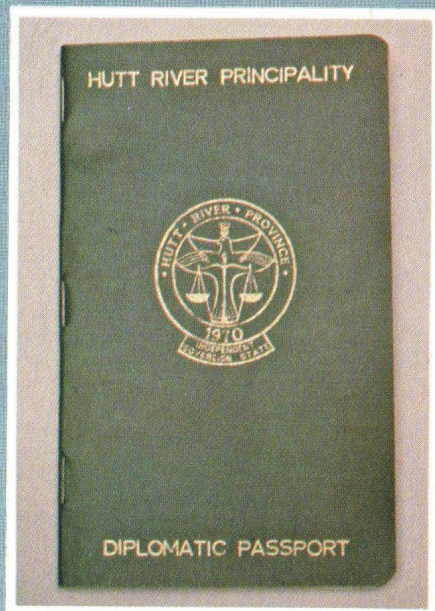
COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



LOU RICHARDS



MALCOLM FRASER



HUTT RIVER



KERRIE-ANNE GILLIES

Libs On The Slippery Dip — The inimitable and irrepressible Mungo McCallum reflects upon the self-destruction of the Liberal Party at Federal and State level. The acidity of Mungo's pen is matched by his determination to get at the real causes of kamikaze-ism among the besieged Libs.

Balling The Jack — This revealing look at venereal disease is based on a movie currently being made in Melbourne called *The Clinic*. Scripted by a doctor who worked extensively in a VD clinic, the film incorporates amusing tales and poignant facts about our most prevalent "social" disease. This is an unhysterical account of the current state of fear and loathing of The Jack.

ASIO: An Evaluation — A complete dossier on the history, functions and possible future of our nation's security and intelligence organisations. Startling and at times incredible, Geoffrey E. Smith's story of intelligence and the appalling lack of same in Australia contains revelations about our links with the CIA which should command the attention of every Australian. The CIA has given ASIO a two out of 10 competence rating; we think you'll be inclined to agree.

Up The River With A Paddle — Prince Leonard's independent republic of Hutt River has been ridiculed and parodied beyond measure, but the fact is that Leonard has achieved a good deal more than the Federal Government is willing to admit.

Lou Richards Interview — The Mossop of the South discusses the proliferation of the VFL, and the likely repercussions for the battling code of Rugby League.

Pet of the Month — We bring you a stunning pictorial of sensuous Kerry Anne Gillies, shot on the romantic isle of Bora Bora. Voluptuous Michelle Rodin and the equally curvaceous Muriel Rousseau make up a tantalising trio of purring Pets. 

VIETNAM

Continued from page 17

that anyone did feel so denied. This option would both simplify and hasten the claim appeal process.

A third issue is the campaign being waged by the Veterans' Association to have an "arisen out of" clause inserted in the *Repatriation Special Overseas Service Act 1962*, the Act which covers Vietnam veterans for repatriation benefits. Such a clause would be of monumental long-term benefit to Vietnam veterans. It would represent a breakthrough at least as important as any on the toxic chemical issue. It is a subtle, legal technicality that would make its benefits felt increasingly as Vietnam veterans get older and start to suffer "secondary" conditions originating from service to their country. For example, if a veteran has some form of nervous condition accepted as being due to his service, and years later, as a result, he develops a heart condition, he will need an "arisen out of" provision to get that heart condition accepted for repatriation benefits.

This is the first of a series of articles that will be published monthly in *Australian Penthouse*. Anyone who feels strongly about Vietnam veterans can write to the Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, Parliament House, Canberra 2600, and urge him to order an immediate judicial enquiry. Any Vietnam veteran or member of his or her family can obtain any information about the Vietnam Veterans' Association by contacting the various branches at the following addresses:

NATIONAL CONTACT POINTS:

National President: Phil Thompson, PO Box 369, PARRAMATTA, NSW 2150. Telephone (02) 635 3634, (02) 638 5353.

National Vice-President: Adrian Bishop, 37 Swanston Street, MELBOURNE, Vic. Telephone (03) 63 7209.

National Secretary: Michael Boland, 2 Headland Circuit, FLYNN, ACT 2615. Telephone (062) 58 2781.

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Northern Queensland: M. David (Secretary), c/o Townsville RSL Club.

New South Wales: PO Box 369, PARRAMATTA, NSW 2150. Telephone (02) 635 3634.

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South Australia: Vietnam Veterans' Association of SA, c/o Box 1448, GPO, ADELAIDE, SA 5001. Anzac House, 27 Angus Street, ADELAIDE, SA 5000. Telephone (08) 212-4861.

Tasmania: 47 Junee Road, MAYDNA Tasmania, 7457. Telephone (002) 88 2260.

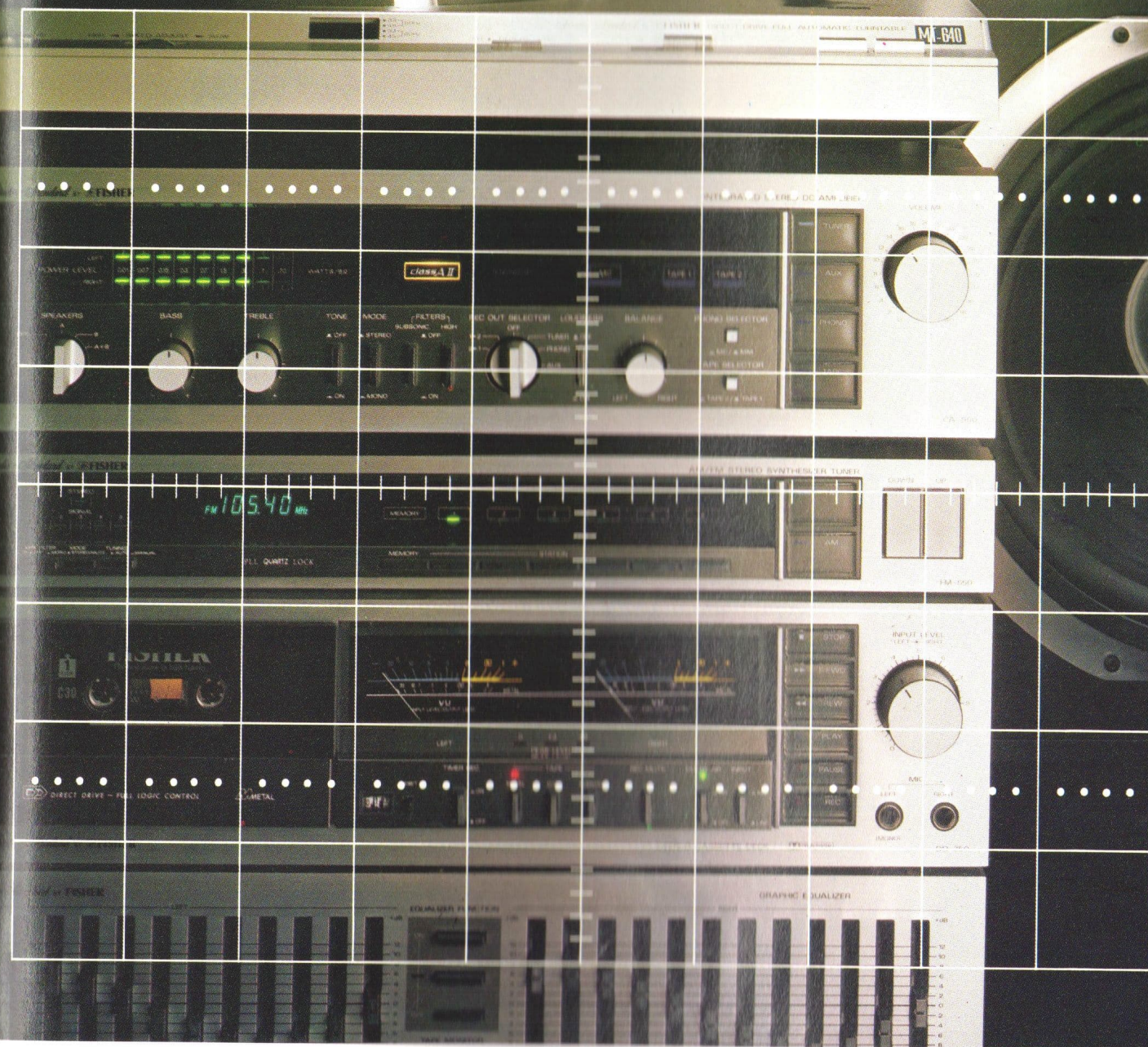
Australian Capital Territory: PO Box 46, RIVETT, ACT 2166. Telephone (062) 58 2781.

Western Australia: Vietnam Veterans' Association of WA, 7 Robroy Street, SWANBOURNE, WA 6010. Telephone (09) 384 6251. 

STOCKISTS

Cover: Photography by Bob Watson. Make-up by Chris King. Flag from Christie's Flags, Pitt St, Sydney. **Gabrielle Baldwin pictorial:** Lingerie from Junelle, Surry Hills, Sydney and Estelle, Surry Hills, Sydney. **Grooming:** Photography by Keith Valentine. Location — Centre 67, MLC Centre, Sydney.

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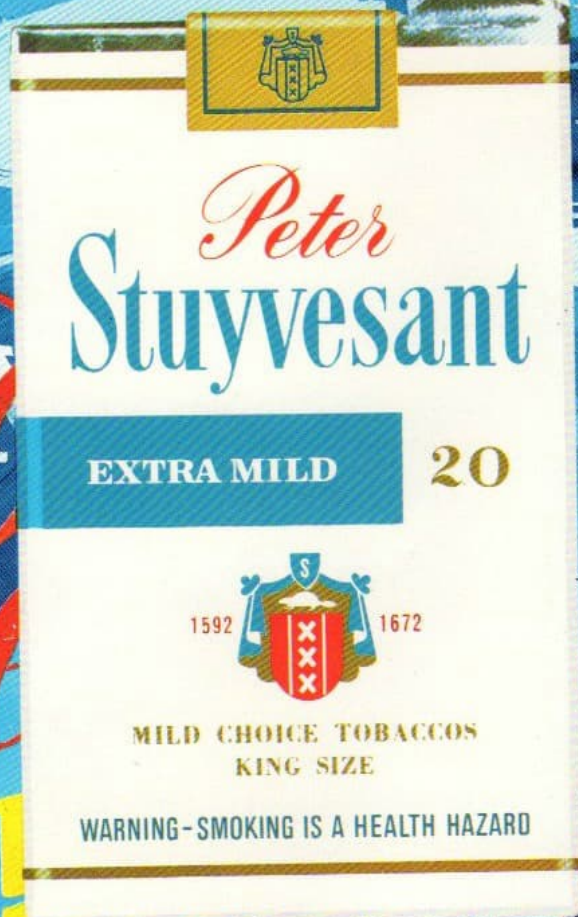
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